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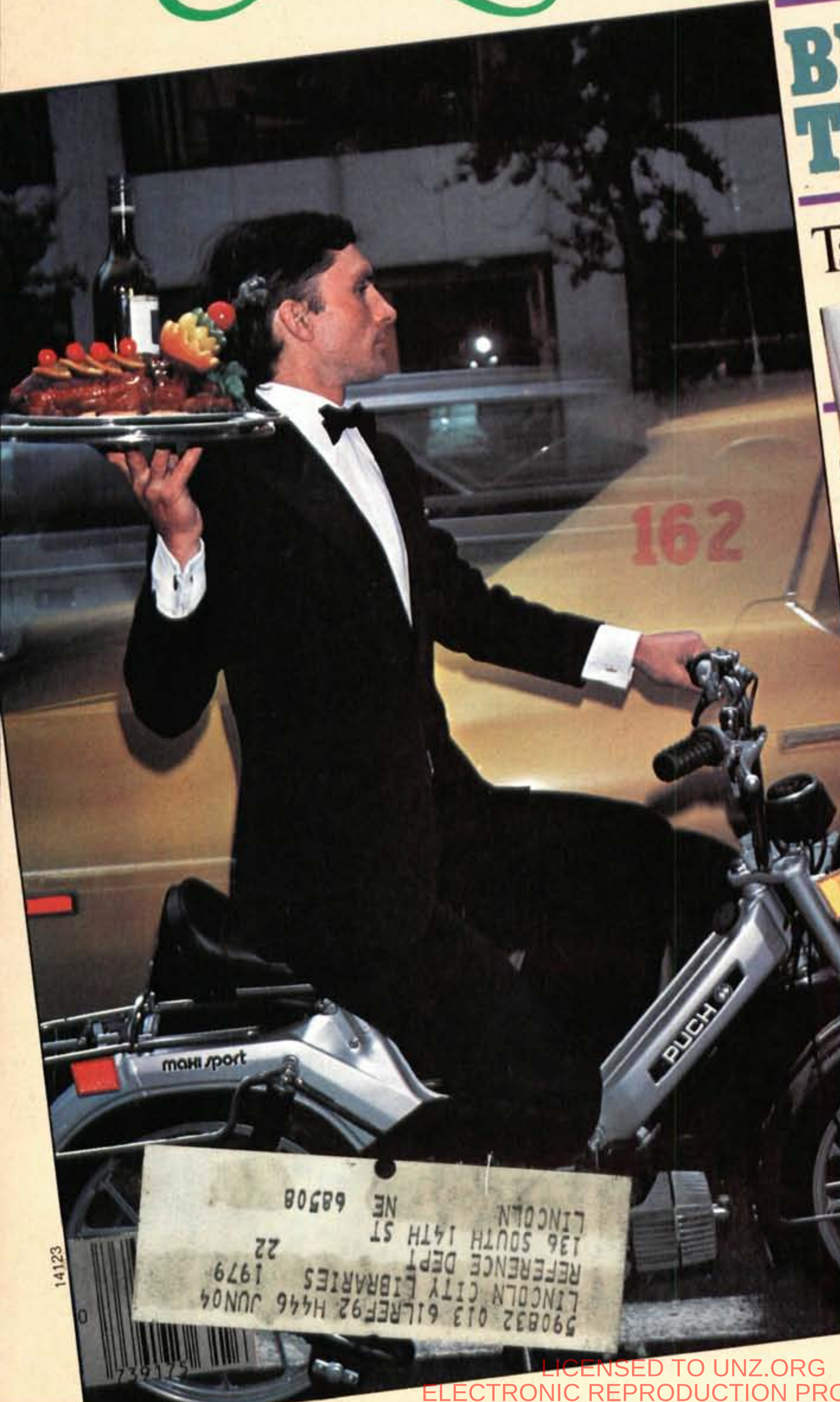

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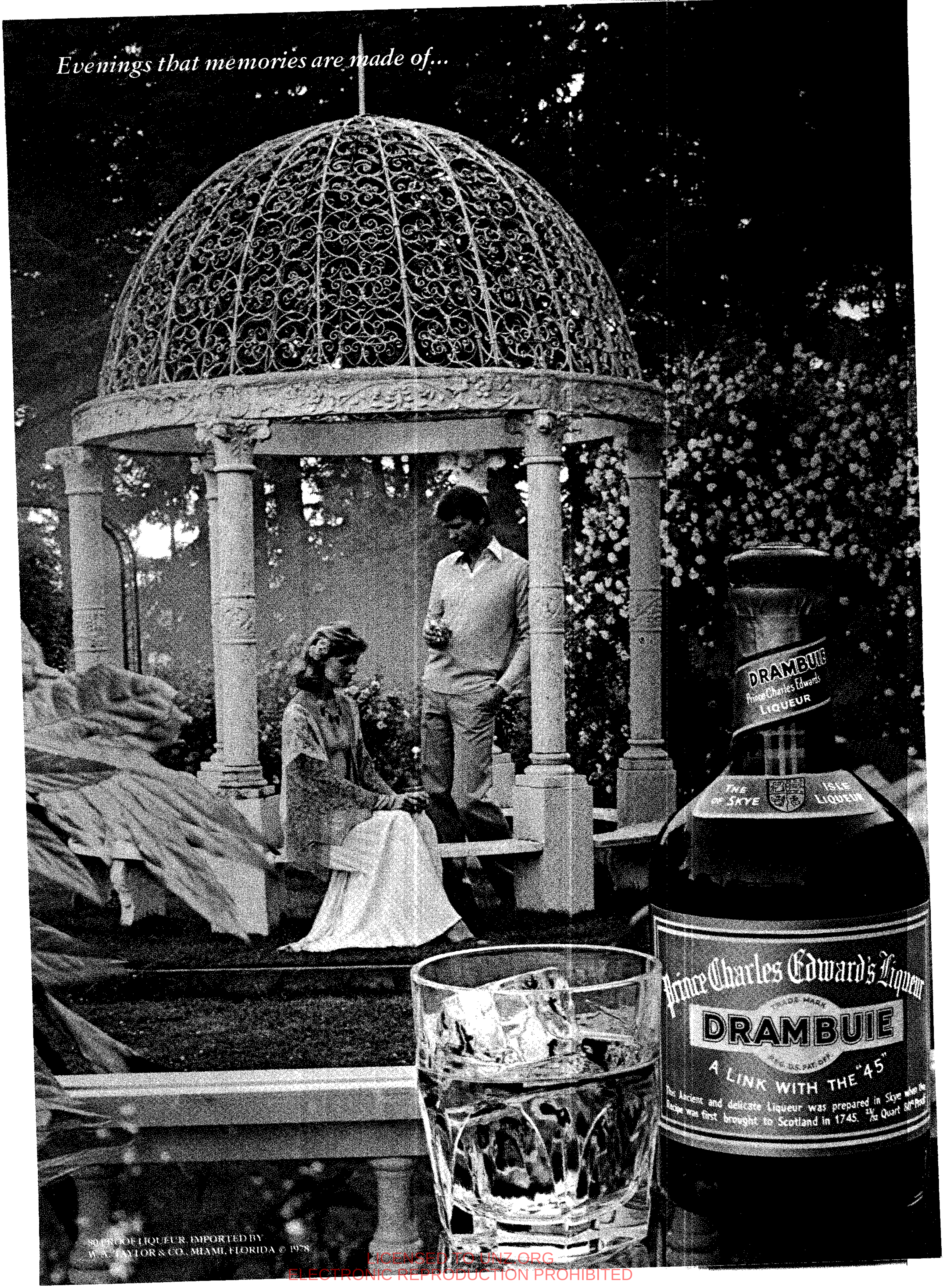
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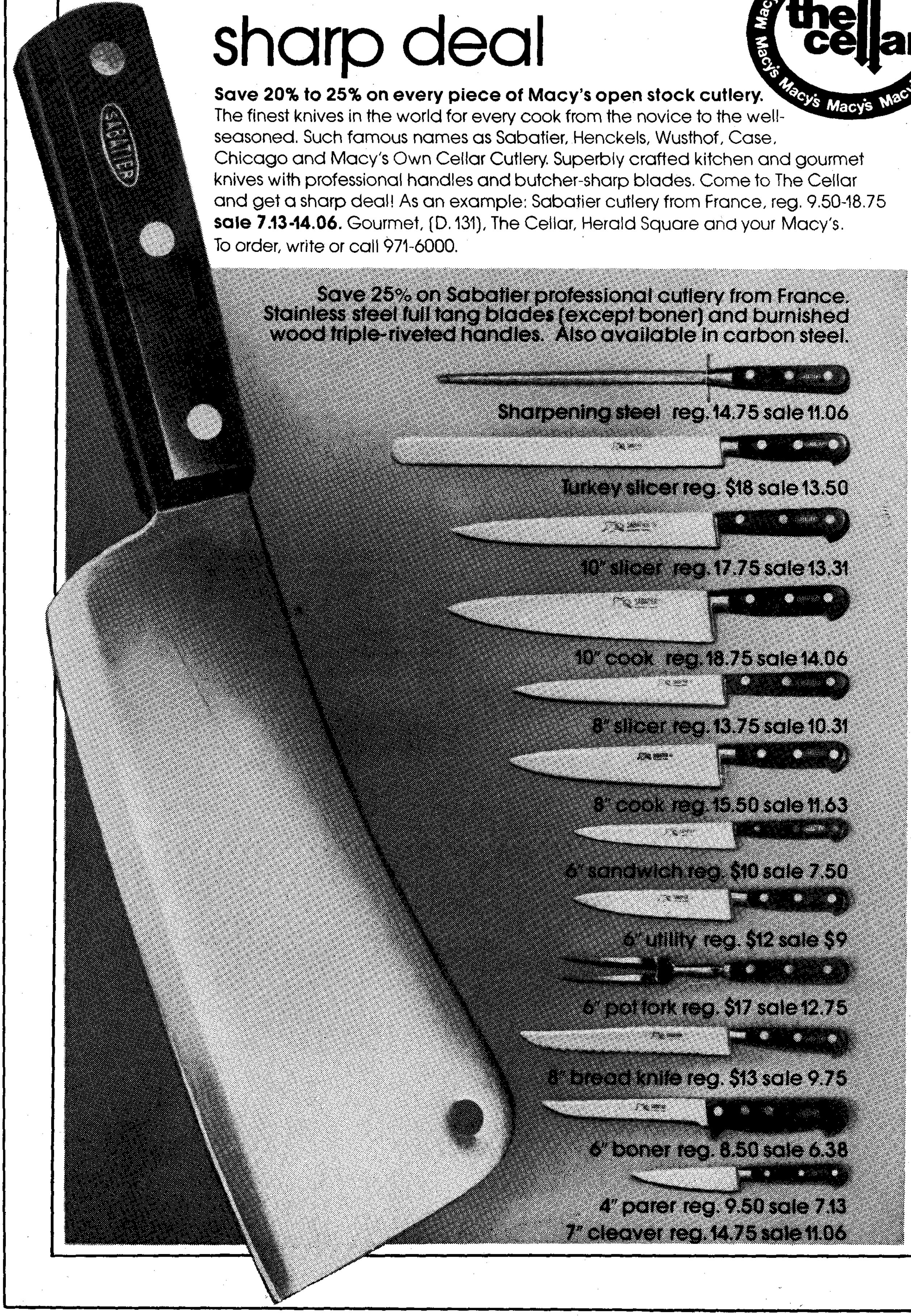

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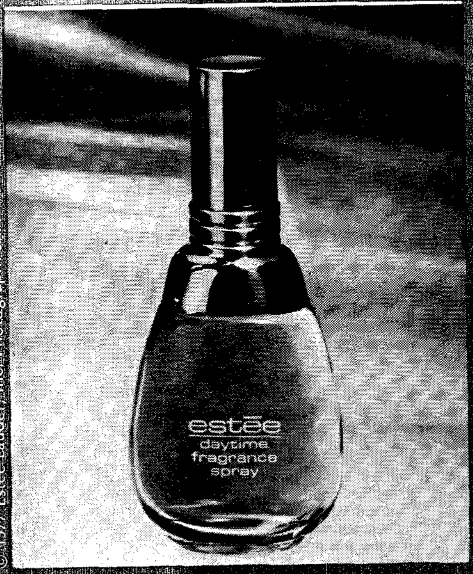

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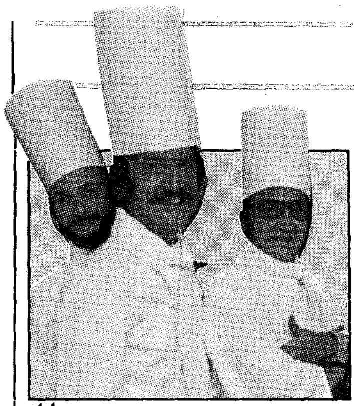
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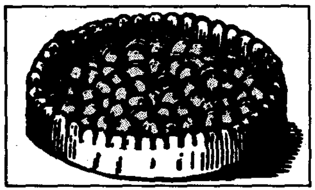
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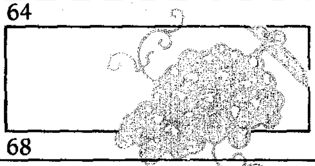
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Everybody knows the rules for party giving—what kind of food, the proper wine, what's in season, etc. Now, how about breaking some of those rules? We've asked some of our experts to show you how to do it meaningfully: Gael Greene reports on some delightful, absurd parties (**"Breaking the Rules,"** page 44); Ruth Spear guides you to the classy takeout food shops (**"Got Any Coulibiac Today?"** page 51); Florence Fabricant debunks the idea that oysters "r" in season only in certain months (**"The Oysters of Summer,"** page 61); Pat McNees comes up with the surprising news that many top restaurants will sell their entrées for takeout (**"The Ultimate à la Carte,"** page 64); Alexis Bespaloff assures you that there are times when it's okay to be color-blind about wines (**"When to Be a Maverick About Wine,"** page 68).

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Cover: Photographed by Art Kane; chef photographed by Dan Wynn; illustration by Hal Just. Moped from A & L Honda.

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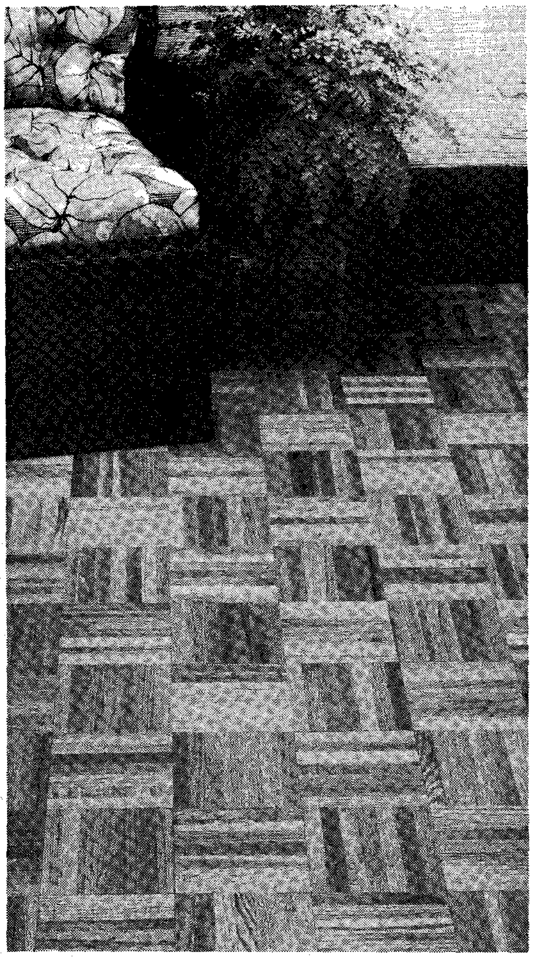

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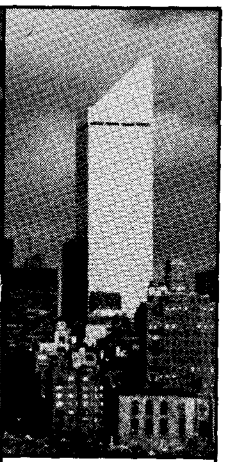
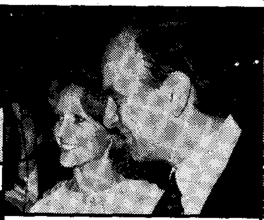
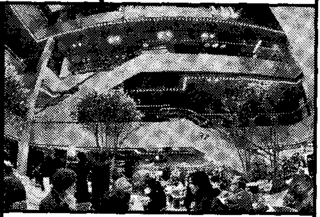

Citicorp Center

Mark Goodson, Barbara Walters

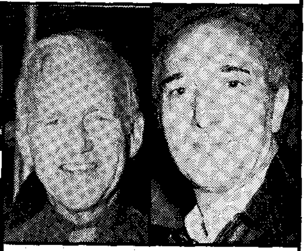

Anna and Rupert Murdoch


The great atrium

Bella Abzug

Robert Tisch

Phyllis Newman, Adolph Green


Whit Hobbs, Bruce Jay Friedman

John Belushi and Herb Schlosser

Brendan Gill, Charlotte Curtis

Peter Boyle, Betty Comden, Robert Morgenthau, Chuck Scarborough, Suzanne Goodson, Stanley Siegel, Andy Warhol

May 16, 1978. In the great atrium of the new Citicorp Center, a building not yet on the drawing board when this magazine was born, New York City's version of *tutta Roma* turned out to celebrate the tenth anniversary of *New York*. The famous, the near famous, the would-be and the will-be famous. And our friends. It made us feel humble and a little proud. No, that's not true—we were very proud and humility was nowhere in sight.

Why were we proud? First of all, *New York* Magazine has survived and prospered in a city where, as everyone knows, the competition is not exactly gentle. The figures tell the story: stupendous increases in circulation and ad pages and prospects for an even brighter future. In just the last eight months alone we've broken the ten-year records in every area of our operation. Last week we won three awards for journalistic excellence and service to the individual.

We wish you could have been there. Above, just a few of the 1,800 people who were. We'll do it again sometime.

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NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

Paraquat Tests Go All to Pot

The poisoned-pot story (which the Mexican government would like us to believe is "just propaganda") would read like a farce if it weren't so scary. Now sources in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare warn us of a new danger: bogus paraquat-testing kits. The kits, selling for up to $10, are being rushed by pot smokers as news of the paraquat menace spreads. "We're beginning to get complaints from people with knowledge of chemistry about paraquat-testing kits being offered by mail-order houses," reports an HEW official. "The equipment isn't properly calibrated, or the reagents are impure. With most of these kits you couldn't detect a 100-percent-pure paraquat solution." Then, acknowledging the irony of it all, the official added: "I guess we're going to need federal guidelines so that people can use an illegal substance safely."

Israel Campaign Stop for Duryea

Some signs of just how seriously the Republicans believe they can win the gubernatorial race: Candidate Perry Duryea will tour Israel, first stop for anyone who wants to get elected in New York. He'll try to fit in Ireland and Italy as well. Then there's the strategy of making young Westchester Congressman Bruce Caputo Duryea's running mate. "Our polls show Bruce is hot as a pistol, thanks to his Koreagate investigation," says Republican Manhattan chairman Vince Albano. "He's a bachelor, which should help with the female vote too." Why would Caputo forsake a promising congressional career for the obscurity of the lieutenant-governorship? "He's very ambitious and would like to be governor by 1984," says a friend. That would pit him against Manhattan Borough President Andy Stein, expected to enter the Democratic lists then.

Lowenstein Tip: Watch Moynihan

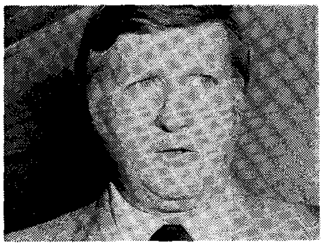
The story going around town is that Al Lowenstein is telling people to elect him to Congress so he can help Jerry Brown into the White House in 1980. "Not true," Lowenstein told us. "It's far too early to make any decision on who should get the presidential nomination." But surely he'd be supporting Jimmy Carter, the president who made him an ambassador to the U.N.? "I don't know who I'll support. The one thing the last three presidental campaigns should have taught us is that you can't pick the candidates too early. What about Moynihan? He will be a very formidable part of the equation. Moynihan could be a strong candidate in the primaries." Lowenstein said it would be wrong of him to criticize Carter before he formally leaves the U.N. (probably this week), but at the right time "I'll raise the issues on which I disagree with the president." Of his campaign for Ed Koch's old East Side seat, Lowenstein said: "I can win the Democratic nomination. The hard part will be beating the incumbent, Bill Green. I fear there's going to be a massive protest vote against Democrats this year. The Middle East situation, fiscal aid to the city and state—the Democratic administration has made a lot of people here very angry." Lowenstein, defeated in the party's selection ballot in February, says he has enough money to mount a strong primary campaign. "But if it turns into an auction, I'll be hurt," he admits.

Bradlee, Quinn Desert Hamptons

Ben and Sally: Seeking a new place in the sun this season.

While everyone and his dog seem to be flocking to the Hamptons this summer, two media superstars have decided to buck the trend. Washington *Post* editor Ben Bradlee and his roommate, Sally Quinn, won't be in residence at their cozy little place on Abraham's Path, East Hampton. "I've rented it out for the summer," Bradlee told us. "We've spent the last two summers there and it's time to try somewhere else. I don't know where yet." The house, with the initials "B" and "Q" intertwined in iron on the gate, brought around $8,000 for the summer.

Steinbrenner to Bail Out Boe?



Steinbrenner: Eye on Nets, Isles.

While the financial problems of sports entrepreneur Roy Boe are giving his creditors cause for concern, they just could be a blessing in disguise for area fans. Boe is the principal owner of the Islanders hockey club and the basketball Nets, and both are in danger of going under for lack of funds. If they do collapse, who will pick up the pieces? How about George Steinbrenner, flamboyant owner of the world-champion Yankees? Steinbrenner won't speak for the record on this matter ("I like and admire Roy Boe and wish him well" is all he'll say), but it's known he has examined the prospect of purchasing the two franchises. The move would virtually guarantee the Nets and the Islanders the kind of success their fans have so long hungered for. Steinbrenner could be expected to go on a buying spree, just as he did in rebuilding the Yankees. The move makes sense for the restless, ambitious Steinbrenner. The Yankees look like winners for many seasons to come and are requiring less of his time, and as more fans of the lowly Mets switch their allegiance, the multimillionaire Steinbrenner has plenty of funds to play with. Steinbrenner already owns a piece of the Chicago Bulls basketball club, but he'd happily unload this to get his hands on the Nets and Islanders.

BY NEAL TRAVIS

Credits: top– Black Star ; bottom – UPI

Sporting Stars Getting in Step

Hollywood's got the Chinese Theater and all those footprints of the movie stars set in its cement. Soon New York will have SportSteps for the tourists to ogle. SportSteps, which will display the footprints of our greatest sporting stars, is being sponsored by the New York Health & Racquet Club and will become a part of the sidewalk along East 45th Street. Each of the city's major sports teams has been asked to nominate one player to have his or her footprint set in the sidewalk, and this is causing some heartburn. Munson or Jackson, Cauthen or Affirmed, Beckenbauer or Chinaglia? As soon as they get the nominees sorted out, the cement will be poured and they'll all put their feet in it.

Willig Signs on High for Book

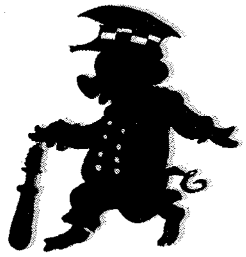
Willig with editors Lindy Hess and Patrick Filley: Telling of the climb and its aftermath.

A year after George Willig sent our hearts soaring with his human-fly act on the face of the World Trade Center, the offers are still coming in from promoters who want to use his fame. The continuing hullabaloo, says Willig, has "amazed and terrified" him. Sometimes, looking back, he wonders if the climb was worth it. Willig says he made the ascent for fun and adventure and he is distressed by attempts to make him into "a carnival act." For example, CBS Sports (which is already in trouble for its false "winner take all" sports promotions) asked him to race other climbers up San Francisco's TransAmerica Building, first to the top to get $10,000. He signed instead with ABC Sports, which lets him pick the climbs he wants to do. The only other commercial endeavor he's involved in is a TV commercial for an English cider "because I like the product." Willig will write at length about the climb and its aftermath in a book he's doing for Doubleday. Just this once Willig agreed to a little hype, posing on the parapet of his publisher's building to sign the contract.

Colby in Manhattan: Few takers.

'Times' Clients Nix Colby Book

Former chief CIA spook William Colby was in town recently to promote his book *Honorable Men* and to make himself pleasant to the media. We chatted with him on the sidewalk outside the Princeton Club (where he stayed), and he told of his high hopes for the book. Those hopes aren't being realized over at the New York *Times* syndication service. The book was offered for serialization to the *Times*'s 400-odd clients. At week's end only three of those clients—the San Antonio *Express-News*, the Oakland *Tribune*, and the Calgary *Herald*—had accepted the book. The syndicate, which took a financial bath in the fiasco of the leaking of H. R. Haldeman's book *The Ends of Power*, will drop another bundle on this one. "It's an awfully dull book," a syndicate employee told us. "Even the *Times* declined to serialize it." The problem is that Colby, still the good soldier, had his book cleared by the CIA. "Very laudable," said our syndicate source, "but not a good advertisement for a work that is supposed to tell all. He ends up pleasing neither the Establishment nor the reader."



First Amendment Protects Our Pig

The cute little blue pig that graced our issue of March 6 in "Know Your Rights: A Guide for the Harassed" has had its day in court and been judged worthy of protection under the First Amendment. The pig raised the ire of Sam DeMilia, president of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, to such a degree that he attempted to enjoin the publication and distribution of the issue. Now Supreme Court Judge Martin B. Stecher has weighed the matter and come down on the side of *New York* and its pig. In denying the motion, the judge declared that DeMilia "seeks to roll back the clock and calendar of liberty and repeal the First Amendment." The judge said the probable cause of plaintiff's ire "is not the caricature but its setting. It is on a page in which the reader is instructed on how to enforce a variety of rights including redress for police misconduct. I am certain the plaintiff's distorted view of freedom is not shared by his membership."

Forbes's Express To Marrakesh

Dashing publisher Malcolm Forbes can usually be found relaxing under a hot-air balloon. In early June, though, he'll come down to earth long enough to make a motorcycle dash from Normandy to Marrakesh, with son Robert in hot pursuit photographing the epic journey. Why? "Malcolm just likes to do things that are different," says a family friend.

Photo credits: top— Neil Selkirk ; bottom left—Michael Brennan ; bottom right— Michael Trossman

Politics/Fergus M. Bordewich

WEST SIDE STORY: FROM GANG FIGHTS TO CLASS WAR

A Dream Unrealized

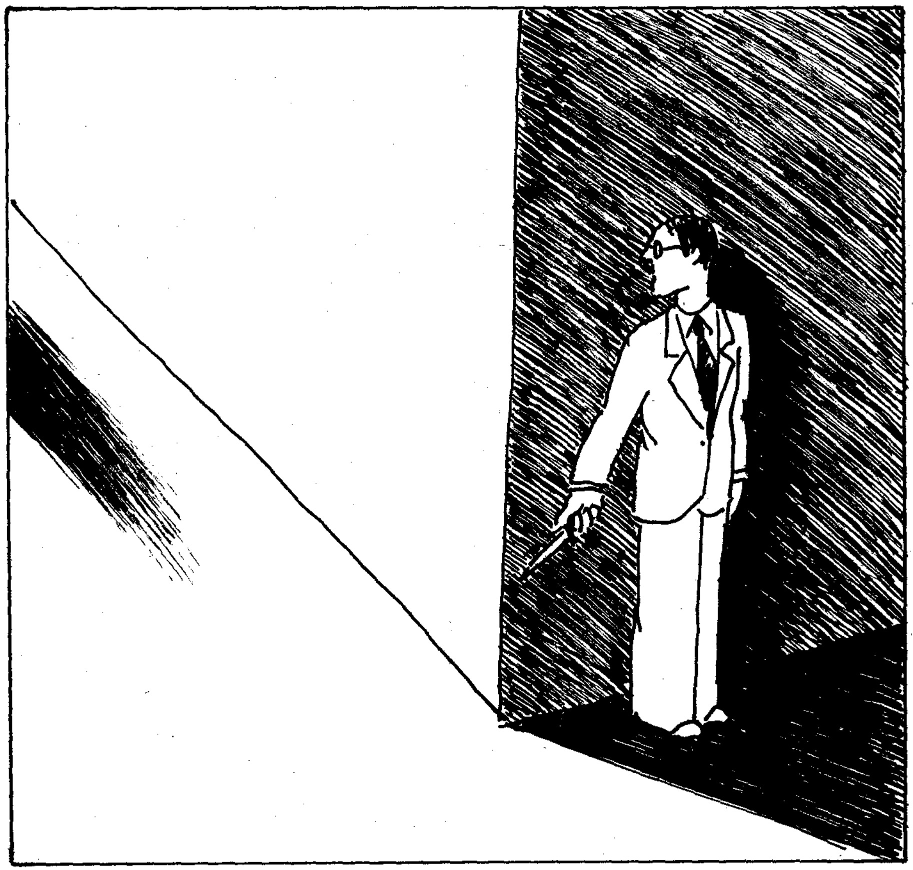
An acquaintance of mine named Jimmy Flynn remembers the West Side when it was a jungle. That was back in the 1950s, when he ran with a gang called the Irish Kings, who used knives and guns to fight Puerto Rican kids moving into their neighborhood. "All of a sudden the blocks that we had they didn't want us to have anymore," Jimmy says.

Now the gangs are gone. Urban renewal swept them away. In 1958, the city proudly promised that it would turn twenty blocks of the West Side slums into an "urban environment truly integrated (economically, culturally, and ethnically) on a stable basis." That "environment" was labeled the West Side Urban Renewal Project, and it runs from West 87th to 97th Street between Central Park West and Amsterdam Avenue.

Precisely twenty years later, as the mammoth project creaks and stumbles toward completion a mere decade behind schedule, those blocks lie embroiled in a contest more bitter, and not much more subtle, than any waged by angry teenagers over their dingy turf. The gang wars have been traded for class wars—with white, middle-income West Siders squaring off against their poorer black and Hispanic neighbors. Instead of switchblades and zip guns, the antagonists now square off with lawsuits and strident leaflets. The battles are no longer fought in litter-strewn alleys but in judges' chambers, the offices of city planners, and the meeting rooms of community planning boards. Protecting one's turf has once again become the name of the game.

As originally conceived, the urban-renewal project's goal was not simply to wipe a slum off the map. It aimed to preserve what luxury buildings remained, create new housing for the area's poor, and to turn the neighborhood's spectacular collection of 350 brownstone row houses into private dwellings again. The city's planners had designed a new neighborhood in which rich, poor, and middle-income groups were intended to live side by side—presumably in harmony.

But scarcely had the project begun when a group of largely white property owners, many of them drawn to the area by the promise of skyrocketing land values and tax abatements for brownstone rehabilitation, banded together in the Committee of Neighbors to Insure a Normal Urban Environment (CONTINUE) to prevent the social integration that the project sought to promote. For many brownstoners, a "normal" urban environment has meant a neighborhood free of the poor.



Illustrated by Guy Billout

Because CONTINUE's meetings and membership lists are closed to the curious, it is impossible to say exactly how many people belong to the organization. But local political observers agree that the group represents at least the sentiments of thousands of area residents, including some Mitchell-Lama tenants and a couple of well-connected real-estate brokers, in addition to brownstoners.

"We're an irate gang of middle-class and working-class people who have been stomped on, and now we're stomping back," asserts Eugene Halpern, CONTINUE's president and a West Side resident for eight years.

CONTINUE casts the middle class in the role of the victims of urban renewal, their goodwill exploited by "maniac" liberal politicians, and the ambience of their streets "inundated" by the denizens of low-income housing. Two years ago, after a defeat at the hands of the "professional povertycrats" who support the creation of low-cost housing in the area, Halpern called the middle class "the human lampshades of the West Side."

"There's already too much concentrated ghetto housing here, containing low-income and no-income people," he says. "Who wants to live in a building that's 100 percent black and Hispanic? It's unhealthy and dangerous."

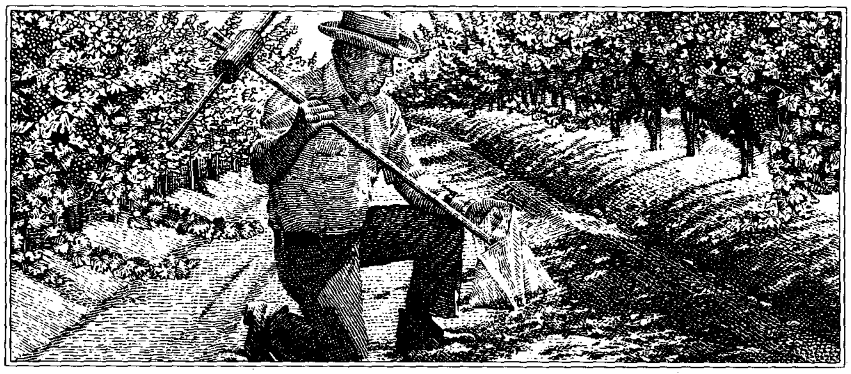
A glance at the facts suggests that the brownstoners may not need quite as much pity as they demand. In 1974, which marked the last new construction in the area, the median income in the neighborhood was more than $12,000 per year, 30 percent above the citywide average, and only 7.6 percent of the population lived below the poverty line. Blacks and Hispanics, not all of whom are poor, make up only about one fourth of the population, while the number of middle-class residents has increased dramatically since renewal began: Nearly 10,000 poor people, most of them Puerto Rican, were permanently displaced from the neighborhood to make room for the "inundated" middle class. Meanwhile, brownstones that could be had ten years ago for $10,000 or $15,000 have tripled in cost, and their rehabilitated value has zoomed to over $100,000.

In any case, CONTINUE has been stomping steadily since it was founded in 1966. It has fought persistently—usually against the Strycker's Bay Neighborhood Council, a well-entrenched 1960s-vintage community-action organization that has regularly provided legal and organizational aid to the area's poor—to prevent the construction of low-income housing. Only through the sustained efforts of Strycker's Bay has the number of low-income apartments been brought up to 2,060, still almost 500 fewer than the number mandated by the renewal plan.

CONTINUE's leaders ran their group like a guerrilla force, fighting for what they insisted was their turf, block by block and housing unit by housing unit, the way Jimmy Flynn and his Irish Kings fought for their tenement blocks 25 years ago. In 1972, for example, CONTINUE supported the private Trinity School in its suit to prevent the erection of public housing opposite the school on West 91st Street. Witnesses offered by CONTINUE announced that another low-income building would force the middle-class to flee the neighborhood en masse. Despite a federal judge's rejection of the suit with the rational reminder that there is no evidence to prove that poor people inherently cause a neighborhood's deterioration more than do middle-class residents, CONTINUE is still seeking an injunction to halt the building's construction.

Likewise, in 1976, CONTINUE lobbied with the Housing and Development Administration (HDA) to prohibit a group of 37 poor, mostly elderly tenants from bidding on their four city-owned brownstones, which they wanted to manage as a subsidized cooperative. CONTINUE's rationale was that "the brownstones belong to the middle class." This time, CONTINUE found a "friend in court" in HDA chief Roger Starr, author of the concept of "planned shrinkage," which would conveniently squeeze the poor out of New York altogether and into the Sunbelt. After Starr's intricate, although not illegal, manipulation of the bidding procedures on the buildings, the State Supreme Court finally stepped in to remind him that "one of the purposes of HDA is to give people the opportunity to purchase the buildings in which

Fertilizing: Its importance in creating superior wines.



Fertilizing the vineyard is a vital part in the art of growing premium wine grapes. It is not a simple operation.

Its Importance

A healthy grapevine can thrive for 80 years or more. In fact, the older its stock, generally the better its grapes.

During the vine's lifetime its nutritional requirements will change from its earliest years—when it is being trained to the desired form for grape growing—to its later years—as it gradually matures into an established vine.

Thus, any fertilizer program that is to be complete must take into consideration both the vine's long-term needs and its immediate requirements.

Different Needs

Fertilizing is not a simple operation. We know that even within a single vineyard, there are no homogeneous soils. Soil textures can range from fine or coarse sand, to a very fertile sandy loam.

These different soils require different fertilizers in different amounts to compensate for deficiencies. As a result, we have kept a precise history of all the fertilizing experiences in our vineyards over the past 30 years.

We know exactly when, how much, and what kind of fertilizer has been applied to each of our vineyards during that time.

We know the results of those applications—and how long the treatment lasted—down to small problem areas only a few yards square and even individual vines.

One of the methods we use to gauge these results is core sampling—the extraction of a cross-section of earth to be analyzed for nutrients—or the lack of them. Above, you see a rendition of our core sampler being used.

We take samples at various depths down to four feet from any part of the vineyard which may show abnormal vine growth or visual deficiencies for comparison with samples from normal areas. These soil samples are delivered to our winery for immediate analysis. They will be compared for available nitrogen, pH, organic matter, and other important elements in order to determine the source of the problem and the type and quantity of fertilizer which is required.

Fertilizing As An Exact Science

There are two good reasons why we take so much care when it comes to fertilizing: under-fertilizing and over-fertilizing. Under-fertilizing greatly reduces vine growth and bud fruitfulness, whereas over-fertilizing can produce such exceptionally heavy leaf growth as to curtail bud fruitfulness and grape production.

These phenomena are the result of an imbalance of what is known as the carbohydrate-nitrogen level of the vine.

A high carbohydrate-moderate nitrogen level produces moderate vegetative growth, abundant fruit bud formation and good fruit production.

This is the level we try to achieve in fertilizing our vineyards.

Petiole Analysis

In addition to normal soil analysis in our vineyards we also employ a test known as "petiole analysis."

The petiole is the stalk of a vine leaf. By taking a sample of it and analyzing it, we can determine the current nutritional status of the entire grapevine.

If we find that a particular area of one of our vineyards is weaker than the rest, we will immediately gather 200 or more petiole samples from that section—plus a like number from a healthier area of the same vineyard for comparison.

By analyzing the tissues of all these samples, we can readily and specifically determine if the weaker area has a deficiency of nitrogen, potassium, zinc, boron or some other vital mineral.

Our Purpose

These are only a few of the many special steps we take in our vineyards to grow the finest grapes possible.

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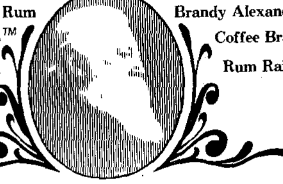

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they live." The tenants won their buildings, and Starr eventually moved on to more congenial surroundings on the editorial board of the New York *Times*.

Clearly, the brownstoners aren't the only organized group on the West Side. "CONTINUE considers low-income people an environmental hazard," says William Price, whose United Tenants Association (UTA) is the prime target of CONTINUE's 1978 campaign.

The UTA officially comprises about 100 of the poorest, and mostly Hispanic, families in the renewal area, but it represents in principle all 250 families still remaining in crumbling city-owned tenements. The group traces its political lineage to some 200 Hispanic squatters who occupied several of the tenements in 1970 and have agitated for adequate housing ever since.

Community Board 7 recently approved the UTA's plan to partially rehabilitate and manage thirteen of the buildings, supported by federal funding. After a two-year review period, the city will determine whether to permanently turn the tenements over to the tenants.

For CONTINUE, however, the board's approval constituted another wave of "inundation."

"They're just a gang of ripoff artists," Halpern rages. "We intend to see that the squatters will never get those buildings. We don't want poverty dollars up here. We're not Harlem or Bed-Stuy. They still have to get approval from the Department of Housing, Preservation and Development, from the Planning Commission, and from the Board of Estimate. And we'll fight them every inch of the way."

Retorts Price, a former *Daily News* reporter turned professional community organizer: "They constantly say that public-housing projects are vertical ghettos and centers of crime; that all people who stand on street corners and drink from bottles in paper bags are alcoholics; that crime is more prevalent among the poor than among brownstoners; that all poor people are dirty and unkempt. Those things are just not true. We haven't even begun to fight yet. We are not going to be evicted."

CONTINUE claims, with little hard evidence, that private developers badly want to put up fair-market housing on the UTA sites. But with the Koch administration's proclaimed prejudice in favor of tax-based housing, the UTA tenants may well face an uphill fight to keep their homes.

Meanwhile, back at the barricades, a potentially more far-reaching battle

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is shaping up over the neighborhood schools. Parent-controlled Community School Board 3, which encompasses the renewal area, has ruled that it will no longer grant waivers to allow children to attend schools outside their proper zones.

That ruling flies in the face of the neighborhood's time-honored middle-class tradition of shunning the public schools as if they were rabid with plague; what the schools are, of course, is rife with the poor. Although it is impossible to analyze school enrollment by social class, the roughly parallel racial breakdown offers some disturbing statistics. Despite the fact that the renewal area's population is at least 75 percent white, student enrollment at the area's only junior high school is only 7 percent white, and white enrollment in local grammar schools averages only 32 percent.

"We are within our legal prerogatives in what we have done, and the parents know it," asserts Diane Morales, chairperson of School Board 3, and a longtime champion of poor people's rights. Parents now have no other recourse."

"In the next two or three years integration will take hold or it won't," adds City Council member Ruth Messinger, a strong supporter of the board's ruling. "There has got to be a quantum leap in registration this year. This is just not something that will work in small increments, bit by bit. It has got to take hold all at once."

It is too soon to tell whether integration will work. But if it does, it will be the first time that the renewal area's middle class has been forced to be responsible for the conditions, in this case the education, that their far less privileged neighbors endure as a matter of course. It will also mark the first time that life in the renewal area has even begun to approach the social goals set for it twenty years ago.

Goldin's Gamble

Arthur Levitt, the outgoing state comptroller, built his reputation as a staunch defender of pension funds for retiring employees. In fact, there were times when Levitt's refusal to risk these funds—legally in his fiduciary care—by investing them in New York City or in Municipal Assistance Corporation securities threatened to bankrupt us all.

These days, City Comptroller Harrison J. Goldin is vying to succeed Levitt in Albany. And in a pitch to union retirees and union leaders, Goldin has started—in the words of one local official—"to out-Levitt Levitt." And the

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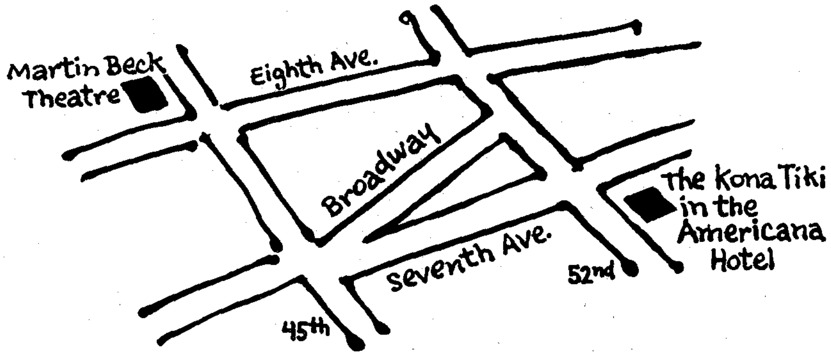
After the show, Dracula met a passionate maiden at the Kona Tiki.



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consequences could be grave.

What Goldin did was to advise the municipal-union pension funds—for whom he is a trustee—against purchasing $683 million in city bonds they had been scheduled to buy last week. The proceeds from that sale were to be used to meet city payrolls and for other cash needs through midsummer. The idea had been to give the city a cushion against possible delays in congressional approval of a new loan program to the city.

But Goldin's telling the pensioners that MAC bonds were a safer buy than city bonds backfired somewhat, because the state Legislature, at this writing, has made it necessary for MAC to offer the pension funds only notes—redeemable on June 30—instead of longer-term bonds. What this means is that pension-fund money can now get us only through the end of June, with the expected cushion pretty much disappearing in the shuffle.

State officials say they hope that when crunch time actually comes, Goldin will relent and recommend that the notes be converted to long-term city bonds. Goldin says he'll do this when federal aid becomes certain.

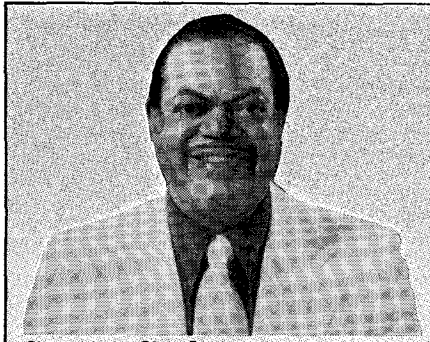
Beyond this situation, Goldin's gambit and the Albany negoiations threatened the ability of city workers to get paid last week—money from the union's loan was to be used to cover the checks.

But Goldin—the man who portrayed himself as the defender of the pension funds in the first place—came up with a solution. The way the city could get the $80 million needed for the payroll would be for the city to postpone its scheduled May contribution to pension funds. Somehow, in Goldin's mind, it wasn't safe for the municipal-pension funds to buy city bonds but it was perfectly okay for the comptroller's office to delay the city's payment into the pension-fund coffers.

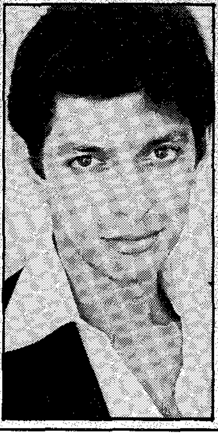
In any event, the upshot of all this is that good ship *Apple*'s ability to muddle through for a while without additional federal assistance is in doubt. If some way is found to sell the unions MAC securities which can mature later than June 30, or if big realtors agree to pre-pay substantial portions of their property tax, some breathing time is possible. Should that happen, action on Capitol Hill can be put off past the expiration at the end of next month of the current $2.3-billion federal-assistance plan.

"If Congress decides to do something, it can do it quickly," said one participant in the complex, multi-governmental haggling. "But if Congress doesn't want to do something, it's all academic anyway." —**David Rosenthal**

OPENING THIS WEEK



Singer-pianist **Glen Covington** and his trio open on May 30th at **Jimmy Weston's,** 131 E. 54th Street, and perform nightly except Sunday at 10, midnight and 2 a.m. The Tommy Furtado Trio play Tuesday thru Saturday, and the Bernie Leighton Quartet on Sunday and Monday (838-8384).



Jeff Goldblum (of *Nashville, Between the Lines,* and *Annie Hall*) stars as a Leicester disk jockey in Stephen Poliakoff's **City Sugar,** opening June 1st at the Marymount Manhattan Theater, 221 East 71st Street (730-0794). Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 3 & 8; Sundays at 3 & 7:30.

Nat Adderly and **Esther Marrow** portray Red Beans and Mahalia Jackson in the new musical, **Mahalia,** opening May 31st at the Harry deJur, Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand Street. It will play through June 11th. Free (691-7359).

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

May 30 through June 6

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). *House Calls.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). Thru 6/8, *The End.* From 6/9, *A Different Story.*

Bay Cinema, Second Ave nr 32nd (679-0160). *Thank God It's Friday.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *An Unmarried Woman.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 5/30, *La Guerre Est Finie; Grand Illusion.* 5/31, *Nazarin; The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.* 6/1, *Fata Morgana; Even Dwarfs Started Small.* 6/2, 3, *Repulsion; What?* 6/4-8, Middle Eastern Film Festival. 6/9, 10, *Five Easy Pieces; The Last Detail.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 5/30, *Odd Man Out; The Informer.* 5/31, *Kings of the Road.* 6/1, *Salt of the Earth; Blow for Blow.* 6/2, *It's Love I'm After; The Man Who Came to Dinner.* 6/3, *The Third Man; Citizen Kane.* 6/4, *The Awful Truth; True Confession.* 6/5, *The Childhood of Maxim Gorky; Sons and Mothers.* 6/6, *Toni; The Little Theater of Jean Renoir.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Cat and Mouse.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-0774). *Nunzio.*

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza (752-5959). *An Unmarried Woman.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). *Pirosmani.*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 5/30, *Tonight for Sure; Last Tango in Paris.* 5/31, 6/1, *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg; A Man and a Woman.* 6/2, 3, *Handle With Care; The King of Marvin Gardens.* 6/4, 5, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers; Night of the Living Dead.* 6/6, *Score; Both Ways.*

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). Thru 5/30, *We Will All Meet in Paradise.* From 5/31, *The Servant and His Mistress.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *Pretty Baby.*

Criterion, Bdway at 45th (JU2-1796). *Thank God It's Friday.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *Saturday Night Fever.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *F.I.S.T.*

86th St East, off 3rd Ave (AG 9-1144). *F.I.S.T.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *The Turning Point.*

E 59th St, betw 2nd & 3rd (688-1717). *The Savage Is Loose.*

Festival, 57th nr. 6th (757-2715). *American Graffiti.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). *House Calls.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Coming Home.*

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). *Here Come the Tigers.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *The Chess Players.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *Star Wars.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). *The Greek Tycoon.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th at 3rd (AT 9-4607). Thru 5/31, *Thank God It's Friday.* From 6/1, to be announced.

Loews State I, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). *Close Encounters of the Third Kind.*

Loews State II, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). *The Greek Tycoon.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *If Ever I See You Again.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. *Coming Home.* II. *American Graffiti.* III. Thru 6/1, *High Anxiety.* From 6/2, *Capricorn One.*

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *An Unmarried Woman.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). *Come Back, Africa.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 5/30, *The Fury; The Sentinel.* 5/31-6/6, *Annie Hall; Where's Poppa?*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *An Unmarried Woman.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 5/30, *The Fury.* From 5/31, to be announced.

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *Madame Rosa.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). (Last minute changes frequent here; phone ahead). I. *High Anxiety.* II. *A Woman of Paris.* III. *Annie Hall.* IV. *American Graffiti.*

Radio City Music Hall, 50th St at 6th Ave (CI 6-4600). *Fantasia.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). Thru 5/30, *Red River; The Misfits.* 5/31-6/3, *A Streetcar Named Desire; The Fugitive Kind.* 6/4, 5, *Burn!; The Men.*

Rivoli, 1620 Bdwy (247-1633). From 6/2, *Capricorn One.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Broadway at 47th (975-8366). *F.I.S.T.*

RKO 86th I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. *American Graffiti.* II. *Close Encounters of the Third Kind.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 5/30, *The Fury.* From 5/31, to be announced.

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *House Calls.*

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 5/30, *The Fury.* From 6/1, to be announced.

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *Dear Detective.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). 5/30, *La Femme Infidele; This Man Must Die.* 5/31-6/1, *Out of the Past; Nightmare Alley.* 6/2, 3, *The Seventh Seal; Smiles of a Summer Night.* 6/4, 5, *Hollywood on Trial; The Front.* 6/6, *Forbidden Games; Shoeshine.*

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 5/30, *Just Imagine; Floradora Girl.* 5/31, *The Seven Year Itch; How to Marry a Millionaire.* 6/1, *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves; Arabian Nights.* 6/2, 3, *All About Eve; Sunset Boulevard.* 6/4, *Private Lives; Marie Antoinette.* 6/5, *Shop Around the Corner; So Ends Our Night.* 6/6, *Charlie Chan in Panama; Charlie Chan's Murder Cruise.*

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). *The Greek Tycoon.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *Coming Home.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Coming Home.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *House Calls.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). Thru 6/1, *Saturday Night Fever.* From 6/2, *Capricorn One.*

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). *The Last Waltz.*

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

THE MOVIES

American Graffiti–During a hot end-of-summer night, in a Calif. town in 1962, four high-school buddies begin to grow up. All to the constant throbbing music of the time. If you're nostalgic about D.A.'s, '58 Chevy Impalas, Del Shannon, Buddy Holly, the Platters and sock-hops, this will take you home again. Beautifully directed by George Lucas. Festival; Loews Triplex; Quad; RKO 86 I.

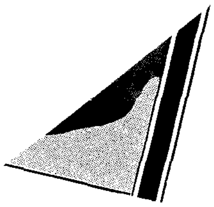
Annie Hall–Woody Allen's quadruple Oscar-winner, part social satire, part "nervous romance," is his richest and most cohesive film and brings up to date his own evolution as a successful comic. Allen as the bumbling West Side womanizer and Diane Keaton as the fumbling shiksa are the matching misfits in the urban love story of the seventies. 5/31-6/6, Olympia; Quad.

Capricorn One–Directed by Peter Hyams, film deals with conspiracy involving the U.S. Space Agency. With Elliott Gould, Brenda Vaccaro, Sam Waterston, O.J. Simpson, and Hal Holbrook. From 6/2, Rivoli; Waverly; Loews Triplex.

Cat and Mouse–Claude Lelouch's playful mock-thriller stars Serge Reggiani as the cop/cat and Michele Morgan as the exquisitely magisterial mouse and Paris *et environs* (as the Michelin says) as the playpen in which these two enact one of those ultra-sophisticated duets in which love and money are entwined to the detriment of neither. Cinema I.

The Chess Players–A miniature-like film by Indian director Satyajit Ray sets the chess-playing obsession of two fatuous noblemen against the takeover of their province by the British in 1856. The ironies are slow, subtle, and schematic, but in the end, totally satisfying. Little Carnegie.

Citizen Kane–The greatest American film, alas. This allegory and cautionary tale of American success, told in terms of a thinly veiled Randolph Hearst, is Orson Welles's finest achievement as director, and not bad as actor, either. Unfortunately, the script, by Herman Mankiewicz, or someone else by that name, though clever, is somewhat shallow. Every-



s impressive after all epeated viewing. 6/3,

hird Kind–If there is a harder for a grown-up to a needle than to gain f UFO believers. The most st the existence of UFOs— country people who have a ds, and never to busy urban aw nal sighting, director Steven Spielberg an al effects team has given us nothing less than an electronic Second Coming. The film has no story, characters, sense of danger, or conflict between good and evil. Loews State I; RKO 86th St II.

Coming Home–Jane Fonda and Jon Voight are wonderfully sexy in this love story between a paraplegic veteran and a woman whose husband is off in Vietnam, and there are moments between them that take your breath away. But when they trade each other in for halos and open their arms to returning vets, Hal Ashby's film turns into a soft-headed encounter session on Vietnam that is true to neither individual nor political realities. Greenwich; Trans-Lux East; Trans-Lux 85th.

Dear Detective–Annie Girardot and Philippe Noiret are irresistible as a police commissioner and a Sorbonne professor who fall in love, but this is despite the viscously cute format of Philippe de Broca's boulevard farce. Sutton.

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands–You had to be in the streets of Bahia, where the film is set, or perhaps in a Brazilian audience (where the film is reported to have outgrossed *Jaws*), to appreciate the non-stop merriment of this witless sex farce, in which a roguish gambler awakens his virginal bride to a world of sexual delights and then dies from his own dissipation. Paris.

The End–This comedy about a dying man doesn't establish Burt Reynolds who stars and directs as the rival of Mel Brooks or Woody Allen, but it is a respectable miss. Its boners *seem* more egregious because of the hyperkinetic behavor of Reynolds's California Sonny, and Reynolds's failure as director to find and maintain the proper tone. Dom DeLuise and Robby Benson are hilarious in supporting rules. Thru 6/8, Baronet.

Even Dwarfs Started Small–Werner Herzog is one of the more arid and rebarbative directors of our time, with a mind preoccupied not just with violence, but violence fused with ugliness. In this film, whose plot (if it exists at all) is incomprehensible, a number of bestial dwarfs and some full-size plug-uglies brutalize one another, torturing also a few assorted animals. All this pretends to have to do with art, but it is only sound and fury. 6/1, Bleecker St Cin.

F.I.S.T.–Norman Jewison's drama of criminal infiltration in a teamster-style union only skims the surface of this fascinating subject, but it has charm and vitality. Sylvester Stallone as the charismatic, silver-tongued Johnny Kovak is always interesting, but the film lacks textural authenticity, and it hasn't the power drive to lift it off the ground. RKO Cinerama I & II; 86th St East; Eastside.

Five Easy Pieces–A film much overrated when it first appeared because Carol Eastman's pseudonymous screenplay and Bob Rafelson's pseudo-artistic direction aped prestigious European models—chiefly Bergman—albeit badly. All about alienation in America told in terms of a musical family in Oregon and the scapegrace son who works as an oil rigger and lives with a waitress and finally gives up altogether. Jack Nicholson is impressive part of the way. Lois Smith is marvellous as his sister, and there is a dazzling but hammy cinematography by Laszlo Kovacks. 6/9, 10, Bleecker St Cinema.

The Front–Martin Ritt's film is all facade, posturing, cliches, and cutenesses; it might as well have been made by people whose information about McCarthyism came from a couple of magazine articles, and whose knowledge of human beings from Earl Wilson's column. Even at that, the film may owe its existence to the fact that it deals with blacklisting on television only, and does not foul its own nest, however prefouled that may be. 6/4, 5, Thalia.

The Fury–Brian de Palma's thriller about telepathic troublemakers combines B-movie sleaze with A-movie elegance in a nerve-shattering but irresistibly funny horror film. Levitation and blood gushing from human orifices like geysers are but two of the outrageously unreal effects in a film that should be a smash with youth-and-inner-city audiences. Starring Kirk Douglas, John Cassavetes, Carrie Snodgress. Thru 5/30, 72nd St East; Playboy; Olympia; St Marks Cinema.

The Grand Illusion–Jean Renoir's World War I prison-break film of 1937 is probably the best treatment of the dying of chivalry in warfare, and the passing of aristocracy from the modern world ever made. It is sad and wise and occasionally very funny, and it has a simplicity dependent on shrewdness and finesse. The acting by one and all is superlative. The only flaw is a slight sentimentality. 5/30, Bleecker Street Cinema.

The Greek Tycoon–This film à clef is bound to disappoint scandal-mongerers for its shortage of dirty secrets. The story of Theo Thomasis (Anthony Quinn) and the First Lady (Jacqueline Bisset) is like a travelogue of the jet-set world which these two split between them like a game of monopoly. A P.R. version of the affair, but moderately entertaining and even moving. Loews State II and Cine; 34th St E.

Handle With Care–Jonathan Demme's citizens-band comedy is the kind of gregarious, unpretentiously lilting "people's" movie that one rarely sees anymore. It is a Middle American *Midsummer Night's Dream* about the ways in which their C.B. disguises allow people to express hidden sides of themselves. Paul LeMat and Candy Clark are the best known of a large varied cast. 6/2, 3, Cinema Village.

High Anxiety–The news about Mel Brooks's latest film, good or bad depending on your degree of Melomania, is that it's 100 percent pure (i.e. impure) Brooks, meaning that it is wildly uneven, vulgar, intermittently hilarious, and at its very best when it is not being terribly funny at all. This collage/*hommage* to Hitchcock is to the Master of Suspense what *Blazing Saddles* was to the Western, and *Young Frankenstein* to the horror film, and *Silent Movie* to silent comedy. Quad.

House Calls–Howard Zieff's furious and funny comedy is a middle-aged romance starring Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson as the cautious, one-step-at-a-time lovers. Matthau and Jackson have never been more charming. They bring out in each other a quality of shy vulnerability that is downright erotic. Art Carney is hilarious as the beacon of incompetence of a Los Angeles hospital that is a monument to malpractice. 68th St Playhouse; Gramercy; Art; U.A. East.

If Ever I See You Again–A film, directed and starred in by Joe Brooks (who also wrote it), about a songwriter who begins a new career in Hollywood movies. Loews Tower East.

The Last Detail–A gem of a film, a "road" story in the best sense, about two career sailors (Jack Nicholson, Otis Young) assigned to escort a teenager (Randy Quaid) from Norfolk to the Navy prison at Portsmouth, N.H. Honest, bawdy and unforgetable, with fine performances by all. 6/9, 10, Bleecker Street Cinema.

Last Tango in Paris–About sex, love, and death among today's disaffected young and disenchanted middle-aged, this purports to be a social document, eroticism at its best, and a work of art, but despite fancy positions and posturings, fails at all three. Neither Bertolucci's directorial attitudinizing, nor the actors' elaborate improvisation come to much beyond one good sex scene (the first), and Brando's vaunted performance is merely an anthology of all his former ones, while Maria Schneider's main talent is for looking unwashed even in a bathtub. Modish cinematography, bad music and dialogue full of pratfalls. 5/30, Cinema Village.

The Last Waltz–Martin Scorsese's elegiac tribute to The Band is the most beautiful rock concert film ever made, but its vibrant colors and swooping camera movements are curiously at odds with the sweaty immediacy of the rock concert. Stars The Band-leader Robbie Robertson with his musicians, and Eric Clapton, Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell, Neil Diamond, Van Morrison, et al. Ziegfeld.

Madame Rosa–This Oscar-winning fable about the rapport that develops between a dying Jewish ex-prostitute and an Arab orphan is a fantasy of Arab-Israeli old-young togetherness. But even as it strains credibility it breaks the heart, particularly Simone Signoret's breathtakingly courageous performance of a once-beautiful, old and puffy whore. Plaza.

Nunzio–Shot in an Italian section of Brooklyn and directed by Paul Williams, this film about a mentally retarded man (David Proval) spares us the more dispiriting cliches of the genre and has some lovely action (by Proval, Morgana King, and James Andronica who also wrote the script), but it goes way off into kiddieville with its cartoon fantasy ending. Cinema II.

Pirosmani–Georgi Shengelava's depiction of the life of a painter. Made in Georgia (U.S.S.R.) in 1971, this is its first presentation in the United States. Cinema Studio.

Pretty Baby–Louis Malle's tastefully composed film about a child prostitute is more a study in decadence than a drama of innocence corrupted. As a product of the bordello world conjured up in Polly Platt's screenplay and Sven Nykvist's lustrous cinematography, the 12-year-old played with all-knowing sophistication by Brooke Shields is never innocent enough to be violated, or yearning enough to be pitied. Coronet.

Saturday Night Fever–As the disco champ of Nik Cohn's *New York* Magazine piece, John Travolta is a good enough reason for seeing the movie. Even the character inconsistencies provide a built-in audition for this enormously gifted actor. The scenes where the tribal rites occur at a Brooklyn disco are electrifying, and when Travolta glides onto the dance floor, he is grace personified. D.W. Griffith.

The Sentinel–Michael Winner's latest unspeakably vulgar movie in the supernatural horror genre is dreadful, and the only moments of true horror occur when we are forced to watch Sylvia Miles in the nude. Thru 5/30, Olympia.

The Servant and His Mistress–Character study about two people (Victor Lanoux and Andrea Ferreol) who are drawn into a destructive love-hate relationship. From 5/31, Columbia II.

The Seventh Seal–A medieval knight and his squire pit themselves against the plague, evil men, and Death himself. Ingmar Bergman's most famous film is not necessarily his best; its metaphysics get out of hand. But there are marvelous episodes, exquisite performances, powerful visual effects, and scenes simply oozing the spirit of the Middle Ages. 6/2, 3, Thalia.

Shoeshine–Vittorio DeSica and Italian neorealism at their best. This story of two proletarian boys trying desperately to survive amid the misery of early postwar Italy is as moving a film as has ever been made. If you haven't seen it yet, you shouldn't even finish this sentence, merely get up and go. Far from an ordinary tear-jerker, this is as near to genuine tragedy as a film has ever come. 6/6, Thalia.

Smiles of a Summer Night–Not only one of Ingmar Bergman's masterpieces, but also one of the two or three absolutely great comedies the screen has produced so far. Acting, writing, and direction such as one seldom sees anywhere, and only Gunnar Fischer's cinematography, fine as it is, is not quite up to that of Sven Nykvist's in Bergman's later films. 6/2, 3, Thalia.

Thank God It's Friday–A poor man's *Nashville*, and I mean poor. The Zoo is the mecca for disco freaks whose witless schticks take up an interminable introduction until the music finally takes over. Criterion; Bay Cinema; thru 5/31, Loews Orpheum.

The Turning Point–Shirley MacLaine and Anne Bancroft portray two ballet company friends reunited after almost twenty years, when each is at a crossroad. What makes this film so important is that the old soap-opera philosophy (that career, fame, and money are nothing compared to the Love of a Man) is scuttled by the more complex view that no one choice will ever put an end to doubts about the road not taken. The ballet scenes are terrific. Embassy 72nd.

An Unmarried Woman–Jill Clayburgh has the role of a lifetime and is glorious in Paul Mazursky's brilliantly funny comedy about a painful liberation. One-night stands and the singles' scene are ordeals in the process by which a woman abandoned by her husband triumphs over self-doubts and puts herself back together—or assembles herself for the first time. Beekman; Paramount; Murray Hill; Cinema III.

We Will All Meet in Paradise–The sequel to *Pardon Mon Affair* has some very funny scenes but it sparkles less than its predecessor. The four Frenchmen—played by Jean Rocheford, Victor Lanoux, Guy Bedos, and Claude Brasseur—strain to convey the kind of funny, slobbery, infantile relationship that the Italians can do in their sleep. Thru 5/30, Columbia II.

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

Tuesday, May 30

Once in a Lifetime–A revival of the George S. Kaufman/Moss Hart comedy about Hollywood in 1929 when the movies were just learning how to talk. With George S. Irving, John Lithgow, Deborah May, Rosemary Murphy, Treat Williams, and Max Wright. Directed by Tom Moore. Previews now prior to a 6/15 opening. Will run through 8/27. Circle in the Square, 1633 Bdway (581-0720).

Thursday, June 1

Tribute–Jack Lemmon stars in a new play by Bernard *(Same Time, Next Year)* Slade, about a father trying to reestablish a relationship with his son after a long separation. With A. Larry Haines, Rosemary Prinz, Tresa Hughes, Robert Picardo, Catherine Hicks, and Joan Welles. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

CURRENT

The Act–Imagine the incestuous marriage of TV and Las Vegas and, next, their idiotic progeny; you now have a perfect picture of this work. If ever a supposed Broadway musical looked like a cross between a less than spectacular TV spectacular and a dry-as-dust show at the Sands or the Desert Inn, this vulgar concoction is it. Its main—almost its only—selling point: Liza Minnelli, and she has only brashness, pathos, and desperate energy. Gower Champion plays opposite Liza. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Thru 7/1. Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

Ain't Misbehavin'–Would the slapdash playfulness, the lovable smallness of this show survive the lure of self-aggrandizement, moving from Off- to On Broadway? Nothing to worry about; it did. The cast of five—Ken Page, Armelia McQueen, Andre De Shields, Charlaine Woodard, and Nell Carter—works together as nimbly and wickedly as five fingers in a piece of sleight of hand. The delicious songs by Fats Waller and his friends continue their joyous renaissance, under the guidance of Murray Horwitz and Richard Maltby jr. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 7; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, and a diminutive bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Shelley Bruce now has the title role. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat at 2, Sun at 3 p.m. At the Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

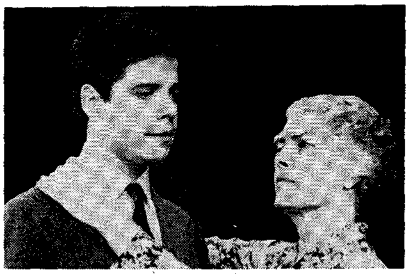
Chapter Two–Neil Simon attempts, in part at least, to be serious about the real-life romance, marriage, and problems of Marsha Mason and Neil Simon and to pierce through to the troubling core of things. But he handles drama as if it could be constructed out of one-liners, only sticking laments where the laughs would normally go. There are some genuinely funny one-liners afloat, but the playwright's ultimate failure stems from his belief that you can build anything out of one-liners, from coffee tables to cathedrals. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Imperial, 249 W 45th (CO 5-2412).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St.* Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Shubert, 225 W 44 (246-5990).

Cold Storage–Tale of two men in the cancer ward of a Manhattan hospital. When Ronald Ribman, the author, is at his best, as in the first act, he can keep you laughing and thinking at the same time. As the two main characters, Martin Balsam gives a stunning performance, and Len Cariou is compelling as long as he acts tense and superior; when he is agonized he is a bit too mechanical. But the evening is lit with the playful intelligence of the writing, and the energy of the performers. Directed by Frank Corsaro. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Thru June. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

Dancin'–Director Bob Fosse has devised a heterogeneous choreography ranging from classical ballet through modern dance to every form of show-biz and disco dancin'. What doesn't work is the two side by side, like internecine Siamese twins. The proximity of popular dance gives ballet an air of pretentiousness; ballet retaliates by making pop dancing look facile, tawdry. *Dancin'* is sheer perfection for the vulgarians, anathema for the purists, and a mixed bag for the over-whelming rest of us. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (246-6699).

MOTHER KNOWS BEST



Richard Seer and **Sylvia O'Brien** in a scene from **Da,** winner of the New York Drama Critics Circle 1978 Best Play Award, and three Outer Critics Circle Awards (John Simon proclaimed it "entertaining, endearing, and gently moving"). Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

Deathtrap–Ira Levin's play concerns a formerly successful playwright, a disciple who sends him a play clearly destined to become a Broadway smash, and the stale playwright's disapproving wife, who has strong scruples and a weak heart. There is a basic problem with the comedy mystery genre, wherein the laughs are supposed to lull you into a false security. The plot, however, is impossible. John Wood, Marian Winters, and Marian Seldes do what they can with not very rewarding material. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Dracula–Among Edward Gorey's impressive but inappropriate sets, this camped-up version of a trashy old play offers mostly cutenesses instead of thrills, and can at best impress if you sit far enough back so that the stage is reduced to the appropriate comic-strip (or Gorey drawing) dimensions. Frank Langella may be the ideal Dracula for this kind of production. The other actors, except for the splendid Alan Coates, are unsafe even in comic-strip size. Dennis Rosa misdirected. Tues thru Fri at 8; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Martin Beck Theater, 302 W 45th (246-6363).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/ When the Rainbow is Enuf–Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 5; Sun at 2 p.m. Booth, 222 W 45th St (246-5969).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

The Gin Game–A first effort by D.L. Coburn concerns two inmates of an old folks' home. The man lives for gin rummy now; the woman is willing to learn the game. They play, and miraculously—or contrivedly—she keeps winning. It is staged with almost indecent expertise by Mike Nichols, and acted to individual and joint near-perfection by Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. E.G. Marshall takes over the Hume Cronyn role on June 6. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Grease–Broadway's senior musical, about high school shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

Hello, Dolly!–A show of questionable value has been revived with all the reverence of a museum piece. The excellent plot survives in Michael Stewart's book; Jerry Herman's score has a kind of hearty, community-sing artlessness. Some performances quicken the old pulse. Carol Channing still croons so penetratingly that the electronic amplification is quite unnecessary. And she is a real trooper who never steals a scene; of all our *monstres sacrés*, she may be the best behaved. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Lunt/Fontanne, 205 W 46th (JU 6-5555).

I Love My Wife–Wife-swapping in Trenton, done as a series of sleazy skits, with a Cy Coleman score and direction by Gene Saks that even brings the orchestra onstage to mess around in the action. Mon thru Sat at 8. mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

The King and I–Yul Brynner and Constance Towers as the king and Anna. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; mats Sat, Wed & Thurs at 2; Sun at 2 & 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon, Tues, Wed & Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. & Wed at 2 p.m. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

On the Twentieth Century–Harold Prince has provided lively direction and Robin Wagner has come up with grand designs in this musical which stars Judy Kaye, John Cullum, and Imogene Coca. It has pizzazz and razzle-dazzle, bursts of energy and invention, music and laughter, and good expensive production values. John Cullum gives his best performance to date. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; music by Cy Coleman. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. St. James Theater, 246 W 44th (OX 5-5858).

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AROUND TOWN

Runaways–A new entertainment, written, composed, and directed by Elizabeth Swados, is really about growing up—absurdly, tragically, and sometimes, despite everything, even triumphantly. The music, in all conceivable pop, folk, and ethnic modes, is fair to excellent. The performances, both by the four professionals and the fifteen semiprofessionals and neophytes are, at the very least, engaging; in many cases, enchanting. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 7; mats Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (730-1760).

Same Time, Next Year–Bernard Slade's comedy, of a genre that used to be called "saucy," neatly mingles two sure-fire elements, fornication and nostalgia. Over the years, however, the play has become ritualized, about as titillating as, say, an exhibition of bloomers at the Smithsonian. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Ambassador, 49th St W of Bdway (541-6490).

Timbuktu!–The performances in Geoffrey Holder's musical are wildly divergent and the score is as inconsistent as it is overblown. *Kismet,* which it was based on, was a slick, vulgar, absurd musical that nevertheless managed to have enough redeeming features to be enjoyable. Melba Moore would be charming if she were not over directed; Eartha Kitt cannot move except in slow motion; Gilbert Price sings compellingly but has very little presence; Ira Hawkins is a handsome Hadji whose acting does not extend beyond a smirk. Tues thru Sun at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Mark Hellinger, 51st & Bdway (757-7064).

The Wiz–Oz with a black cast—Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with jivey dances choreographed by George Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; mats Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (CI7-7992).

Working–Studs Terkel's book, which Stephen Schwartz has adapted into a musical, is a clever attempt to do the impossible. This hefty collection of interviews, boiled down to 40 people, with a few items turned into songs or dances or big production numbers yields a musical revue with basic words coined by amateurs competing in the professional marketplace. If at least there were a steadily effective score and choreography! Tues thru Sat at 8; Sat mat at 2; Sun at 3. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

Academy Arts Repertory–Joe Orton's *What the Butler Saw,* thru 6/25. Steven Braunstein's *Synchrony,* 6/2-25. $3. Academy Arts, 330 E 56th (486-1431).

Algonquin Sampler–Compiled by Charles Maryan and Fred Voelpel, a literary review conceived for the theater. 5/31-6/17, Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m. $3. Little Church, 11 E 29th (679-7174).

Alienation and Fantasy in Modern Life–Lewis Gardner's comic revue without music. 5/29-6/2, 6/5-9, at 1:15 p.m. Bring your lunch. $1.50. Quaigh Lunchtime Theater, 108 W 43rd (221-9088).

American Dance Machine–A recreation of memorable moments in Broadway's musical history, directed by Lee Theodore, with Helen Gallagher, Barry Preston, Janet Eilber. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 7:30. mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. From 6/2. Century Theater, 235 W 46th (354-6644).

Auditions for the Last Round-Up–About a reunion of a group of hippies after six years' separation. By James Crafford, directed by Phyllis Craig. Royal Court Repertory, 301 W 55th (586-9763).

Baby Face–Joseph George Caruso's new comedy, directed by Crandall Diehl. Thurs thru Sat at 8; mats, Sat & Sun at 2:30. Greenwich Mews, 141 W 13th (755-5120).

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas–Attempts to squeeze salaciousness out of a bordello setting are rather repellent, not because of the setting, but because it is like trying to squeeze blood out of stones. Every variation on the brothel theme has been worked into the ground. Entermedia Theater, 2nd Ave & 12th St (475-4191).

Birdbath–A play by the great Leonard Melfi, on a double bill with *Ferryboat,* both directed by Richard Scully. 6/2-4. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. Theater XII, 94 St Marks Pl (473–9054).

AROUND TOWN

A Bistro Car on the CNR–A musical revue whose music must have been found on a trash heap, and whose cast tries to make a virtue of impersonality, deserves short shrift. Playhouse, 359 W 48th (541-9820). (Closed)

Catsplay–Istvan Orkeny's play is artistically accomplished, meltingly humane, and cries out for the biggest and best exposure. It is the best new play of the season. It is wonderfully old-fashioned and deals with such antique commodities as sympathy for all its characters, and is about life that refuses to capitulate to any sort of betrayal—by friends, family, lovers, or even common sense. The acting is excellent for the most part, and Lynne Meadow has directed with economy and purposefullness in John Lee Beatty's modest but apt set. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sat mat at 2; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Promenade, Bdway at 76th (799-7690).

Carmencita–Book and lyrics by Manuel Martin Jr., music by Tania Leon and Coleridge T. Perkinson, choreography by Martial Roumain. Fri thru Sun, at 8 p.m. Mat Sun at 3 p.m., thru 6/25. INTAR, 420 W 42nd (247-6776).

The Conversion–David Ives's comedy about contemporary mores, directed by Lynn M. Thomson. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 4 p.m. Thru 6/11. $3. AMDA Studio (Ansonia), 2109 Bdway at 73rd (581-5295).

Cops–A play written by Terry Curtis Fox, directed by Richard Schechner, set in an all-night diner in Chicago where cops hang out, which suddenly becomes the setting for a shoot-out. Thurs, Fri, Sun at 8; Sat at 8 & 10. $4, $5, $6. Thru 6/11, The Envelope, 35 Wooster St in Soho (966-3651).

The Death and Life of Jesse James–Allan Carlsen stars as Jesse in Len Jenkin's new play, directed by Gene Nye. Wed thru Fri at 8; Sat at 5 & 9; Sun at 3. Westside Airline Terminal (42nd St at 10th) (947-4224).

Don Juan–Moliere's play, directed by David Willinger. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 5. Thru 6/4. $3. NYTE, 62 E 4th St (477-4120).

Double Bill–Walter Corwin's *Candy Cain* and *Bogged Down in D.C.*, directed by Pat Golden. Thurs to Sat at 8; thru 6/10. Theater for the New City, 162 Second Ave (691-2220).

Double Bill–J. M. Synge's *In the Shadow of the Glen*, and Clifford Odets's *Waiting for Lefty*. 5/31-6/4, at 8:30. $2.50. New Media, 350 E 81st (249-9872).

Double Bill–Lonne Elder III's *Seven Comes Up, Seven Comes Down*, and Alice Childress's *Wine in the Wilderness*, both directed by Adeyemi Lythcott. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. $6.50. Thru 6/4. National Black Theater, 9 E 125th (427-5615).

Double Bill–Anton Chekhov's *The Harmfulness of Tobacco*, and Eugene Ionesco's *The Lesson*. Fri & Sat at 8, thru 6/17. $3.50. The Gathering Place, 150 W 26th (924-6988).

Drama Committee Repertory–GBS's *Man of Destiny*, Wed & Thurs at 8; Sun at 2:30, thru 7/27. Oscar Wilde's *A Woman of No Importance*, Fri thru Sun at 8, thru 6/2 *Crane's Way*, Mon thru Thurs at 8; Sun at 5 p.m. 6/21-7/6. $3. 17 W 20th (929-8377).

Family Business–Dick Goldberg's play about infighting in a suburban Boston Jewish family is a fog of melodrama occasionally pierced by a ray of something resembling truth. Much of the violence stems from the revelation that one of the four loving but internecinely embattled sons is a homosexual. The acting of a cast of six, however, is remarkable. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St (254-4370).

The Fantasticks–Musical based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Has spawned plenty of on-Bdway talent. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

The 5th of July–Lanford Wilson writes intelligent, amusing, racy dialogue, but this play lacks a little *urgency although it is never uninteresting. It is* accorded a fine production, under Marshall W. Mason's skilled direction, which errs only in trying to be too fast, too manifold, too clever. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Sun mat at 3 p.m. Thru 9/3. Circle Repertory, 99 Seventh Ave So (924-7100).

The Good Woman of Setzuan–Bertolt Brecht's, directed by Andrei Serban, music by Elizabeth Swados, 5/31-6/4, at 7:30. La Mama ETC, 74A E 4th St (475-7710).

The Incognita–A play by Steven Braunstein, with Brandon Maggart, Greta Thyssen, and Paul Dumont. From 6/3. Gene Frankel Theater, 342 E 63rd (541-5144).

International Stud–Harvey Fierstein's play about a Brooklyn Jewish boy who makes his living as a drag performer and stud. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 5 & 8. Players Theater, 115 MacDougal (254-5076).

Jean Cocteau Repertory–John Ford's *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*, 6/2, 3 at 7:30, 6/4 at 7. Sartre's *No Exit*, 6/3 at 10:30 p.m. Ben Johnson's *Volpone*, 6/4 at 3 p.m. Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery (677-0060).

A Life in the Theater–David Mamet is our current most-promising playwright. In this series of vignettes, showing us an older, proudly declining actor and a young and ambitiously climbing one in their on- and off-stage relationships, he gives away the show by the fact that every scene is a duologue. *We keep waiting for a little verbal football, some*thing more team-oriented and teeming with life. Wed thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7. José Ferrer stars. Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

Lunatics at Large–James Reach's comic murder mystery directed by Edmund W. Trust. Thurs thru Sat at 7:30, thru 6/6. Dramatis Personae, 114 W 14th (924-8400).

Man-Wo-Man–Ed Bullins's *Michael*, and Neil Harris's *Passion Without Reason, presented by Black Osmosis/Solid Productions. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun* at 4 p.m. thru 6/11. $4. New Heritage Repertory, 43 E 125th St (876-3272).

The Member of the Wedding–Carson McCullers's play, directed by Jude Schanzer. 6/3-19. Impossible Ragtime Theater, 120 W 28th (243-7494).

Modigliani–Dennis McIntyre's play focusing on three pivotal days in the life of the artist. Thru 6/25, Courtyard Gallery, 39 Grove St (362-0470).

Moliere in Spite of Himself–Mikhail Bulgakov's not very good *A Cabal of Hypocrites* adapted into a much worse and unendurably longer play by Michael Lessac, who also directed the cast into what he must have taken to be stylization, but is mostly palsied delivery further overwhelmed by unmeaningful pauses. Tues thru Sat at 7:40 p.m. thru 6/10. Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St (673-2222).

Nyatt School–Theater piece by Spalding Gray and Elizabeth LeCompte, directed by LeCompte. Thurs thru Sun at 7:30, thru 6/18. The Performing Garage, 33-35 Wooster St (966-3651).

One and One–Musical comedy; book by Fred Bennett and Richard O'Donnell; music and lyrics by Dianne Adams and Richard O'Donnell; directed by Jim Payne. Thurs thru Sat, at 8; Sun at 5:30, from 6/1. Bert Wheeler Theater, 250 W 43rd (242-4401).

The Passion of Dracula–Stefan Schnabel in a totally new version of the Count's adventures (vastly preferable to the on-Broadway version), by Bob Hall and David Richmond. Peter Bennett directs. Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (YU 9-2020).

Pins and Needles–Revival of the 40-year-old musical revue by Harold Rome. Cast with members of the *ILGWA, it ran from 1937 to 1941. Roundabout/* Stage One, 333 W 23rd (924-7160).

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead–An absurd and unnecessary act is the reviving of this play, by James Kirkwood. It had lasted, with a much better cast and a much better-appointed production, sixteen performances on Broadway, and then joined the eponymous feline in the happy mouse hunting grounds. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St (254-6300).

The Reception–L. M. Vincent's play. 5/30, 31, 6/1-3, *at 8 p.m. $3.* 3 Muses Theater, Hotel Ansonia, 73rd & Bdway (753-2310).

Rib Cage–A new play by Larry Ketron, directed by Andy Wolk. Wed thru Sun at 8 p.m. Thru 6/11. $3. Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E 73rd (472-0600).

Romeo and Juliet–Shakespeare's, directed by Neal Weaver. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3. Thru 6/11. $2.50. Meat & Potatoes Co, 58 W 39th (391-2346).

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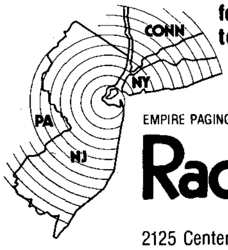

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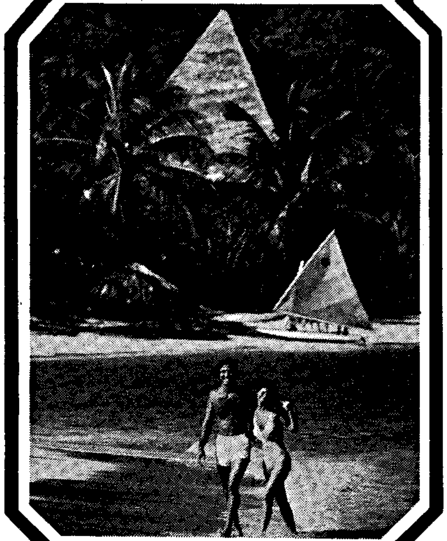

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Royal Repertory–GBS's *Candida*; David Guerdon's *The Laundry.* $3. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

Saved–A contemporary British drama by Edward Bond, directed by John Roach. Thurs thru Sat, at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 & 8 p.m. 6/1-11. The Production Company, 249 W 18th (691-7359).

Scenes From an Almost Socialist Marriage–Play by Susan Cooper and Chris Kraus. At midnight, Thurs thru Sun, thru 6/3, $3.50. Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St (966-3651).

The Show Off–George Kelly's 1920s comedy, starring Paul Rudd and Polly Rowles. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Thru 7/16. Roundabout/Stage Two, 307 W 26th (924-7160).

Sister/Sister–A work in progress by Clare Coss, Sondra Segal, and Roberta Sklar, about women within the family (part of a trilogy). Sat thru Mon at 8 p.m. thru 6/4. (Mats at 3 p.m. on Sundays). Women's Interart Center Annex, 552 W 53rd, second floor (246-6569).

The Story of an Hour–Kate Chopin's play about a woman shocked into change by the accidental death of her husband. 6/1-4, at 8 p.m. $3. Theatre Matrix, 750 Eighth Ave (861-3972).

Spanish Theater Repertory–Plays by Lorca, Carballido, Raznovich; Calderon, and Lope de Vega, in Spanish in rotating repertory. Thru July. Gramercy Arts Theater, 138 E 27th. For dates and time call 889-2850.

St. Joan of the Stockyards–Operetta by Bertolt Brecht in 1931, set in Chicago, directed by Jan Eliasberg. 6/1-3, 7-10, 14-17, at 8:15 p.m. mats 6/4, 11, 18 at 3 p.m. $3. Encompass Theater, 168 W 48th (744-7085).

Strawberry Fields–Stephen Poliakoff's play about a generation in flux. Thru 6/18, Wed thru Sun at 7:30; mats Sat & Sun at 3. Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E 73rd (288-2500).

Taudshow–A play for one actor from the life and work of Antonin Artaud, starring Jerry Mayer, directed by John Pynchon Holms. Tues, Wed, Thurs, at 8 p.m. $3. Little Theater, 425 Lafayette (677-6350).

Therese Raquin–A French naturalistic play by Emile Zola, adapted by Stuart Michaels. 6/2-4, 6/9-11. Fri & Sat at 8; Sun at 3 & 8. $2.50. Theater 22, 54 W 22nd (691-6105).

The Trial of the Catonsville Nine–Steven Hiot plays Daniel Berrigan in this production, based on actual trial transcripts from the 1968 case. Directed by Philip Wilson. 6/2-4 at 7:30. Trinity Lutheran Church, 168 W 100th (865-2453).

The Troupe Repertory–*Vivy* and An Evening of Shakespeare, thru 6/11, Fri at 8 & Sat at 7 & 10, Sun at 3. *Locusts* and *Love Me or I'll Kill You,* Mon thru Thurs at 8 thru 6/15. $3. Downstairs. The Troupe, 335 W 39th (244-9699).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.),* but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Cordis Heard, Monica Merryman) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St (541-8394).

Voices–Susan Griffin's story of five women, with Cathrine Burns, Tamara Geva, Susan Greenhill, Rochelle Oliver, and Janet Ward, directed by Estelle Parsons. Thru 6/3. Thurs thru Sat at 9:30; Sat mat at 3:30. St Clements, 423 W 46th (246-7277).

The Wager–Mark Medoff's play, directed by Gary Cherpakov. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 6/4. $3. Cubiculo, 414 W 51st (265-2138).

Waiting for Godot–Samuel Beckett's play, with Austin Pendleton, Sam Waterston, Milo O'Shea; directed by Walter Asmus. 5/31-6/18. Lepercq Space, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4123).

Word of Mouth–Late-late 70s comedy revue, directed by Denise Gordon. Fri thru Sun, thru 6/5. $5. American Place Theater, 111 W 46th (246-3730).

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Monday through Friday, 1 to 6 p.m. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Applause–40th St & Lex. Restaurant club, with singer-pianist Ann Lebeaux holding forth Mon thru Sat from 8 p.m. (687-7267).

Arthur's–44 W 56th. Continental cuisine, showcase Tues & Wed. Other nights singing waiters and waitresses (581-9765).

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (CI 7-7000).

Cachaça–403 E 62nd. Mirrors, dining at marble-topped tables, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas (688-8501).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Benatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

La Chansonette–890 Second Ave. Rita Dimitri entertains every Tues thru Sat. Mondays, Trudy Richards Moreau, once Charlie Barnet's vocalist, sings with sparkle and wit (PL 2-7320).

Chateau Madrid–48th St & Lex. 5/30-6/9, "Disco Dance Dimensions," Mon thru Fri 9:30 & midnight. Sat has three shows (PL 2-8080).

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Egyptian decor, international cuisine, and a revue with belly-dancers and whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtime is 9:45 & 12:30 every night but Sunday (753-3471).

Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment, Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 9; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Copacabana–10 E 60th. Andy Anka (Paul's brother) and Danya Ryder here 6/2, 3, at 10 and midnight. Dancing in the lounge nightly (PL 5-6010).

Copa-Disco–10 E 60th. Huge dance floor with much light and sound. Fri & Sat only, 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. (755-6010).

Cotton Club–666 W 125th. New cabaret-supper club with a revue reminiscent of the 30s. Shows at 10 and 12:30 (MO 3-7980).

Dangerfields–1118 First Ave. Comedian Joey Villa is here thru 6/4, with singers Laine Igneri and Frank Anthony (593-1650).

Dionysos–304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

Improvisation–358 W 44th. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. 5/30-7/29, singer-pianist Glen Covington and his trio, nightly except Sunday at 10, midnight & 2 a.m. The Tommy Furtado Trio Tues thru Sat and the Bernie Leighton Quartet on Sun and Mon (838-8384).

Koatails–1189 First Avenue. New discotheque, right out of Busby Berkeley, tuxedoed waitresses, demonstrations of period dances (535-6423).

Mamma Leone's–239 W 48th. Lavish cuisine with continuous entertainment by singers and guitarists and accordionists (JU 6-5151).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Ave. Valentine Room: Thursdays at 8:30, an all-female comedy revue. Dancing 7:30 to midnight Fri. & Sat. Victorian Room: Dancing Wed & Thurs (683-0044).

L'Oubliette–2 W 55th. Soul French discotheque with fine music and atmosphere (265-1595).

Playboy Club–5 E 59. Entertainment, dining, and dancing. Billy Eckstine has become rather predictable and his repertoire increasingly uneven—well, they don't write them like they used to —but he's still got the sexiest baritone going. Thru 6/3 (PL 2-3100).

Rainbow Grill–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. 5/30-6/10, Freda Payne (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. Sy Oliver and his orchestra play for dancing (except on Mondays). (PL 7-9090).

Reflections–40 E 58th. Attractive bi-level discotheque, open Fri & Sat from 10 to 4 a.m. (MU 8-3365).

Le Refuge–309 E 83rd—Charming French dining place with live baroque guitar and harp music, Mon, Tues & Thurs, from 7:30 p.m. (UN 1-4505).

Roma di Notte–137 E 55th Italian cabaret with hideaway caves for private dining. Dancing to the Roma 88 orchestra, plus strolling musicians from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. Closed Sundays (832-1128).

Roseland–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open for dancing Wed thru Sun 6:30 to midnight. From 2:30 p.m. Thurs and weekend, with bands of George Doerner and Ramon Argueso. Petro and Olga dance class Wed at 6:30 p.m. (CI 7-0200).

Shepheard's–Park Ave & 56th. Walter Scott entertains three times nightly. Disco dancing continuously on the glass floor (421-0900).

Sibi–151 E 50th. Nice warm upstairs dancing den, with Pianist-singer Bobby Cole and his jazz quartet, every night but Sunday from 9 p.m. (753-3429).

Sirocco–29 E 29th. Greek-Israeli nightclub starring Aris San, a disco dance band, The Siroquettes (a chorus line!), & other ethnic entertainment. Closed Mondays (683-9409).

Stork Club–112 Central Park South. Perhaps the most elegant room for dining and dancing in the city. From 6/1, the Irving Fields Trio supplies dance music Mon thru Fri 8 til midnight. Sat til 1 a.m. (581-7080).

Touches–190 Third, at 17th. Discotheque, all scintillation, and mirrors, downstairs from that estimable eatery known as Tuesdays (533-7902).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Americana, 811 Seventh Ave (581-1000). **French Quarter:** New Orleans atmosphere, and dancing to *music of Bobby Michaels & Company, Mon thru Sat,* 9 to 1:30 a.m. Sun 5 to midnight. **Bridges:** Singer-pianist Amy Lynn Yago, 5:30 p.m. to 11 p.m.

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe:** Bobby Short is here with Beverly Peer on bass, and Gene Gammage on drums. **Bemelmans Bar:** Jazz pianist Marian McPartland is here for her sixth season & continues thru 6/30.

Pierre, 5th Ave & 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe:** The Bernie Leighton Trio for listening and dancing, Tues thru Sat, 9 to 12:30.

Plaza, Fifth Ave at 59th (PL 9-3000). **Edwardian Room:** Dance music by the Roger Stanley trio, Tues thru Sun from 6:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of *the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment* nightly. From 9:30 to 1:30 thru **The Falstaff Room:** Pianist Effie, 5 to 10 p.m. Mon thru Fri. And from 10 to 12:30, singer Mary Small.

Sherry Netherland, 5th Ave and 59th St (EL 5-2800). **Le Petit Restaurant:** Earl Rose plays from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Wednesdays through Fridays.

St. Regis Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Old King Cole:** Continuous dinner/dance music, Ray Hartley, pianist, Mon thru Thurs 5:30-8 p.m. The Peter Duchin Quartet headed by pianist John Bunch, 8 p.m.-1 a.m. Fri & Sat, 9 p.m.-2 a.m.

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Ali's Alley–77 Greene St. 5/30-6/3, Monty Waters *leads a trio with his provocative sound and soulful* instincts (226-9042).

Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mable Godwin at the piano Thurs thru Sat, 9:30 to 3:30 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

The Ballroom–458 West Bdway. Martha Schlamme sings nightly thru 6/3, (473-9367).

Barbara's–78 W 3rd St. 6/2, 3, guitarist Yushiaki Masuo's quartet. 6/9, 10, trumpeter Terumasa Hino's quartet (473-9326).

Beefsteak Charlie's–12th St & Fifth. 5/31-6/3, Janet Lawson Quintet (675-4720).

The Bottom Line–15 W 4th. 5/30, 31, Henry Gross. 6/1-4, Yusef Lateef & Woody Shaw; 6/6, 7, Marlena Shaw with Webster Lewis (228-6300).

Cafe Fanny–Hotel Biltmore, Madison & 43rd. Gale and Prudence Curtis perform Mon thru Fri at this 19th century cafe with an informal ambience, which is open to midnight **always** (687-7115).

Carnegie Tavern–165 W 56th. Jazz pianist Ellis Larkins continues here from 8 to midnight. Also singer Edith Wilson 6/5-17. (PL 7-9522).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–*64 W 11th. Charming* restaurant filled with plants, skylights, and music nightly. (673-5720).

The Clubhouse–1315 Second Ave (at 69th). Steak*house, with a tennis and golf motif, and jazz/blues/* ballads singer and pianist Stan Facey entertaining nightly (628-0600).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. This is the city's bastion for traditional jazz. The house band is led by clubowner-bassist Red Balaban and includes the majestic veteran trombonist Vic Dickenson. 5/30, Kenny Davern sits in. 6/4, the Chris Flory Quintet (265-8277).

The Cookery–University Pl at 8th St. Alberta Hunter, that grand old lady of the blues, sings Mon thru Thurs at 8:30 & 10:30 and Fri & Sat at 12:15 a.m. (OR 4-4450).

Coriander–314 E. 72 St. This cozy little restaurant is much enhanced by the presence of pianist-singer Joe Derise, a veteran charmer with an impeccable repertoire. He appears nightly from 10 p.m., with bassist Ernie Furtado (794-2700).

Crawdaddy–45th & Vanderbilt. *Thru 6/30,* Red Richards performs at this genuine New Orleans restaurant Mon thru Fri, 6:30 thru 11:30 (687-1860).

David K's Aquarium Lounge–1115 Third Ave. Hugh *Shannon sings old and new favorites, Tues thru Sat,* from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. (371-9090).

Grand Finale II–210 W 70th. 6/5-10, singer Bob Garrett at 9 p.m. and singer/dancer Ann Reinking at 11:30 (595-9052).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Pianist Hod O'Brian's trio with guitarist Joe Puma has most of the week (Wed. thru Sun.) and virtuoso bebop guitarist Chuck Wayne has a trio on Tuesday. But the best is reserved for Monday nights, when Al Haig brings his inimitable finesse to the keyboard (371-2220).

Hopper's–452 6th Ave. Thru 6/13, Hagood Hardy Quintette, featuring Kathryn Moses Mon thru Sat, 9:30, 11:30, and an extra 1 a.m. show Fri & Sat (260-0250).

Irish Pavilion–130 E 57th. Pat Conway *trio* with Pat Mahon on accordion and Pete Cannata on bass guitar playing and singing country, Irish, light rock (759-9041).

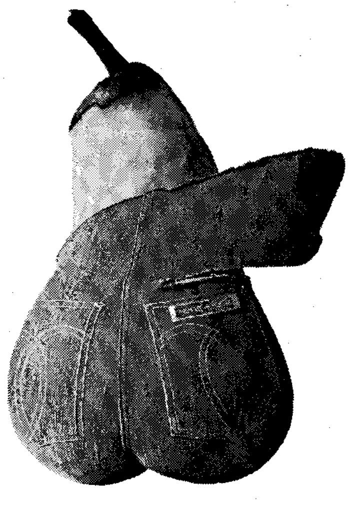
Jazzmania Society–14 E 23rd. The jamming here is informal and swinging, the atmosphere unbeatable (477-3077).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. Roy Eldridge is a monument to the jazz spirit, and to miss seeing him at work is to deny yourself the pleasure of witnessing one of the few enduring giants. Mon & Sun, Max Kaminsky, no slouch either, leads the band. Stan Gold Quartet, 5:30-8 on Fridays (664-9700).

Los Madriles–236 W 52nd. Spanish food and Roberto Lozano who plays the synthesizer and sings Fri thru Sun 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. Guitarist-singer Luis Meyers here Fri & Sat from 6 to 9 p.m. (582-3193).

Marty's–1265 Third Ave. Terraces and gardens and continental food. Jimmy Jordan plays the piano and sings blues and ballads (249-4100).

The difference is
looking hot or not.



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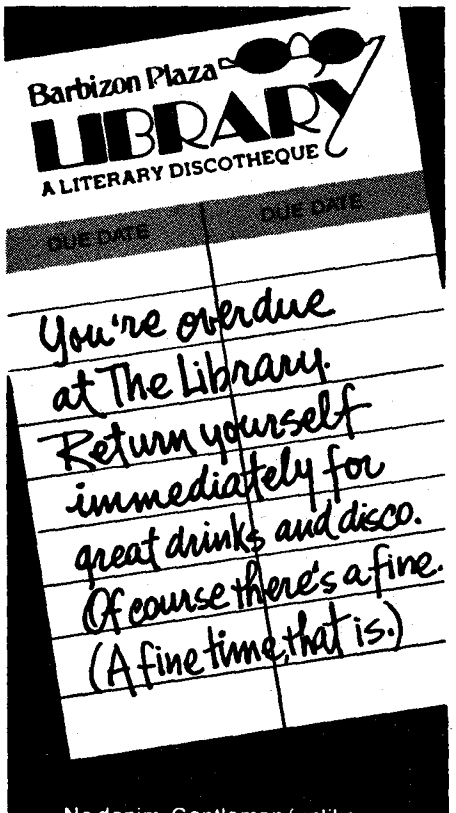
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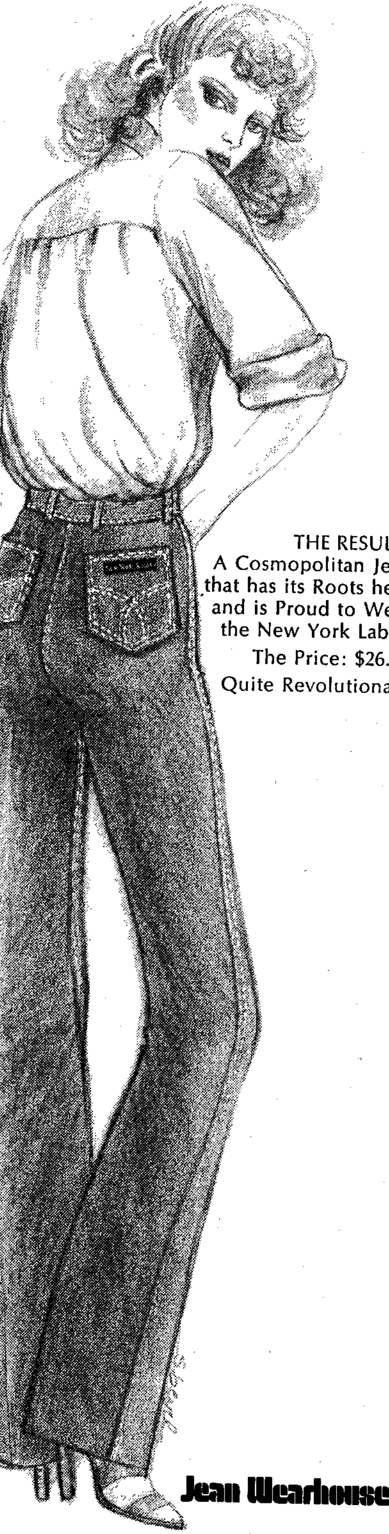

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Monsignore II–61 E 55th. Plush place with excellent service, a great chef, and strolling guitarist-singer Bravo Riccardo entertaining Mon thru Sat from 6:30 (EL 5-2070).

Nickels–227 E 67th. Pianist Ed Linderman plays show tunes. Mon thru Sat, from 8:30 on (794-2331).

Oliver's–141 E 57th. English-type restaurant, with singer-pianist Danny Deaver, Tues, Wed, Thurs & Sat, 6 to 11. Mon & Fri evenings singer-pianist Elaine Francis (753-9180).

O'Lunney's–915 Second Ave. betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music. Mon thru Sat from 9; Sun from 7 is for bluegrass (751-5470).

Ponte's–39 Desbrosses St. Italian cuisine; every night but Monday, Dino Palermo and his guitar plus strolling violinists Frank and Andy on Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (CA 6-4621).

The Priory–224 E 53rd. Early American decor and food, plus the singer-pianist Don Tabor nightly except Sun, 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. (753-1090).

Red Blazer Too–1576 Third Ave, nr 88th. Mon & Thurs, the Sol Yaged Quartet; Fri, Betty Comora, with John Bucher's Speakeasy Jazz Babies (876-0440).

Reno Sweeney–126 W 13th. Holly Woodlawn entertains nightly at 9 & 11:30 p.m. Tues thru Sun, thru 6/10. 6/6-10, on the 11:30 show, Michael Leeds sings. Dolly Dawn here 5:30-7 p.m. Tues thru Sat (691-0900).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Sweet Basil–88 7th Ave So. 5/30-6/3, the Robin Kenyatta Quintet. 6/4, 5, Dom Salvadore Quartet (242-1785).

Village Vanguard–178 Seventh Ave So. George Russell and his 19-piece orchestra have a week to themselves (thru 6/4). It is the best thing to happen to music in years and should not be missed (AL 5-4037).

SPECIAL EVENTS, CONCERTS, OPERA, SPORTS
EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Special Events

WELCOME BACK

The **Canadian Brass** returns to New York to the stage of the Beacon Theater (Broadway at 74th Street) for a limited engagement May 31 thru June 4. The group will present "A Celebration of the Golden Age of Brass," a highlight of which will be *Hornsmoke,* the first horse opera for brass. May 31-June 2 at 8, June 3 at 3 & 8, and June 4 at 3 (245-4771).

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. between 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345) Mon-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-8, Sun 12-8.

Festival of San Gennaro on Staten Island, Seaside Blvd. & Sand Lane (447-2630), 5/30 from 1 p.m. to midnight.

Mummenschanz, Bijou Theater, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2 & 8, Sun at 3.

Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Bdwy (245-4878). Wed at 2 & 7, Thurs-Fri at 7, Sat at 2, 7 & 10, Sun at 2 & 5.

Concerts

Tuesday, May 30

Aretha Franklin, Carnegie Hall, at 7 & 10:30.
Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.
Blair String Quartet, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Long Island Chamber Ensemble of New York, Queens Museum, at 2:30.
Linda Mulrean, soprano, Trinity Church, Bdwy at Wall St. (285-0800), at 12:45.

Wednesday, May 31

Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 1.
Amiram Rigai, piano, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Tito Li Causi, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
All-City High School Orchestra & Chorus, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.
Leo Rivera, classical guitar, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
Paul Knopf, piano Washington Square Church, 133 W 4th St. (924-5026), at 8.

Thursday, June 1

FIRST TIME

Composer **Philip Glass** gained acclaim with the production of *Einstein on the Beach,* on which he collaborated with Robert Wilson. On Thursday, June 1 at 8 Mr. Glass will make his Carnegie Hall debut. Also on hand will be the Gregg Smith Singers and the Philip Glass Ensemble (247-7459).

Violeta Rivas, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Ronald Gorevic, violin, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.
International Bach Society, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.
William Hellermann, The Kitchen, at 8:30.
Renaissance Trio, Burlington House, 1345 Sixth Ave. (949-4361), at noon.

Friday, June 2

POPULAR SONGSTRESS

The dynamic **Betty Rhodes,** who starred in *Jacques Brel* and has appeared in several nightclubs around town, is familiar to New Yorkers. On Friday, June 2 at 8 she will be in concert at Carnegie Hall. Appearing with her will be comedian David Sayh and Rockette Ann Murphy (247-7459).

Earl Hines, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Fanfare, Museum of Modern Art Summergarden, 8 W 54th St. (956-7298), at 8.
Buddy Tate, tenor sax, Cassidy's, 303 E 53rd St. (755-8050), at noon.
Piano Recital, Jack Kahn Pianos,158 W 55th St. (265-1489), at 8.
The Players Three, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
International Bach Society, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.
William Hellermann, The Kitchen, at 8:30.
Renaissance Trio, Burlington House, 1345 Sixth Ave. (949-4361), at noon.
Ken McIntyre Quintet/Charles Sullivan Quartet, Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350), at 10:30.
Sea Chanteys, Pier 15, Fulton St. & East River (343-9575), at 7:30.

Saturday, June 3

Melanie, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

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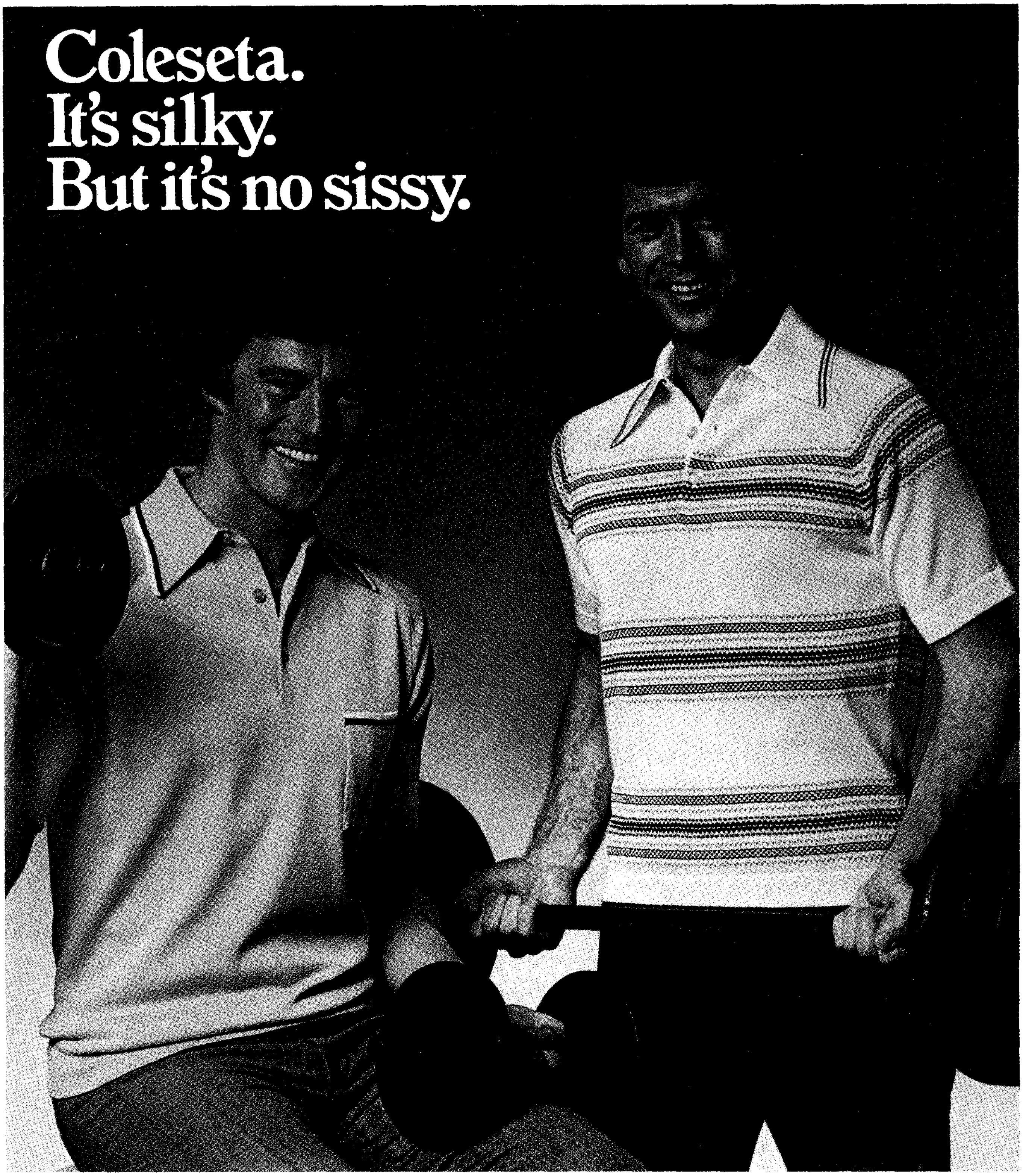

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AROUND TOWN

Nadi Qamar, African music, ACIA, 28 E 4th St. (473-6072), at 8.
Park Slope Oratorio Choir, St. John-St. Matthew Church, 421 7th St., Bklyn (768-1779), at 8:15.
Roman Romanov, Russian gypsy songs, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.
Canticum Novum Singers, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.
Fanfare, Museum of Modern Art Summergarden, 8 W 54th St. (956-7298), at 8.
David Rubinstein, piano, Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E 20th St. (865-3571), at 2.
St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, Church of St. Luke in the Fields, 487 Hudson St. (943-0950), at 8.
Troika, chamber music, Gotham Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (873-4022), at 8:30.
Shirley Ling, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.
Stratford Chamber Ensemble, St. Vartan Cathedral, 630 Second Avenue (686-0710), at 8.
Leon Thomas & Full Circle/Howard Johnson Quartet, Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350), at 10:30.
Jane Adler, mime/**Andrew Bolotowsky,** flute, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
William Hellermann, The Kitchen, at 8:30.
Young Artists' Concert, Lincoln Center Library, at 2:30.

Sunday, June 4

JAZZ GREAT

The incomparable **Ella Fitzgerald** returns to Lincoln Center, where she was awarded the esteemed Gold Medallion in 1974, on Sunday, June 4 as part of the Great Performers' series. Miss Fitzgerald has won more than half a dozen Grammys and has been honored all over the world for her unique contributions to music. Avery Fisher Hall at 8 (874-2424).

Cleveland Quartet, Hunter College Playhouse, Lexington Ave. at 69th St. (682-3900), at 3.
Elaine Russell, soprano/**Bruce Fifer,** baritone, Federal Hall, 26 Wall St. (865-3571), at 2.
Hagashash of Israel, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
David Cowley, cello, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.
Park Slope Oratorio Choir, St. John-St. Matthew Church, 421 7th St., Bklyn (768-1779), at 3:30.
Studio Orchestra, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Greenwich Woodwinds, Grace Church, Bdwy at 10th St. (254-2000), at 4.
Composer's Showcase, Bronx Museum, at 2.
Mother Chord, chamber ensemble, Queens Museum, at 3.
Genaro Santoro, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

YOUNG AT HEART

Violin virtuoso **Joseph Fuchs** will be the guest soloist with the Downeast Chamber Orchestra, New York City's only youth string chamber orchestra, on Sunday, June 4 at 7:30. The program will consist of works by Bach, Bloch, Copland, and Joplin (362-1911).

Monday, June 5

Robert Noehren, organ, Alice Tully Hall, at 7:30.
Times Square Basstet, Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. (242-4770), at 8.

Citichoir, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
James Jabbo Ware, CUNY Graduate Center, 33 W 42nd St. (924-5026), at 8.

Tuesday, June 6

Kelly Green Players, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.
Music by Marilyn Kind Currier, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).
Brooklyn Center at Brooklyn College, Campus Rd at Ave H (859-1180).
Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).
City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).
The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615).
Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall (362-1911); Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424); Library-Museum (799-2200); Metropolitan Opera House (580-9830); New York State Theater (877-4727).
Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).
Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700).
Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave at 82nd St. (535-7710).
Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).
92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).
Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).

Opera

PLAYED TO THE HILT

Tenor **R. Mack Miller** is the bandit chief and soprano **Trude Craney** is his love in the Portable Opera Players' production of *I Masnadieri*. The opera can be seen this week on Wednesday, May 31 and on Saturday, June 3 at St. Peter's Episcopal Church (346 West 20th Street) at 7:30. Elizabeth Hastings will conduct and Grethe Holby will direct (929-2390).

Amato Opera, 319 Bowery (228-8200). *Carmen,* 6/3 at 7:30, 6/4 at 2:30.
Bel Canto Opera, 30 E 31st St. (889-6366). *The Red Mill,* 6/1-3 at 7:30, 6/4 at 3.
Epic Construction Theater, Encompass Theater, 168 W 48th St. (575-1558). *St. Joan of the Stockyards,* 6/1-3 at 8:15, 6/4 at 3.
Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (535-6310). *The Mikado,* 5/31 at 2 & 8:30, 6/1-2 at 8:30, 6/3 at 4 & 8:30, 6/4 at 4.
Manhattan Opera Theater, Church of the Blessed Sacrament, 147 W 70th St. (877-6213). *The Queen of Sheba,* 6/3-4 at 8.

Dance

AMERICAN BALLET THEATER
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Tues, 5/30 at 8: *The Sleeping Beauty.* Wed, 5/31 & Thurs, 6/1 at 8: *Gemini; Pas de Deux; Jardin aux Lilas; Le Sacre du Printemps.* Fri, 6/2 at 8: *Voluntaries; La Sylphide.* Sat, 6/3 at 2: *Theme and Variations; La Sylphide.* Sat, 6/3 & Mon, 6/5 at 8: *Sphinx; La Sylphide.* Tues, 6/6 at 8: *Gemini; Pas de Deux; Jardin aux Lilas; Firebird.*

NEW YORK CITY BALLET
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

Tues, 5/30 at 8: *Le Tombeau de Couperin; Chansons Madecasses; Vienna Waltzes.* Wed, 5/31 at 8: *Coppélia.* Thurs, 6/1 at 8: *Bournonville Divertissements; Episodes; An Evening's Waltzes.* Fri, 6/2 at 8: *Serenade; Agon; Firebird.* Sat, 6/3 at 2: *Coppélia.* Sat, 6/3 at 8: *Le Tombeau de Couperin; Chansons de Madecasses; Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet.* Sun, 6/4 at 1: *Irish Fantasy; Ivesiana; Who Cares?* Sun, 6/4 at 7: *Kammermusik No. 2; Duo Concertant; Pas de Deux; Union Jack.* Tues, 6/6 at 8: *Square Dance; Ivesiana; The Concert.*

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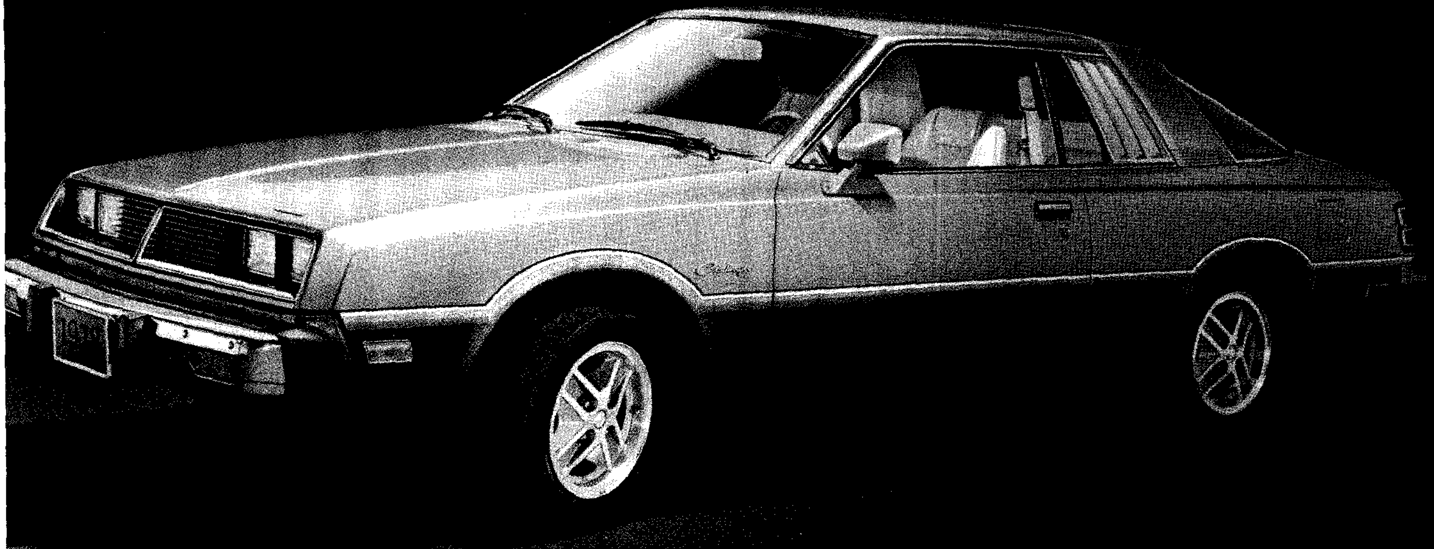

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CITY CENTER

Tues, 5/30 at 7:30: *Cloven Kingdom; Images;* new work. Wed, 5/31 at 8: *Aureole; 3 Epitaphs; Runes; Esplanade.* Thurs, 6/1 at 8: *Cloven Kingdom; Images;* new work. Fri, 6/2 at 8: *Polaris; Aphrodisiamania; Dust.* Sat, 6/3 at 8: *Cloven Kingdom; Images;* new work. Sun, 6/4 at 8: *Aureole; 3 Epitaphs; Runes; Esplanade.* Tues, 6/6 at 8: *Polaris; Aphrodisiamania; Dust.*

OTHER

Choreographers in Concert, Truck & Warehouse Theater, 79 E 4th St. (474-1672), 6/1-3 at 8, 6/4 at 3 & 8.

Choreographers Showcase, ATL, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077), 6/6 at 8.

June Finch & Dancers, Cunningham Studio, 463 West St. (924-0077), 6/2 at 9, 6/3-4 at 8.

Laura Glenn, ATL, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077), 6/1-4 at 8.

Maze & Co., NYU School of the Arts, 111 Second Ave. (924-0077), 5/31-6/2 at 7:30.

Riverside Dance Festival, Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Dr. (864-2929): Danceworks/Irene Feigenheimer, 6/1-3 at 8, 6/4 at 2 & 8.

Ruby Shang, Eden's Expressway, 537 Bdwy (924-9551), 6/3-5 at 8.

Art

Galleries are open Tues-Sat from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.
Asterisk denotes show of special distinction.
Art listing edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

Neil Anderson–New work, 5/31-6/17. Fischbach, 29 W 57th (PL9-2345).

Felix Angel–Drawings of athletes, thru 6/24. Noble/Polans, 40 W 57th (541-9510).

Arman–Sculpture and tapestries, thru 5/30. Crispo, 41 E 57th (758-9190).

Banerjee–Origami collages on paper, thru 6/3. Just Above Midtown, 50 W 57th (757-3442).

Margo Barnes–Sag Harbor, thru 6/1. Long, 7 W 57th (752-6244).

Hannelore Baron–Collages and wooden constructions, thru 7/1. Markel, 50 W 57th (581-1909).

Leonard Baskin–New wood sculpture, sibyl bronzes, drawings, and watercolors, thru 6/9. Kennedy, 40 W 57th (541-9600).

Miki Boni–Larger than life faces in oils, thru 6/3. Womanart, 41 W 57th (421-2420).

***Daniel Brustlein**–New interiors and landscapes, thru 6/1. Sachs, 29 W 57th (421-8686).

Scott Burton–Metal tables using different finishes, thru 6/3. Jackson, 52 E 57th (PL5-6778).

Luis Camnitzer/Barbro Ostlihn–Parts of a dictionary/Paintings, thru 6/2. Goodman, 38 E 57th (755-3520).

***Jim Dine**–New still lifes, drawings, and colored etchings, thru 6/9. Pace, 32 E 57th (HA1-3292).

Bernice Faegenburg–Collage and paintings, thru 6/20. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).

***Mary Frank**–Shadow papers sculpted with scissors and a razor/Sculpture by Marini, Nadelman, Nevelson, and Noguchi, 6/6-7/1. Zabriskie, 29 W 57th (832-9034). Mon-Fri 10-5:30.

Samia Halaby–Abstractions, thru 6/15. Pearl, 29 W 57th (838-6310). Mon-Fri 10-5:30.

Burt Hasen–Drawings, paintings, and prints, thru 6/10. Sumers, 50 W 57th (541-8334).

***Elga Heinzen/Polly Kraft**–Enormous images on raw canvas of sensuously knotted ropes/Portraits in color pencil and fruits in watercolors, thru 6/3. Kornblee, 20 W 57th (586-1178).

Freidrich Meckseper–Prints of otherworldly still lifes, self-portraits from 1958 to 1978, thru 6/30. Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E 57th (688-8522).

Gail Raab–Works using a limited palette and suggesting old photos, thru 6/10. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).

Milne Ramsay(1847-1915)–Landscapes and still lifes, thru 6/2. Hammer, 51 E 57th (644-4400).

***Archie Rand**–Vigorous abstractions and mural studies, thru 6/1. de Nagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).

Bridget Riley–Orpheus rhythms in paint, thru 6/2. Janis, 6 W 57th (586-0110).

Bruce Robbins–Drawings and fulcrum sculpture, thru 6/3. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).

Charles Seliger–"Aeon" abstractions exploring essential structures, 6/1-5. Crispo, 41 E 57th (758-9190).

Jean Venitien–Post-impressionistic works, thru 6/17. Eric, 61 E 57th (371-9270).

***H.C. Westermann**–New watercolors and *The Wild Man From Borneo,* coincides with Whitney retrospective, thru 6/30. Frumkin, 50 W 57th (PL3-0133).

Whanki (1913-1974)–Paintings and watercolors, 6/6-30. Dintefass, 50 W 57th (581-2268). Mon-Fri 10-5:30.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***Carol Anthony**–Paintings, thru 6/10. Knowlton, 19 E 71st (794-9700).

***Elizabeth Bart**–Oils, thru 6/17. Ekstrom, 980 Mad Ave (YU8-8857).

***Henryk Berlewi**(1894-1967)–Constructivist works, thru 5/30. Laboetie, 9 E 82nd (535-4865).

R.O. Blechman/Edward Sorel–Watercolors and drawings for *Candide,* the *New Yorker*/Illustrations, including *Superpen,* thru 6/16. Graham, 1014 Mad Ave (535-5566).

***A.M. Cassandre**–Posters (from 1923 to 1939), thru 6/27. Reinhold-Brown, 26 E 78th (734-7999).

Jose Luis Cuevas–Recent drawings from Paris, thru 6/9. Borgenicht, 1080 Mad Ave (LE5-8040).

Tibor David–Oils, thru 6/11. Guild, 1145 Mad Ave (861-3776).

Joe Downing–Watercolors, thru 6/3. Gimpel Weitzenhoffer, 1040 Mad Ave (628-1897).

***Werner Drewes/Wilhelm Schmitz-Gilles**–Abstractions from the 30s and 40s/Constructivist works done with a ball point, thru 6/17. Deutsch, 43 E 80th (861-4429).

Ruth Duckworth/Sherri Smith–Ceramic vessels/New works, thru 6/3. Hadler, 35 E 20th (533-4645).

Martha Mayer Erlebacher–Recent paintings, thru 6/9. Schoelkopf, 825 Mad Ave (TR9-4639).

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AROUND TOWN

Hannah Ferenbach–Monoprints, thru 6/3. Wauters, 1014 Mad Ave (988-3447).
Gisson–Views of France, thru 5/31. Christopher, 766 Mad Ave (737-3224).
***George Grosz**–Oils, watercolors, and drawings from 1920 to 1950, thru 6/10. Weintraub, 992 Mad Ave (TR9-1195).
***Budd Hopkins**–*Hera's Wall,* thru 5/31. Lerner-Heller, 956 Mad Ave (861-9010).
Arata Isozaki–Architectural quotations & metaphors, thru 6/5. Institute of Architecture & Urban Studies, 8 W 40th (398-9474). Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat 12-5.
Mark Kreiger–Recent paintings, 6/3-30. Touchstone, 118 E 64th (826-6111).
Margarita Lozano–Pastels, thru 6/30. Aberbach, 988 Mad Ave (988-1100).
Frederick McDuff–Landscapes and beach scenes, thru 6/15. Petrenko, 1045 Mad Ave (535-5533).
Flora Mace/George Thiewes–Pictures in glass/Fantasy vessels, 6/2-22. Contemporary Art Glass, 806 Mad Ave (879-4655). Mon-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-5.
Suzi Malin–Portraits of David Hockney, Elton John, Peter Sellers, others, thru 6/17. Kerr, 49 E 82nd (628-1200). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sat 10-5.
Donald Odysseus Mavros–Wheel-turned sculpture, thru 6/17. Ericson, 23 E 74th (737-6155).
Zero Mostel–Paintings and drawings, thru 6/2. Forum, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-6080).
Esti Schur–Video installations, thru 6/17. Urdang, 23 E 74th (BU8-7004).
***Utamaro**(1753-1806)–Woodblock prints, drawings, and illustrated books. Nature studies, domestic scenes, and the courtesans, thru 5/30. Ronin, 605 Mad at 57th (688-0188). Mon-Sat 10-6, Thurs til 8.
Vasarely–Paintings, collages, and serigraphs, thru 6/11. Vasarely Center, 1015 Mad Ave (744-2332). Mon-Fri 10:30-5:30, Sun 11-5.
Alexander Walsh–First NYC showing, 6/3-30. Lerner-Heller, 956 Mad Ave (861-9010).

SoHo

Roberta Allen/Krzysztof Wodiczko–A floor and photo piece/New work, thru 6/10. Bromm, 90 W Bdwy (732-6196). Tues-Sat 1-6.
Ed Baynard–Delicate watercolors of flowers, thru 6/8. Milliken, 141 Prince (674-3131).
Charlotte Boynton–Mixed-media miniature sculpture of erotic fantasies, thru 5/31. Nonpareil, 207 Sullivan (260-8538).
Wendell Castle–Sculptural furniture in laminated wood, thru 6/3. Solway, 139 Spring (925-1200).
Melissa and Michael Cornfeld/Morton Mevorach–Acrylic sculpture, Fabric wall hangings/thru 5/31. Mirage, 132 Greene (925-7045).
Sophia Corwin–Sculpture and paintings, thru 6/4. Viewing Room, 72 Wooster (431-5904).
Josh Edgerly–Line abstractions, thru 5/31. Bragr Times, 165 Duane (369-5368).
Kit Fitzgerald/John Sanborn–A color video/sound installation about water, 6/6-17. Kitchen, 484 Broome (925-3615). Tues-Sat 1-6.
Luis Frangella/Sue Frecon/Russell Sharon–Perceptual drawings/Multi-canvas oils and notes/Clay bells, thru 6/30. Space, 82 Duane (233-1916).
***Juan Gonzalez/Terence La Noue**–Finely drawn works/Earthy, mysterious wall constructions named after sites in Mexico and North Africa, thru 6/1. Hoffman, 429 W Bdwy (966-6676).
Fran Hodes–Realist portraits, thru 5/31. First St, 118 Prince (226-9011). Tues-Sat 1-6.
***Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt**–A work-in-progress dealing with byzantine liturgical walls, thru 5/31. Solomon, 392 W Bdwy (925-1900).
Michael Madore–Drawings of a parallel universe/A group exploring realism and illusion, thru 6/7. Razor, 464 W Bdwy (533-3427).
David Novros–Paintings and drawings, thru 6/3. Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene (431-3685).
Harold Olejarz–Staircase sculptures in plywood and pine, thru 6/7. 14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson (966-5790).
Alan Shields–Recent work, thru 6/3. Cooper, 155 Wooster (677-4390).
Susanna Steig–Realist amusement parks, thru 5/31. Prince St, 106 Prince (226-9153).
Clover Vail–Drawings and pastels, thru 5/30. A.I.R., 97 Wooster (966-0799).

OTHER

Peter Archer/Li-Lan–Recent paintings by both, thru 6/3. Miller, 724 5th Ave (246-1625).

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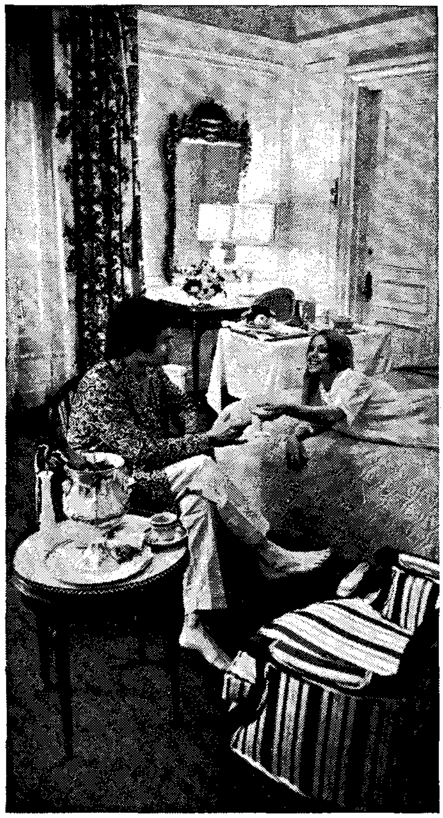

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Rebecca Cooperman/Audrey Hirsch–Color abstracts of the studio and its plants/Constructs of wood, clay, chain, and drawings, thru 6/4. Noho, 542 LaGuardia (473-9619).

Carol Crawford–Miniature environments, thru 6/17. Exhibitionists, 92-20 Union Hall St, Jamaica (658-4926). Tues-Sat 12-5.

Susan Crile–Large pastel and charcoal drawings, thru 6/17. Droll/Kolbert, 724 5th Ave (541-6006).

Burhan Dogancay–*Wall of NYC* in gouache, thru 6/15. Turkish Center, 821 UN Plaza (949-0150).

Steven Katz–Drawings, watercolors, and terra-cotta sculpture, thru 6/3. Samuel, 795 Bdwy (477-3839).

Lila Katzen–Steel outdoor sculpture and collage drawings, thru 9/1. Fordham at Lincoln Center (431-9439).

Jerry Robinson–*Cartoons, thru 5/31. New School, 66* W 12th (741-5667). Mon-Fri 10-5.

Andy Unger–Screen paintings using Chinese calligraphy, thru 6/8. Chinese Cultural Center, 159 Lex Ave (725-4950).

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

***Dintenfass**–50 W 57th (581-2268). Forms in sport (1842–1978), including works by Eakins, Dove, Hommer, Hopper, Lawrence, others, thru 6/2.

***Esman**–29 W 57th (421-9490). Watercolors, drawings, and photos by Beatrice Wood, Duchamp, Picabia, Man Ray, Sheeler, and Covert, thru 6/16.

Getler/Pall–50 W 57th (581-2724). Graphics by Dine, Rauschenberg, Ruscha, others, thru 6/30.

Hamilton–20 W 57th (765-5915). Stone metaphors, large steel sculpture by Graves, Shaw, and Stromeyer, thru 6/3.

Heidenberg–50 W 57th (586-3808). Etchings by Appel, trompe l'oeil by Edelmann, drawings by Steinberg, others, thru 6/17.

Midtown–11 E 57th (PL8-1900). Still life and flowers by Binford, Coiner, Moller, others, thru 6/10.

Spectrum–*30 W 57th (246-2525). Mon-Fri 11-6.* Art by athletes, including Bouton, Grier, Rutherford, others, thru 6/23.

***Weiner**–41 E 57th (593-1270). Lovers in Indian miniature paintings, thru 5/30.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***Adler**–21 E 67th (249-2450). Cubists in France, including Braque, Leger, Villon, others, thru 6/18.

American Indian Community House–10 E 38th (532-4897). Hopi and Navajo crafts, thru 6/30.

Canty–50 E 78th (794-9855). City scenes by Rutigliano, English landscapes by G. Tozer, and fantasies by M. Tozer, thru 6/10.

***Davis & Long**–746 Mad Ave (861-2811). Ballet set and costume design from the collection of the Wadsworth Antheneum, thru 6/2.

Elkon–1063 Mad Ave (LE5-3940). 20th century masters, including Dubuffet, Magritte, Matisse, Reinhardt, *others, thru 6/7.*

Fourcade, 36 E 75th (535-3980). Sculpture by Bourgeois, de Kooning, Lichtenstein, Moore, thru 6/3.

Gallery 84–1046 Mad Ave (628-4920). Barbata, Bascom, Fuchs, Liss, others, thru 6/10.

Grolier Club–47 E 60th (TE8-6690). Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat 10-3. NYC in the literature of Cooper, Irving, James, Wharton, others, thru 6/3.

***L'Isis**–667 Mad Ave (935-0490). Egyptian gilded masks, gold jewelry, hieroglyphics, sculpture from Rome and ancient Near East, thru 7/30.

***McKee**–140 E 63rd (688-5951). Guston's *Wharf,* paintings by Berthot, Porter, others, thru 5/31.

***Nicholls**–1014 Mad Ave (472-0211). Mon-Fri 11-5. Cartoons, illustrations, and magazine cover designs of food and drink by Addams, Arno, others, thru 7/15.

***Shepherd**–21 E 84th (861-4050). 19th century English paintings, drawings, watercolors, thru 6/30.

***Spaced**–*165 W 72nd (787-6350). Tues-Sat 12-5.* Architectural drawings of the 20s and 30s from Haines, Lundberg, and Waehler, thru 6/3.

Stone–48 E 86th (YU8-6870). Paintings by Dean and Parks, sculpture by Salamun, thru 5/31.

Touchstone–118 E 64th (826-6111). Small works in all media, thru 5/31.

SoHo

Artists Space–105 Hudson (226-3970). Clough, Fares, Goldberg, Lees, and Thornycroft, thru 6/17.

Bleecker Renaissance–644 Bdwy at Bleecker (929-3309). Tues-Sat 12-6. Constructs by 50 artists in this 1890s building, thru 5/30.

Boone–420 W Bdwy (966-2114). Members, 6/3-30.

Drawing Center–137 Greene (982-5266). Mon-Sat 11-6, Wed 11-8. Drawings for animated films, including *Fantasia,* thru 6/10.

Eastern Arts–401 Bleecker (929-7460). Tues-Sun 12-7. Sepik River art of New Guinea, thru 6/15.

Franklin Furnace–112 Franklin (925-4671). Book works by Forget and photos about walking by Leonian, 6/1-16.

OK Harris–383 W Bdwy (431-3600). Sculpture by Butterfield, painting by Dufresne and Kacere, and structures by Von Ringelheim, thru 6/17.

Hubris–150 Thompson (982-1827). Small scale works on paper by De Alfaro, Farrell, Nedorost, others, a 4-poster bed and a nude painted on paper bags by Pooka, laminated paper edges by Shelton, 6/3-23.

***Landmark**–*469 Broome (966-1173). Works by Du-*Back, Grillo, Trieff, Yektai, others, thru 6/17.

Lohman–55 Wooster (966-7173). Flinsch, Hoff, Kuzma, others, thru 7/1.

Soho Center–114 Prince (226-1995). Amann, Colman, Gaetano, others, thru 7/30.

Soho 20–99 Spring (226-4167). An invitational of women doing fabric sculpture, paintings and graphics, 6/3-28.

Spring Street Enamels–171 Spring (431-8151). Enamels by students, thru 6/15.

Ward-Nasse–131 Prince (925-6951). Abstractions and natural collages by Gaughran, drawings of women by Gray, paper and canvas abstracts by Langer, and nature by Schoenberger, 6/3-22.

OTHER

ACIA–28 E 4th (473-6072). Contemporary African *paintings and sculpture and its roots, thru 6/17.*

African-American Institute–833 United Nations Pl (949-5666). Tapestries from Senegal, thru 6/10.

AIGA–1059 3rd Ave (PL2-0813). Mon-Fri 9:30-4:45. Book designs from 1977, thru 6/22.

***Astor**–Lincoln Center (790-6551). Mon & Thurs 12-8, Tues, Wed, Fri, Sat 12-6. The dance in drawings, prints, costume designs, books, and sculpture spanning 5 centuries, including Diaghilev's notebook from 1909 to 1911, thru 9/2.

F.I.T.–7th Ave at 27th (760-7760). Tues & Wed 10-9, Thurs-Sat 10-4. Work by the American textile designer Jack Lenor Larsen, thru 9/16.

Gallery 300–Fulton Market, 200 Front St (622-3995). Lithos and engravings of Old New York, 1830-1908, thru 6/16.

***Japan House**–333 E 47th (832-1155). Daily 11-5, Fri til 7:30. Japanese genre screens from the 17th to the 19th centuries, thru 7/9.

***NY Public Library**–*5th Ave at 42nd (790-6551).* Tues 10-9, Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat 10-6. *Religion in New Amsterdam:* books, letters, documents, maps, and prints of the first Old Word faiths to come to NYC, thru 6/28.

NYU–Grey, 33 Washington Pl and Loeb, 566 LaGuardia Pl (598-7603). Tues-Fri 10-5, Sat 1-5. Works by Gauguin, Rodin, others, thru 6/2.

Pratt Manhattan Center–160 Lex Ave (636-3462). Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat 1-5. Cartoonists, including Fischetti, Koren, Levine, others, thru 6/14.

Ward-Nasse–131 Prince (925-6951). Faceless figures in paint by Fernandez, still lifes and portraits by Landau, figures by Moran, and acrylics by des Rioux, thru 6/1.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame–One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

Photography

***James Abbe**–Militarism in the 30s, including Hitler, Stalin, Spanish Civil War, and Mussolini, 5/31 thru 7/21. Washburn, 42 E 57th (753-0546).

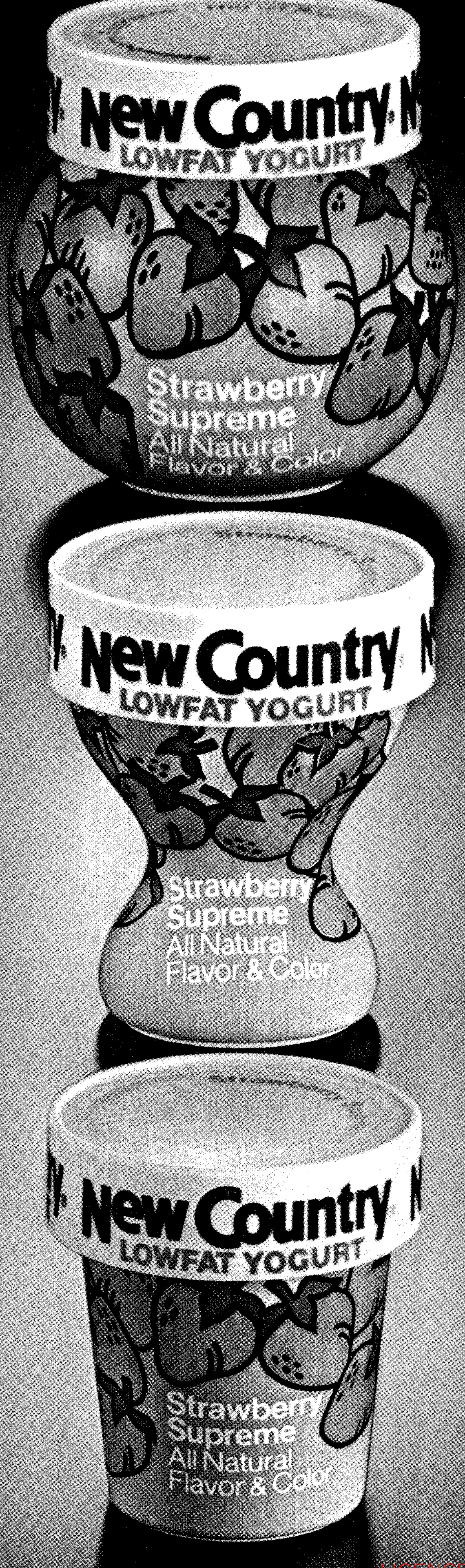
***Ansel Adams**–*The early years, thru 6/30. Helios, 18* E 67th (988-5593).

Gary Bernstein–A woman's awakening to life through images of the sea, thru 6/1. Nikon, 620 5th Ave (586-3907).

***Anton Bruehl/Edmund Teske**–From the 20s to the 50s with Marlene Dietrich, Peter Lorre, studio studies, Mexico, other/Composite, solarized images, almost dreamlike, thru 6/24. Witkin, 41 E 57th (355-1461).

Castelli–4 E 77th (288-3202). Black-and-white landscapes by R. Adams, Baltz, and Schwartz, 6/3-24.

J.J. Castro–Venezuela, thru 5/31. Galeria Venezuela, 7 E 51st (826-1660). Mon-Fri 9-4.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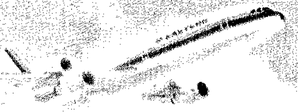

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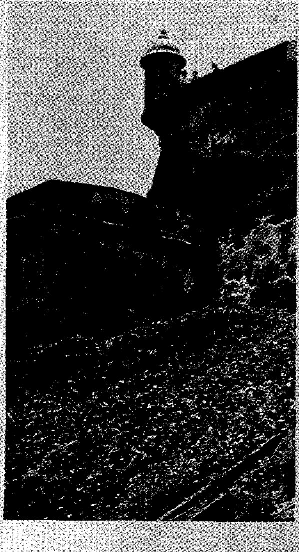

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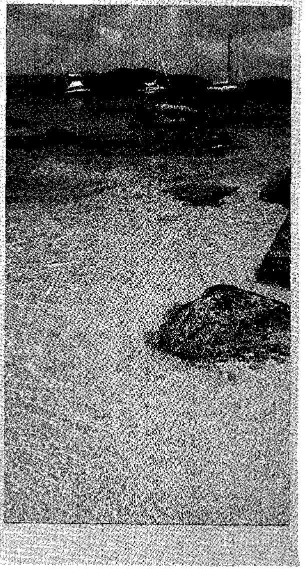

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Martin Fishman–Phallic photos, thru 6/11. Hansen, 70 Wooster (431-5904).

Jeremy George/Vernon Riddick–NY and its surroundings, thru 6/11. Midtown Y, 344 E 14th (674-7200). Sun-Thurs 12-8, Fri til 4.

Geoffrey Gove–Color transformations, thru 6/30. Images, 11 E 57th (838-8640).

***Ingber**–3 E 78th (744-3158). City and country life from 1900 to 1935 by Fischer, Hutchinson, and Luckwell, thru 6/17.

***Kodak**–1133 Sixth Ave (262-6183). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. *Auto Exotica,* thru 7/21.

***Clarence John Laughlin**–Louisiana plantations, Victorian architecture in America, thru 6/17. Wolf, 30 W 57th (586-8432).

***Lynn Lennon/Phillip Leonian**–Fantasy self-portraits/Walkers and walking in black-in-white, thru 6/17. Neikrug, 224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6.

Linda McCartney–Rock music luminaries and still lifes, thru 6/3. Bayard, 456 W Bdwy (477-3804).

Gregory MacGregor/Melissa Shook–Black-and-white landscapes/Her daughter, thru 6/10. Foto, 492 Broome (924-5612). Wed-Sat 1-6.

***Stephen Shore**–The NY Yankees at spring training, thru 6/24. Light, 724 5th Ave (582-6552).

Soho/Stieglitz–34 W 13th (242-9198). Sat & Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9. Light passage by Brin, India by King, the Bushwick section of Brooklyn and montages by Rizzuto, 6/6-27.

***Ted Spiegel**–Color views of the Hudson River, 6/2-7/1. Nikon, 620 5th Ave (586-3907).

***Jean-Pierre Sudre**–Still lifes, thru 6/9. Pfeifer, 825 Mad Ave (737-2055).

Heinrich Tonnies(1825-1903)–Portraits, thru 6/10. Prakapas, 19 E 71st (737-6066).

Pete Turner–Geometric images of rails, cannonballs, and clouds in dye transfers, thru 6/23. Space, 154 W 57th (765-1776).

Walsh Home–1339 York Ave (628-2800). Photographers over 65, including Barbara Morgan, thru 5/30.

***Etienne Bertrand Weill**–Metal forms combining kinetic and graphic, music and choreography, thru 6/16. French Cultural Services, 972 5th Ave (737-9700).

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5. *Ice Age Art—Man's Earliest Masterpieces:* The Cro-Magnon artist's view of his world; thru 12/31. *The Sport of Birding;* thru the fall. *Nigeria, Art in Everyday Life:* Wood, bronze, and ivory artifacts from the 18th to the 20th century; thru 5/31. *Rails of the World:* Paintings by J. Fenwick Landsdowne of this little-known bird family; thru 7/16.

Asia House–112 E 64th (PL1-4210). Daily 10-5, Thurs till 8:30, Sun 1-5. *Room for Wonder:* Indian painting during the British period (1760-1880); thru 6/4.

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sun 1-4. Paintings, sculptures, and constructions by Bronx artists; thru 7/9.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Embroidery Through the Ages:* 400 fine and rare examples from the 14th century to the present, for the church and for secular use; 6/6 thru 9/2. *Look Again:* Decorative arts from the permanent collection; thru 5/31.

Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776). Mon-Fri 10-4. Folk art images of George Washington; thru 10/31.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *The Evelyn Sharp Collection:* Forty-five paintings and sculptures from Braque, Calder, Matisse, Picasso, and others; thru 10/1. Works by young American artists; thru 6/25. *Attilio Salemme—Inhabitant of a Dream:* A retrospective consisting of 50 oils; thru 7/4. *Alberto Burri, 1948-78:* A retrospective; thru 6/16.

Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. New brick sculptures by John Mason. Photographs by Claire K. Yaffa; thru 7/9.

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5. *Photographic Crossroads:* The first retrospective of the Photo League; 6/2 thru 6/30.

Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. (860-1888). Sun 11-6, Mon-Thurs 12-5.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (535-7710). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *The Arts Under Napoleon:* Includes wax medallions, velvet court apparel, the Emperor's death mask, and more; thru 7/30. *Vanity Fair:* A treasure trove of the Costume Institute, thru 8/27. *Fifteenth-Century Italian Drawings;* thru 6/18. *Polish Arms & Armor;* indefinite close. *Monet's Years at Giverny—Beyond Impressionism:* Eighty-one paintings done in the immediate environment and the surrounding landscape of his home; thru 7/9.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *The Spanish Forger:* His works. *Devils, Demons, & Fantastic Creatures:* Drawings of creatures which exist in the imagination. *Books and Manuscripts, 1400-1950:* Books, manuscripts, and first editions of English and American lit. *H.M.S. Pinafore:* Celebrating its centennial; thru 7/29.

El Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272). Tues-Sun 10:30-4:30 *Resurgimiento:* Paintings and sculptures from Puerto Rican and Latin American artists living in New York; thru 6/30.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53 St; St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30. Works from the museum's permanant collection; thru 6/11.

Museum of the American Indian, Broadway at 155th St. (283-2420). Tues-Sun 1-5.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E 53rd St. (752-7684). Tues-Sat 12-5.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Frozen Motion:* The photographic dance images of Marcus Blechman; thru 9/4. A costume history of New York dining and galas; thru 7/9.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. *The Great American Foot:* Celebrating the foot and its diverse images in our culture; thru 6/30.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6. *Reflections of Future Space;* thru 6/4.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Jerry Dantzic and the Cirkut Camera:* Color landscapes, averaging six feet in length; thru 7/30. *Jim Dine's Etchings:* The history of his work; 6/6 thru 9/5. *Designed For Film: Demonstrating the importance of production design and art direction in motion pictures; thru 9/26. Nine Windows by Chagall:* Stained glass windows illustrating episodes from the bible; thru 5/30. *Mexican Art:* Engravings, prints paintings, and drawings by Posada, Orozco, Siqueiros, and Rivera; thru 6/29. *A Treasury of Modern Drawing:* Works by American and European artists; thru 7/4.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri 11-5, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Think Small:* Toys, miniatures, dolls, children's books; thru 5/30. *Street Kids:* Old and new photos depicting the many moods of the city's poor children between 1864 and 1977; thru 8/1.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Photography — Art and Artifact:* Photographs by Abbott, Atget, Hine, Strand, others; thru 6/18.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. (427-5959). Tues-Fri 10-6, Wed 10-9, Sat & Sun 1-6. Works by Beauford Delaney; thru 7/2.

Ukrainian Museum, 203 Second Ave. (228-0110). Wed, Sat & Sun 1-5; Fri 3-7.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues-Fri 2-9, Sat 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Saul Steinberg Retrospective:* Drawings, watercolors, collages spanning more than 30 years; thru 7/9. *H.C. Westermann:* A retrospective; thru 7/6. **Whitney Museum Downtown,** 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3. *cARToons:* Demonstrating the cartoon's particular suitability for satirical comment; 6/1 thru 7/5.

Sports

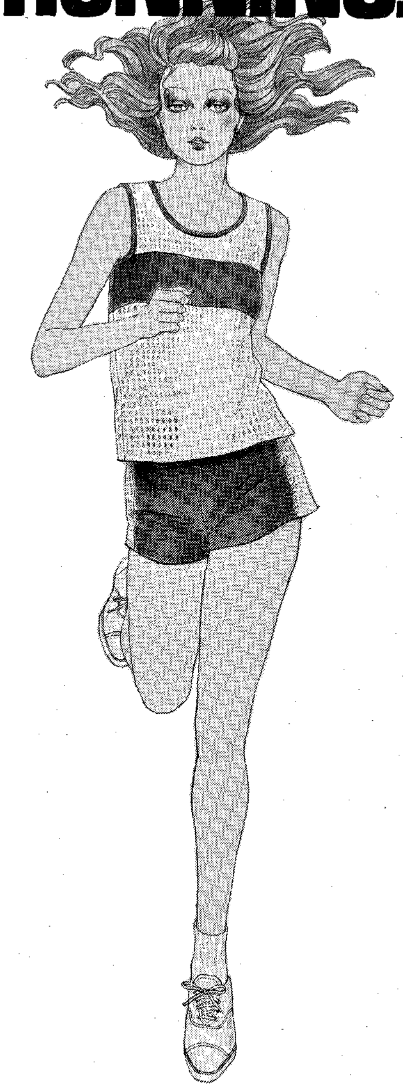
Yankees, Yankee Stadium (293-4300); vs. Baltimore Orioles, 5/31 at 8, 6/1 at 2.

Mets, Shea Stadium (672-2000); vs. St. Louis Cardinals, 5/29 at 5:35, 5/30-31 at 8; vs. San Diego Padres, 6/2-3 at 8, 6/4 at 2; vs. Los Angeles Dodgers, 6/5-7 at 8.

Apples, Felt Forum (661-8070); vs. Anaheim Oranges, 6/5 at 7:30.

Cosmos, Giants Stadium, Meadowlands (265-8600); vs. Vancouver Whitecaps, 6/4 at 2:30.

OFF AND RUNNING.



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NEW YORK

RFK: The Politics That Might Have Been

By Jeff Greenfield

> "... Kennedy's absence in the past decade has been a loss of huge proportions because of the unique themes he advocated ..."

Several years go, I appeared on a panel with Raymond Moley, one of Franklin D. Roosevelt's original brain-trusters, who described the atmosphere surrounding FDR's first inauguration. The speech writer, more than 80 years old, told of train rides between Albany, Washington, and New York City, late-night skull sessions, battles within the inner circle of FDR's advisers. It had all happened more than 35 years earlier, but to Moley it was all alive, more vital, it seemed, than all the years since, with the flush of youth and power and great dreams.

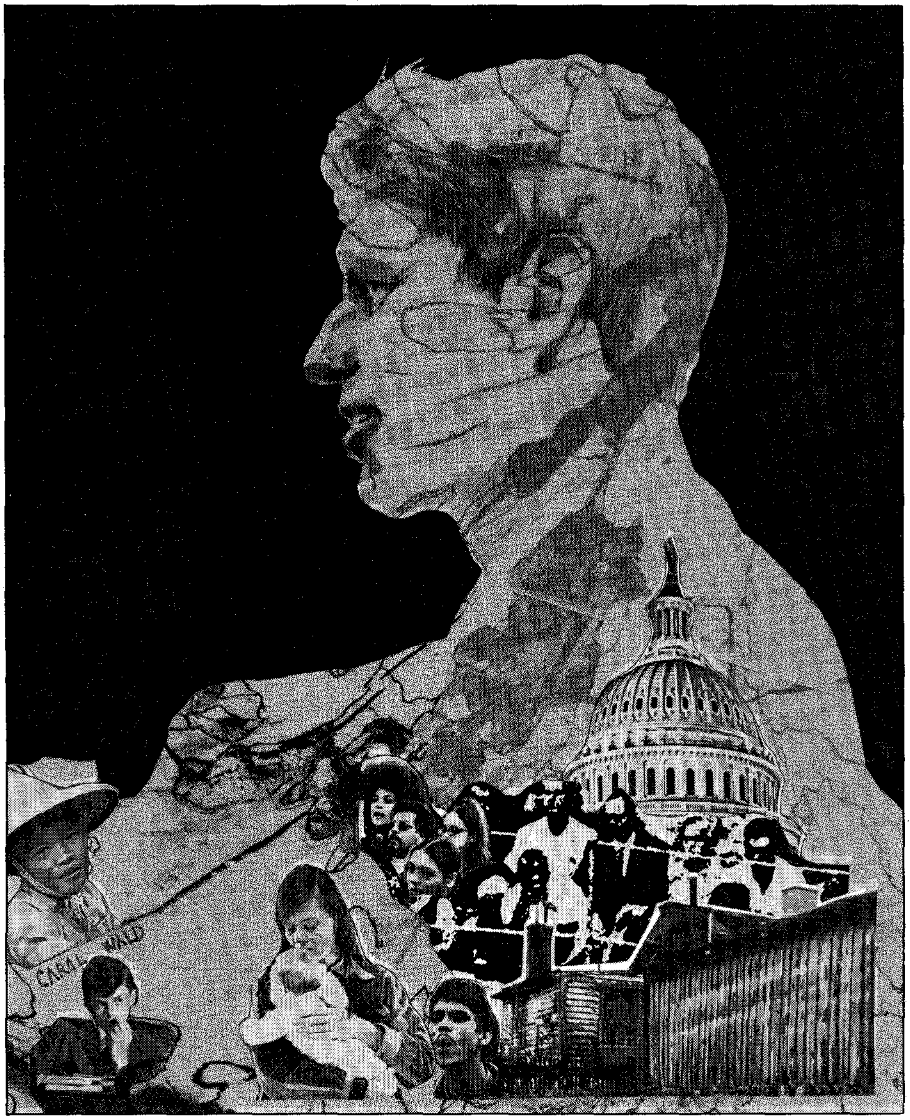
I've often wondered whether my sense about Robert Kennedy was a product more of nostalgia than of realistic political judgment. It was a *time* when a furious burst of political energy was flowing through the land, a time when the war in Vietnam sent tens of thousands into the streets, a time when domestic violence exploded in the middle of city streets and campus retreats.

The campaign itself—only 81 days from the paneled Senate Caucus Room to its violent end on a kitchen-pantry floor in the Hotel Ambassador just under ten years ago this week—exists as fragmented portraits of exhilaration and exhaustion:

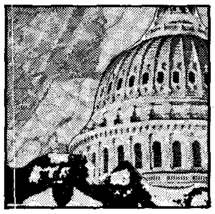
☐ The first flight west—emerging after the five-hour isolation of a coast-to-coast flight into the San Francisco terminal, where 1,000 frenzied supporters mobbed the entourage.

☐ The humor—Kennedy approach-

Jeff Greenfield was an aide to Robert Kennedy during the presidential-primary campaign of 1968.



Illustrated by Carol Wald



"... Some spoke with RFK because of his fame, but he used the talks to find how government was working..."

ing the exit of the campaign plane as two reporters asked mockingly, "What's your crowd estimate?" and Kennedy saying, "Fifty thousand," then sticking his head out the door, waving, the crowd cheering, Kennedy pulling back, turning to the two reporters and saying, "And they squealed with pleasure."

☐ The electric moments—Robert Kennedy telling 10,000 college students why he opposed draft deferments for collegians, listening to the boos, then telling them of the black and Hispanic and Indian families who sent two, three, four, sons off to battle, adding grimly, "When *my* sons are older, they'll all be able to get into college because their father is a wealthy man"; reminding them that because they don't have to fight, others do; hearing hostile medical students in Indiana demand to know who would pay for better health care and snapping back, "*You* will."

☐ 3:30 A.M. the night Martin Luther King was killed—Kennedy wandering into an aide's room, trying to say something about "that fellow Harvey Lee... Lee Harvey; he set something loose in this country."

Is this the nature of the loss? The absence of intensity, purpose, the whiff of power? Maybe that's part of it. Maybe the memory of that first campaign is like the memory of a long-ago moment of joy, with reality an unwanted interloper.

But it isn't all. The loss I feel after ten years is not the loss of a companion, but a much broader sort. I believe the absence of Robert Kennedy over the last decade—not necessarily as president, but as a visible, powerful political force—has been a loss of almost irretrievable proportions, because of the singular political posture Robert Kennedy took in the last years of his life. He had embarked on an effort to free the progressive impulse—the urge to help people in need—from the crippling influence of dependence and helplessness, which led to a huge growth of expansive, expensive, largely self-defeating government programs making poverty, joblessness, and bureaucracy permanent fixtures on the domestic scene. Kennedy had, by 1968, formulated a series of policies and programs to use federal power to end the reliance of the poor on government itself. And it has been precisely this missing link in domestic policy that has sent both liberalism—and the vision of government as a tool for social justice—into its continuing decline.

What made Robert Kennedy unique is that, more than a decade ago, he was raising precisely these questions, not as a theoretician, but as a United States senator with presidential prospects. In speeches, in congressional hearings, in his legislative proposals, Kennedy was sounding a group of themes that might have made the 1970s a very different political decade. And, given our failure to face these questions, the insights of Robert Kennedy retain all too much impact today.

In the wake of Lyndon Johnson's 1964 landslide, the federal government had enacted a barrage of programs to make our domestic life better. Federal aid to education, food stamps, community-action programs, Medicare and Medicaid, summer-job programs—all had flowed from the then prevalent faith that the federal government was an ally, rather than an alien, hostile force in the lives of Americans.

These transfer programs—which took money from one group of Americans and gave money to other Americans—were, as much as the Vietnam war and Watergate, the keys to the massive disillusionment with our own government that is the principal political reality of our time, and Kennedy clearly recognized this almost as soon as the Great Society's programs had begun.

Consider the essence of his notion about poverty—the notion that more of the same was not enough. Early in 1966, Robert Kennedy said flatly: "Something more is needed. [But] let us make clear what that something more is not. It is not a massive extension of welfare services or a new profusion of guidance counselors and psychiatrists. . . . Higher welfare payments cannot confer self-respect or self-confidence on men without work—for in the United States, you *are* what you *do*."

Kennedy, however, was *not* talking about government jobs, for he understood that this might be nothing but a disguised welfare program.

"Let us," he said, "as a beginning, stop thinking of [the urban poor] as liabilities, idle hands for whom some sort of occupation must be found. Let us think of them instead as a valuable resource, as people whose work can make a significant contribution to themselves, their families, and the nation. Now ask if there are jobs to be done."

From this premise flowed a series of notions: Change the tax code to make it financially attractive to build housing and locate industries within the neighborhoods of high unemployment. Give preference to residents of those neighborhoods in building the homes and plants—and use union members as both supervisors and teachers of these newly employed. Let high school students leave school for part of the day to work on these projects, getting academic credits for the acquisition of job-related skills, and let art students help provide amenities.

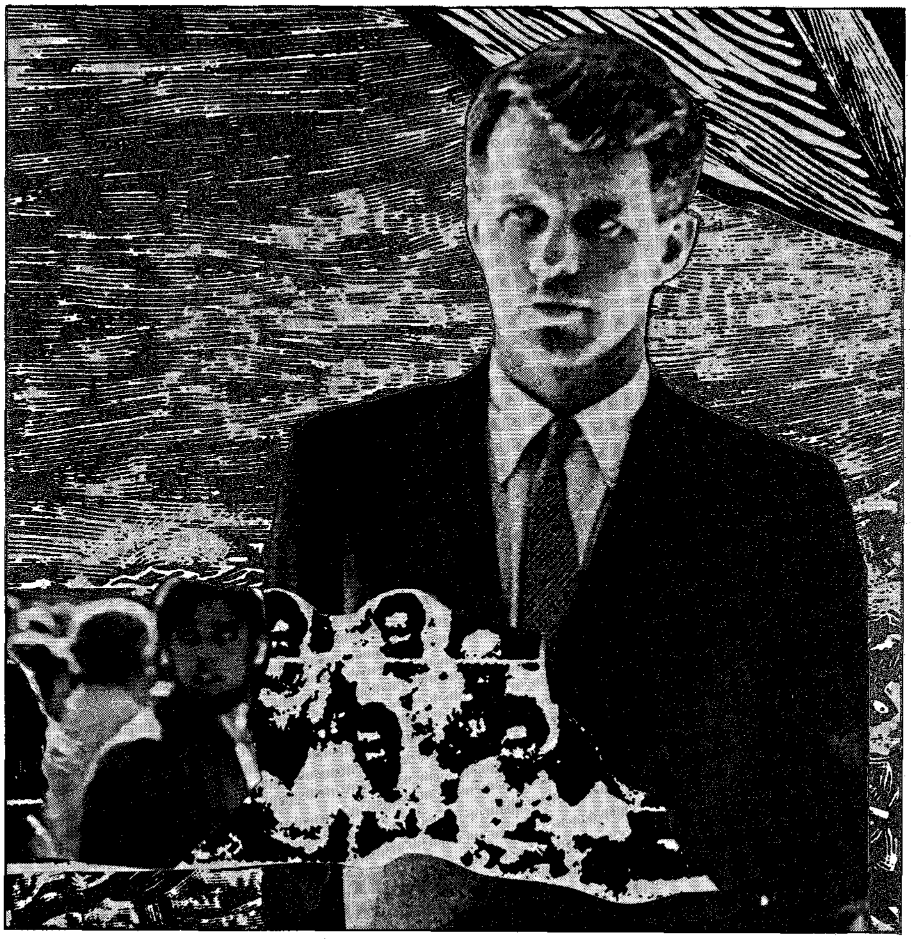
The notions contained in this concept are remarkable. They involve not just putting people back to work but the unraveling of a whole series of rigid structures—compulsory, full-time education; strict union limits on who shall build; lack of capital in poor neighborhoods—at one and the same time. Even more important, Kennedy understood that this kind of development would enable the residents of pathologically deprived neighborhoods to see evidence of change and hope *where they lived* accomplished by their friends, families, and neighbors. For he was impressed by Lewis Mumford's notion that "democracy, in any active sense, begins and ends in communities small enough for their members to meet face to face." And, largely due to the influence of Adam Walinsky, his chief speech writer and legislative aide, Kennedy warned of the price we had paid for bigness: ". . . in growth of organizations, particularly government, so large and powerful that individual effort and importance seem lost; and in loss of the values of nature and community and local diversity. . . . Bigness, loss of community, organizations and society grown far past the human scale—these are the besetting sins of the twentieth century which threaten to paralyze our very capacity to act or our ability to preserve the traditions and values of our past in a time of swirling, constant change."

When Kennedy sounded this theme in the early primaries of 1968, he was accused by reporters of "turning to the Right" in a bid for conservative votes. This was, in part, true—although Kennedy was as suspicious of large private power as he was of government. And his attacks on cigarette companies, auto giants, and drug companies identified him as no friend of big business. The larger truth is that he was trying to liberate progressive politics from its traditional methods of creating programs making the poor reliant on government. He saw the possibility of people at every age and in every class moving toward self-sufficiency, so that the long periods of enforced idleness for teenagers and for senior citizens might shrink, and along with this the tax burden of supporting such idleness. If we wanted to put it in Utopian terms, Robert Kennedy's domestic theme was of a federal government actively working to lessen the necessity for its own growth, so that many of these programs would "wither away."

Except that Robert Kennedy was no Utopian. He was a hard-nosed, practical politician, and this was his greatest strength in advocating these policies. He had been for three years the assistant president of the United States, with a reputation for toughness—"ruthlessness," to use the buzzword. He had learned that information derived from bureaucracies was not to be trusted—whether it was the CIA telling him of the certain success of the Bay of Pigs, the State Department talking of our marvelous ties with repressive nations, or the education bureaucracy assuring him that more money would certainly produce better education.

So he developed his own network of information. He listened to officials in Washington and to welfare mothers, disabled miners, frustrated schoolteachers, migrant workers in upstate New York and the grape fields of Delano, California—not just because it was good politics, but because it was the only way to find out whether the intentions of federal legislation were making any difference. I remember one of the first times I watched him in a legislative committee, talking to education officials and demanding to know what had been done with the billions of dollars already spent. *How are you judging performance,* he asked again and again. *Why is it the I.Q. measurements of poor kids drop ten points between the third and sixth grades? Why do the parents have such anger about these schools?*

Yes, it is true that many people wanted to talk to Robert Kennedy because he was famous, because he was a potential president. But he used this fame to find out the reality of how government was performing. His presence could draw the press and people who might otherwise never show up at a hunger hearing in Mississippi or at an Indian-affairs hearing in Arizona. Peter Edelman, Kennedy's other legislative assistant, was constantly widening the circle of Robert Kennedy's information—and Kennedy in turn was constantly challenging the federal bureaucracy with firsthand facts. Out of this personal experience came the conviction that the structure of federal activity had to be altered from the ground up if good intentions were going to become at all real.



This same hardheaded approach shaped Kennedy's notion that forces besides the government could make a real difference. The Bedford-Stuyvesant program—described in these pages by Michael Harrington (April 3, 1978) and still functioning ten years after Kennedy's murder—was not run by a federal agency. It was a venture where public funds were used as seed money, but where decisions were made by a community-based, all-black board, and where technical help was given by a white, Establishment-dominated board.

Clearly, Robert Kennedy knew that his presence was a big reason why many busy, wealthy people got involved in the first place. And it's certain that this appeal to ego would have been important to a national pattern of community-development corporations, modeled after Bedford-Stuyvesant. Kennedy saw himself, as president, moving from city to city, meeting with local leaders and challenging them to attack the problems within their cities and towns, promising to return in 90 days to see what they had done. Maybe some of the participants would have become involved to get an invitation to a White House dinner, or to get a picture in the Oval Office. But the price would have been a "tithe" of time and energy put into community affairs. Or maybe there would have been a realization that working as part of a community effort was itself a rewarding endeavor.

For it was always in the back of Robert Kennedy's mind that the link between individuals and communities had become fragmented, that a retreat into individual gratification was a certain consequence of disillusion with what government might help people accomplish for themselves. In a famous 1967 speech about dissident youth—where he challenged some basic assumptions about liberalism before an ADA audience—Kennedy pointed to a then new trend among the young: a movement "from engagement to disengagement, from politics to passivity, from hope to nihilism, from SDS to LSD." It was a premonition of what Tom Wolfe came to call "the Me Decade"—a growing fascination with our own personal needs and a declaration of indifference to the rest of the world.

This fear was one of the reasons why he traveled so widely, demanded access to groups of students and the dispossessed, insisted that he be open to groups that felt unable to penetrate decision making. If people feel they can't make a difference, his work suggested, then sooner or later they'll stop trying.

"...What worried RFK's adversaries was that his ideas flowed from lessons learned at the center of power..."

That is more or less what has happened today. In the absence of a tough-minded, informed, specific alternative to government spending, the programs grew, while the conditions that gave rise to them continued to fester. The poverty programs helped trigger resentment among white working-class Americans, who saw black and brown Americans getting chunks of their tax money. Medicare and Medicaid fueled huge frauds and sent the cost of health care through the hospital roof. The inevitable corruption that follows any public expenditure of money, from the Tweed courthouse in New York to Massachusetts highways to Alabama dams, made these transfer programs signs that government does not know how to help the needy, and that the needy are in fact indistinguishable from the greedy.

The liberal response to this legitimate revulsion has been a dose of intellectual bankruptcy. In place of the "re-order our priorities" cliché of the late 1960s, every liberal now reminds us that "we cannot just throw money at our problems." Jerry Brown tells us to lower our expectations, while President Carter reminds us that "government cannot eliminate poverty, or provide a bountiful economy, or reduce inflation, or save our cities, or cure illiteracy. . . ." But while the rhetoric changes, the funding for the programs so assailed as wasteful continues; along with the growing contempt for government has come a $500-billion federal budget. And there is no evidence that anyone, whether Carter or Brown or Ronald Reagan, for that matter, has any notion of how to change the way public moneys are spent, apart from denouncing the check writing over which he presides.

RFK: In His Own Words

What Robert Kennedy was saying before his death in 1968 bears examination today because of its amazing relevance to our troubled times. Here are some selections:

On the federal government: "To say that we have reached the limits of our action is to say that the federal government itself can provide all the answers to our problems. Nothing could be further from the truth. The federal government is far away in Washington; therefore, it cannot know your local needs as well as you. The federal government must deal with a large and diverse nation; therefore, it cannot adapt its general policy to your local conditions as well as local officials can."

On welfare: "We are learning that the welfare answers we have provided in the past have not been completely successful. . . . We have said, 'Here is what we are going to do for you.' And in our generosity, we have created a system of handouts, a second-rate set of social services which damages and demeans its recipients, and destroys any semblance of human dignity that they have managed to retain through their adversity."

On decentralization: "We as Democrats have tended to look toward Washington for solutions to our perplexities. . . . But now it is our responsibility as believers in the human spirit to afford our citizens the opportunity for personal participation and achievement on the great stage of public affairs: with levers of power and decision in places citizens can reach—in their state house, their city hall, indeed in their own neighborhood community."

On health care: "All of our medical resources must be put to work more effectively in the communities themselves. The program must go beyond narrowly defined 'health needs.' . . . It is an illusion to think we can cure a sickly child—and ignore his need for nutritious food. It is foolish to pour in funds to minister to the effects of filth-ridden slums—without recognizing the undeniable fact that these slums breed disease. It is profitless to establish community mental health services—if we do not understand that a community of the jobless, the purposeless, the hopeless, spawns frustration and agony in the minds of its victims. We will never have enough doctors to cure the children of Mississippi who have not eaten nourishing food since their birth. There will never be enough therapists for all the brain-damaged children of Bedford-Stuyvesant. We will not cure the pathology of individuals, unless we—and you—begin to come to grips with the pathology of these communities."

On self-pride: "We have given welfare handouts to mothers and their children but we refuse to create jobs for husbands and fathers, and thus have forced families to break up in order to receive our bounty. We have told the poor to shop more wisely; but we have refused to help them build the stores or the credit institutions at which they could do so. We have built public housing units by the thousands, in the depressed urban ghettos; but we have done nothing to help poor people own their own homes, free of bureaucratic management, and control over their locations. . . . In the years ahead . . . we must move beyond welfare to self-sufficiency, giving less charitable doles—and substituting instead a full opportunity to contribute to the building and benefit of our society."

And the idea that these programs have anything to do with their intentions is a musty relic from another time. Schools are holding pens, not places for learning skills; welfare is a permanent way of life, unto the fourth generation, not a way of helping families in temporary distress; health care is a growth industry for doctors, suppliers, and clerks, not a way of helping people lead healthier lives.

The alternatives Robert Kennedy was proposing did not spring from some romantic ideal of America. He had helped to run a country. He had bargained with the Richard Daleys and George Meanys and James Eastlands of the world. His ideas flowed from the lessons he had already learned at the center of power. So when he suggested that education, health care, job training, housing rehabilitation, could be delivered outside the conventional government bureaucracy, he meant it. That's what inspired his allies and worried his adversaries.

And that's what's missing today. Not rhetoric or hopes: Jimmy Carter really wants "a government as good as its people"; Jerry Brown really wants a government more respectful of the environment; Ronald Reagan really wants us to stop wasting money.

Maybe they know how to use the political process to reach a different way of doing things. But Robert Kennedy, more than any political figure of our time, was willing to tell us not only what he hoped to do but how he hoped to do it—and how we might help.

I keep listening for this quality in the voices of others. But whether it's the voices from the past drowning it out, or the ominous silence of the present, I don't hear it at all. ▬

The Lonely Guy With Temperature

By Bruce Jay Friedman

> "...In the New Sickness, fever breaks almost automatically, bringing the Lonely Guy to the door of health. Unhappily, he rarely makes it through..."

Illness is a stern test for the Lonely Guy.

Most people get subtle warnings before they become ill—feelings of edginess, drift, despair. The Lonely Guy has these feelings all the time, even when he is bursting with health. He must rely on more obvious trouble signs—such as fainting in lobbies and falling out of chair lifts.

No comforting hand will be there to pull the Lonely Guy through an illness. At the first sign of fever, he may panic and be tempted to scribble off a note—"I had temperature; I just couldn't go on"—then quietly phase himself out of the game.

Such drastic behavior is uncalled for.

Today's sick Lonely Guy stands almost as good a chance of recovery as anyone else.

The New Sickness

Sickness may have changed since the last time the Lonely Guy was ill. In the Old Sickness, the Lonely Guy ran a fever and the family sat around waiting for it to "break." Either it did or it didn't. In the latter case, he was hustled out of the building at midnight and that was the last they ever heard of him. For those lucky Lonely Guys whose fever did break, it was full recovery until the time rolled around for them to get sick again. In the New Sickness, fever breaks almost automatically, bringing the Lonely Guy to the door of health. Unhappily, he

rarely makes it through. Responsibility lies squarely with the New Drugs, which gamely take on disease but lack the killer instinct. As a result, a small cadre of germs invariably survives, winded, but dead game and ready to sail back in when conditions are favorable.

In the New Sickness, fewer people drop dead—but everyone is a little bit sick all year round.

Going With Your Sickness

At the first sign of illness, many Lonely Guys quickly take on excellent habits, wearing sweaters, avoiding drafts, washing their vegetables before they eat them. Some sign on at gyms, while others fly south to "bake out." Once a germ takes hold, however, it is too late for fine behavior. All the sit-

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Bruce Jay Friedman is the author of the forthcoming Lonely Guy's Book of Life, *from which this is excerpted.*

Illustrated by Warren Linn

"... Many a Lonely Guy will be shocked to see that his temperature is 109, theoretically taking him off the board. A possibility is that he has forgotten to 'shake down' the thermometer, the most important thing in temperature..."

ups in the world won't cure bronchitis. No one has ever "baked out" the flu. The effort that goes into a last-minute try for health may bring on an Extra Sickness, which you don't need.

A sensible plan is to lie back and Go With Your Sickness, trying to understand it and getting as much out of it as possible.

Dealing With Doctors

Each year, testimonial dinners are held for crusty old doctors who braved the elements, year after year, to visit sick patients. Rare is the word spoken in praise of those valiant sick fellows, many of them now dead, who braved the elements to visit doctors who would not come to see them.

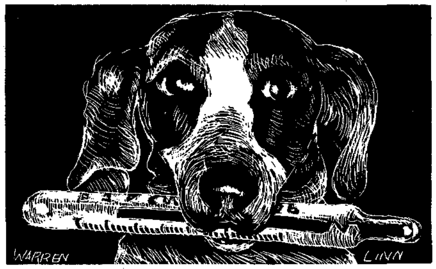
Unless you live in a stubborn little community in northern Minnesota where people give to the land and the land gives back to them, it is unrealistic to expect your doctor to visit you when you're sick. He'll claim that he is too busy. The truth is he doesn't want to. Why should he fight traffic just to see another desperately ill person. You've seen one, you've seen them all. Unless you can prove that your vital functions are slipping away—howls of agony won't do—you will have to settle for a phone diagnosis. When making one of these, it is not important that the doctor grab on to the exact disease you have. The main idea is for him to prescribe a medicine that will give you enough energy to get to his office—so that he does not have to go to your place.

A Further Note on Doctors: Many Lonely Guys are more afraid of their doctors than they are of sickness. Rather than call up and get yelled at, they would rather quietly pack it in. Ask yourself this question: Do I have to psych myself up to call the doctor, as if he were Jacqueline Onassis? If you do, you've got the wrong man.

Temperature as a Friend

Many Lonely Guys have a Fear of Temperature. Leave it to them, and they would choose not to have any at all, which is absurd, since everyone needs some. Far from being an enemy, temperature can be a friend, a sharp-eyed scout, warning of unattractive rumblings up ahead. Admittedly, temperature can get out of control, going over to the other side. In such cases, it should be fought with every means available, like the Nazis.

A high temperature is not always the result of illness. Sometimes it's brought on by wearing too many sweaters. Or too much time in a sauna. Many a Lonely Guy will be shocked to see that his temperature is 109, theoretically taking him off the board. A possibility is that he has forgotten to "shake down" the thermometer, the most important thing in temperature. This procedure calls for nimble wrists and great energy, none of which the Lonely Guy has when he is sick. Only small NBA forwards can shake down a thermometer properly.



Reading a thermometer is mostly luck. There is a split second when the mercury lines up with the proper digit, but unless the sick Lonely Guy is on constant alert, like a radar man in the Aleutians, he will miss it and that will be it for the day. In theory, it should be simple to design a thermometer that says, "Your temperature is 102," and tells your horoscope, like a drugstore scale. For reasons known only to them, the powerful thermometer bloc has decided against this.

Lonely Guy Chicken Soup

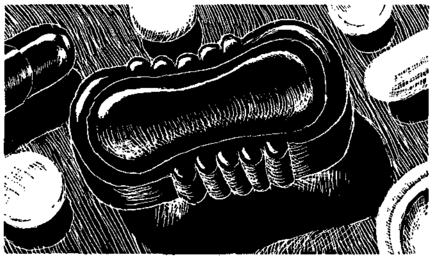
For years, the chicken has been maligned as an absurd and ridiculous-looking creature. Despite these scurrilous attacks, the chicken good-naturedly continues to sacrifice himself in order to provide mankind with the healthiest of all sick foods—chicken soup. No longer do Jewish women hold the monopoly on its preparation. The Gentile woman who is not in too much of a hurry because of her budding career can make a perfectly respectable variety.

If he can muster the strength to

crawl (don't be ashamed to crawl when you're sick; it is not as if you've been brought to your knees by tyranny) into the kitchen and lift a chicken into a pot, the sick Lonely Guy can make a decent chicken soup of his own. All he need do is surround the chicken with soup greens and add a beef bone of the kind that is normally tossed to golden retrievers. The pot should be filled with water so that it just barely covers the chicken—and the chicken cannot see out over it. Salt should be used sparingly. There is plenty of time to ruin it with salt later. Lonely Guy chicken soup should never be rushed. Eating soup with a raw chicken sitting in it can set you back irreversibly. On the other hand, do not let it cook until you are fully recovered and don't need it. A particular problem for the sick Lonely Guy is having to get out of bed every few minutes to skim off the fat. A way around that is to leave it on. This is not to suggest that you eat the soup with the fat on it. That would put you in a terrible position. The idea is to let the fat sit there until the soup appears to be cooked; then put the chicken on a plate and slide the soup into the freezer. (Make sure you are wearing warm clothes during this part of the operation, a ski outfit, ideally.) The fat will congeal into a thick lid, something along the lines of a manhole cover. After half an hour, unless the sick Lonely Guy is at the door of death, he should be strong enough to lift, or at least roll, the lid off the soup.

Sick Reading

Sick reading should be on the bland side. Generally speaking, it is a good idea to avoid Greek tragedy, Aeschylus being the worst of all writers for the bedridden Lonely Guy. The adventures of Prometheus, bound to a rock, or hundred-headed Typhon, trying to get back at Zeus for burying him in the slime, are not a pathway to brighter spirits. The same is true of works on industrial safety in the Po Valley. Stick to simple, wondrous stories. Fairy tales and pirate yarns are ideal, although you may experience a shiver of regret that you are no longer a prepubescent Lonely Guy.

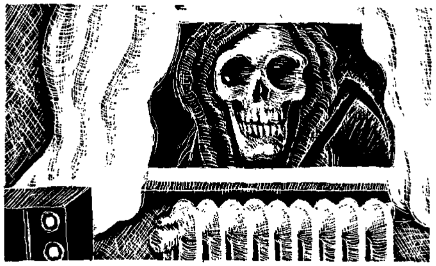


Benefits of the New Sickness

Many sick Lonely Guys assume that the second they take one step out of bed they have to forfeit all sick privileges. This is not true. In preparing for a sickness, the Lonely Guy with foresight will gather round him—or at least have within crawling distance—all the sick stuff he'll need: cough drops, orange juice, Kleenex, something to throw the old Kleenex in. But once he's an officially sick fellow and sees he's forgotten something, that doesn't mean he has to do without it. In the New Sickness, you can get out of bed and actually sit on a couch and still be considered a sick fellow. Even if you were to slip into a pair of French slacks and take a walk in the hall, technically speaking you would *still* be a sick guy. It isn't being in bed—or your outfit—*that determines sick status.* It's how lousy you feel. So long as you don't go speeding down the Pacific Coast Highway in an open car, you're covered.

Sick Air

The sick Lonely Guy needs fresh air, but at the same time must avoid drafts, which are instant killers. A way to achieve this goal is to open the window, letting the fresh air in, and at the same time deflecting it with some kind of shield, a punk-rock poster, for example. Window air is healthful but tends to be chilly. Keep the radiator on full, but bear in mind the dangers of an entirely separate illness—Radiator Fever. A way to fend this off is to use a room humidifier, but the danger is that the humidifier, unless carefully controlled, will turn the air dank and fetid, like unexplored sections of the Amazon. Getting sick air just right requires tremendous energy. The Lonely Guy might be better off just lying there hoping for the best—or exploring some way of bringing in packages of air.



Après-Flu

A moment will come when the Lonely Guy has been in bed long enough and is ready to leave his sickness behind. Whatever charm the sickness had for him has disappeared. He's taken the last tetracycline pill in his five-day series. Theoretically, he should be ready to plunge back into the drabness of his life. Except that he is still sick. Patience is required at this juncture. There is no point in getting angry and trying to sue somebody. Germs are tied to a schedule of their own which does not conform to that of the Lonely Guy. It may be a simple matter of their wanting to stick around a bit longer, like getting in an extra day of skiing at Aspen. Once they have had their fill, they will be on their way.

When your sickness is at an end, *don't make the mistake of telling every*one about it. The Lonely Guy who announces he's been running 102 degrees all week should not be surprised when pretty girls fail to throw their arms around him. The details of an illness are simply not that fascinating. It isn't as if you've spent a month in Gabon, among the Abongo.

The sick Lonely Guy is often convinced that his business affairs have come to a grinding halt. This makes it difficult for him to lie back and get the maximum benefit from his illness. Once he's recovered, he may find that things ran quite smoothly. Vouchers got signed. Despite his absence at the helm, *Yogurt* Magazine shipped right on schedule. The mature Lonely Guy will not be dismayed by this news. On the contrary, it will sharpen his perspective, confirming his suspicion that his efforts in life are relatively meaningless.

Illness offers the Lonely Guy a chance to strike out in new directions. Too enfeebled to shave, he will be in excellent position to try out a new beard. His inability to keep down food will get him off to a running start on a new diet. Illness will give him the chance to lie back and get out of the race, in which he lagged far behind anyway. Most of all, it will give him a chance to settle, once and for all, the question that nags at all Lonely Guys: Considering the quality of his life, is he better off up and around or tucked away in bed with a raging fever? ▬

Protecting Thy Father And Thy Mother

By Randy Young

"...Special New York police squads were created two years ago to concentrate on crimes against the aged and defenseless..."

Old is what everybody thinks about. Will the sounds of life slip away from me? Will I be unlovely? Will I be safe? God, will I be alone? Cops can't be expected to have all or even most of the answers, but the New York City Police Department has been thinking about old, about the safe part. And so it has created special anti-crime squads to concentrate on the violence that seems so often to sneak around corners and land on the elderly.

Statistically, persons over 60 (about 18 percent of New York City's population) are no more likely to become victims than anyone else. But certain kinds of crimes—purse snatchings, indoor robberies, con games—are the stuff that older people go through. Consequently, that golden 18 percent is possessed of the mini-fortress mentality; they spend their time locked up in their own apartments or rooms behind chains, metal plates, and ugly bars. Much more so than the rest of us. Many are without families and friends, existing on Social Security checks or the fruits of whatever plans they were able to make in the strength of their springtimes. Now it is dead winter.

Freddy Foster was not your average commuter. But he did ride the bus every morning from his home in Yonkers to 178th Street in Manhattan. Then he took the IND to 125th Street and then he walked the rest of the way to 110th. No office or desk awaited Foster (not his real name), only lines of elderly people moving slowly along uptown sidewalks, sometimes in pairs but more often alone. He watched them closely, beginning the selection process: not whites, because (he later told authorities) "I might get busted in a white neighborhood." No young people, obviously. There were so many old ones; there, for example . . .

Joseph Fornabaio is commanding officer of the new Manhattan North Senior Citizens detail. He oversees an eighteen-member unit working out of the city's 24th Precinct. He says, "We're dealing with a group that is basically helpless and rarely offers any resistance. And it's a group that can't afford to be victimized; it's not like some guy making $50,000 a year and gets his battery lifted." That's part of it. Another part, says Fornabaio, is this about old people: "They may have faulty eyesight, bad memories, and other signs of senility. We've had cases where we picked up a guy we knew was guilty and had to release him because the victim couldn't make the right identification."

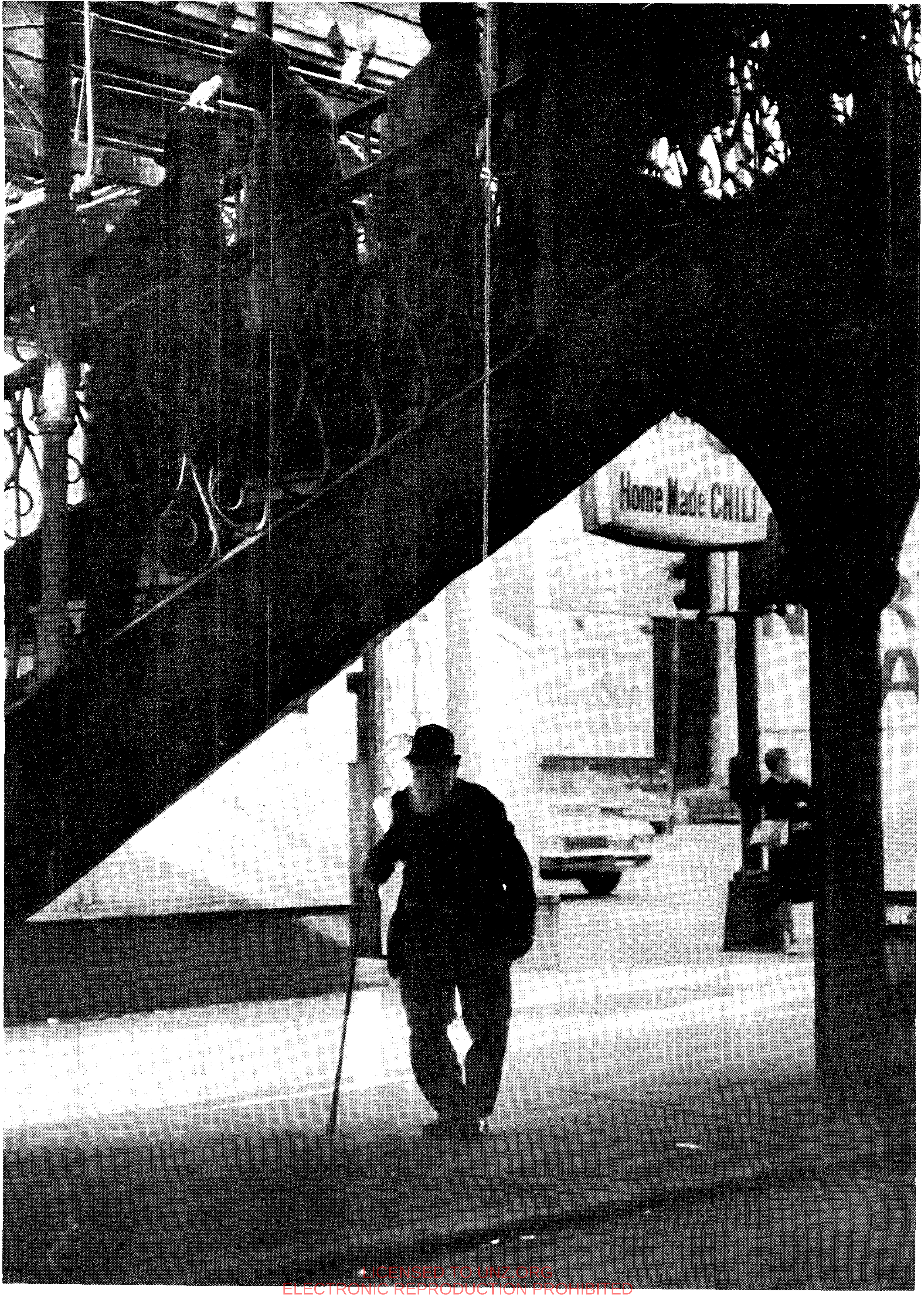
Many of the crimes against the elderly are what police call "push-in jobs," which are exactly like that sounds. Follow the victim to her apartment, wait until she turns the key, push her in, and rob her. Beat her, rape her, perhaps kill her. Two years ago, it appeared that an unusual number of attacks were being made upon older people, and that led to the formation of the special police groupings, lamentably called "Senior Citizens Robbery Units." (A pilot project in the Bronx had been successful since 1974.)

There are 18,000 police officers in New York City, but it is fair to say that none (with the possible exception of the bomb squad) has more delicate tasks facing him daily: victims whose memories or eyesight fail them, citizens too embarrassed to talk, people so frightened that their assailants will return that they won't open their doors even to uniformed officers.

It is just the way of life, as members of the seven units concerned with crime against the elderly have learned, that aged victims are resigned to, bearing their pain in silence. Police say that as few as one in fifteen violent acts against the elderly ever reach police blotters. The police are right; a recent study by the Senior Citizens Crime Prevention Program (a federally funded project administered by the New York City Department for the Aging) bears them out. The program surveyed persons over 65 years of age who had applied for replacement of their Reduced Fare Transit Cards; 10 percent of them had lost the originals in robberies, and almost all had failed to report it to the authorities.

Foster would stalk them at a safe distance to their apartment buildings. At the right moment, he would jump at them, brandishing a hunting knife. "Give me the money," he'd scream; shrillness was important, as it made him sound out of control, more menacing. There was one woman, however, to whom he was actually polite. She was 71, and the police said she was small, but everyone except John Wayne looks

Photo credit: Camera 5


Home Made CHILI

". . .There are seven of these special units now, and 90 percent of their arrests last year resulted in conviction . . ."

small at 71. Foster held a door for the woman as she lugged a shopping bag into the apartment-building lobby. Then he accepted more than her thanks. He grabbed her pocketbook and ran away. On 115th Street he bought his daily bread, the drugs that were the point of the whole exercise, and sailed away to Yonkers.

Because the cops in these special units are not assigned the huge case loads that other police officers are forced to grapple with, they can—and apparently do—get closer to the people they deal with. They routinely visit victims' homes, help them fill out mountains of forms, aid them in the mysteries of recovering stolen Social Security and senior citizens' discount-fare cards, even help them find housing in places that are not prisons. They lecture on crime prevention at clubs and centers for the aged.

At the 28th Precinct house, with Foster safe back in Yonkers, the cops had blue dots over a street map on the wall. Each dot represented a robbery against some old person, and most of the dots were clustered in the area between 110th and 125th streets. The dots just grew and grew in number, 24 new ones in the month of January alone, and that was the highest of any precinct in the city.

A certain macabre satisfaction, cop satisfaction, was taken in the descriptions that went along with the dots. Almost without exception: five feet nine or a little better, 160 to 175 pounds, a green jacket and dark-green ski cap. A picture was forming.

Detective Jerome Harvey of Manhattan North was visiting every elderly victim in the precinct. Most of them lived in single-room apartments in old brownstones and tacky high rises. Security, if it existed at all, was lax. He and his colleagues, Al Genova and Denis O'Sullivan, didn't do very well. Foster, as they were discovering, had no record in New York, and so no mug shots, and so no one could "make" him, even if they were inclined to, and the old people were notably uninterested.

Better than 90 percent of all arrests made last year by the special units resulted in convictions. In all, 10,000 complaints were lodged with the units and 651 arrests made. No one is quite sure why, but the number of complaints was down 26 percent from the previous year, and the drop may be directly attributable to the effective work of the special branch.

Breaks, breaks. You take the smartest detective in the world and give him a break—a fat piece of luck—and he'll solve the disappearance of Judge Crater. In the Foster case, two breaks came together: First was discovery, through hard work, of a "younger" victim, 54 years old (Harvey and his men had cleverly decided to talk with the less advanced in years, perhaps there to discover better memories, clearer eyes). He was a Postal Service worker and had been robbed twice by the same man—a man whose description was awfully close to the police impression of Foster.

Break number two: At 11:45 P.M. Friday, February 17, a cop collared a man for drug possession up in the 28th Precinct. The cop remembered Harvey's many trips around with his composite and his talk, and he said the man he had in tow fit pretty well. Harvey, Genova, and O'Sullivan went over, and sure enough the man—quiet to the point of sullenness—looked the part. They took some Polaroid pictures of him.

Harvey took his photograph back to break number one, the postal worker, and showed it to him—together with Polaroids of six other men. Without hesitation the postal worker pointed to the picture of Foster.

The federally funded Crime Prevention Program is not at all satisfied with what is available to elderly victims of crime in New York. What is most needed, believes Elaine M. Walsh, director, is guaranteed immediate financial relief to needy crime victims. (A Crime Victims Compensation Board does exist, but it is viewed by police and social workers alike as ineffective when it comes to the elderly.)

Harvey and his colleagues were back on the street at 8:30 the next morning, once more knocking on the doors of the elderly victims. Bingo. Foster's picture was pulled from the spread of photographs by nearly everyone. Now the officer had the tough job—tougher by far than the make—of holding the case together, realizing that from this point on great agony awaited the victims.

Victims fear reprisals if they agree to testify. The long trips to precinct houses are difficult and confusing. The trips to courtrooms can be longer and more traumatic. Who wants to sit all day in a stuffy oak room, maybe right across the aisle from a man who assaulted you, and wait and wait for the case to be called? Hardly anyone.

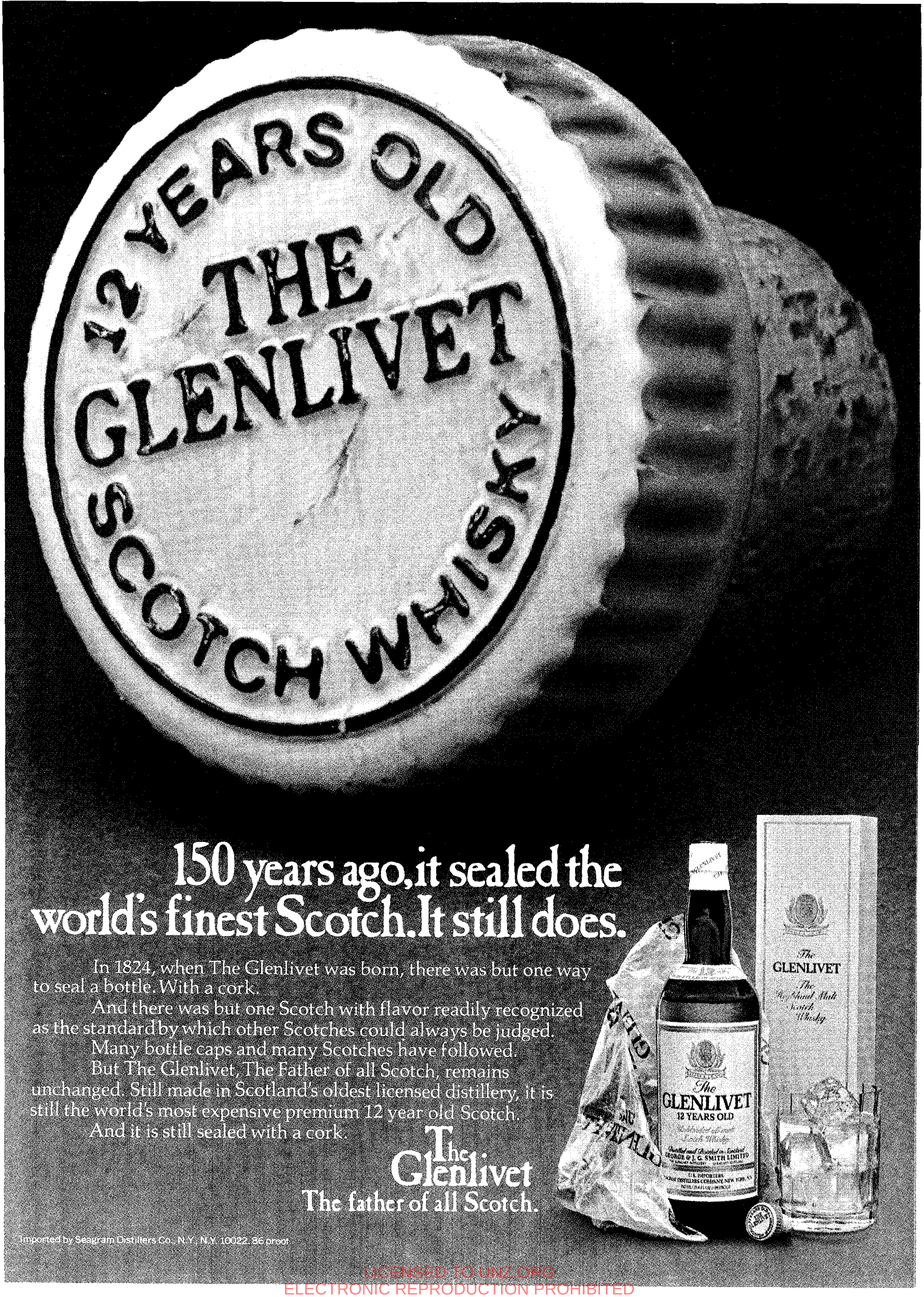
Someone. Fifteen people, in fact, responded to the entreaties of Harvey and his gang. Cops went out and picked each one of them up to go to the 24th Precinct house. It was a 2 P.M. screening. Soon they were filing slowly through the front doors of the station house, looking for all the world like a tour group to be shown the police chief's office or the remodeled cell block.

Right out of a movie. They were ushered into a room one wall of which was decorated with a mirror; you guessed it—one-way. And those old people looked through to a lineup that included Foster and six imitation bad guys who had been paid $5 apiece to stand there in ski caps. Of the fifteen victims, twelve made what the police like to call positive identifications of Foster.

A grand jury indicted Foster on ten counts of first-degree robbery, which could land him up to 25 years in prison on conviction. He has been arraigned and has pleaded not guilty to the charges, which are felonies. He could not make the $25,000 bail, and he was sent to Riker's Island to await trial; he is there today.

Foster is 24, hooked on a $70-a-day heroin habit. He hasn't said much to the police since his arrest, but Harvey and his fellow officers feel they can link him to at least 40 robberies and assaults in Harlem and Manhattan earlier this year. Foster has not been entirely silent: He has offered to own up to nine robberies (in which positive identifications have been made, police say), provided the cops do not go back any farther. No deal.

Director Walsh of the Crime Prevention Program says just catching criminals may be only part of the task. The toughest, she says, may be relieving the fears and frustrations that exist among a generation of city dwellers that has come to expect so little of its public guardians. "I hate getting involved in anything like this," said a 76-year-old man who was one of those who picked Fred Foster out of the police lineup. "But these people are taking really good care of us. I'm gonna sit down and write somebody a letter." ■



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Breaking the Rules

By Gael Greene

In which we applaud nonconformity . . . celebrate the iconoclastic cooks and brave compromisers who defy traditions of entertaining at home.

Here's to flouting tradition. You don't have to spend days in the kitchen putting together an impressive little dinner. Classic high standards of entertaining can paralyze. Soon cobwebs are gathering on your Spode dishes.

If you can't cook, give your friends parlor games and catered couscous. No dining room? Put the overflow of guests at tray tables in the bedroom. Not enough time? Serve dazzling hors d'oeuvre, then take everyone out to dinner. Deadlines pressing? If your children have mastered the art of French cooking, let them cook for the adults.

How about a backwards dinner? Rule-defying hostess Pat Emmet serves lime sorbet first, to clear the palate, then caviar with all the classic elaborations, including icy Russian vodka. "The food isn't 'serious,'" she says, "but when the food is 'serious,' no one talks about anything else. And I like conversation."

Champagne and chili. Black-tie dinners in Central Park. Wondrous soup ladled from the pot to guests seated around the kitchen table. Quail followed by quail followed by quail. A honeyed Sauternes with Roquefort.

Definitely, it's all right to let someone else do the cooking. When you are wowing 42 friends with carryout cassoulet or enchanting them with fresh-baked bread you didn't spend all morning kneading yourself, you'll exult . . . "I did it my way."

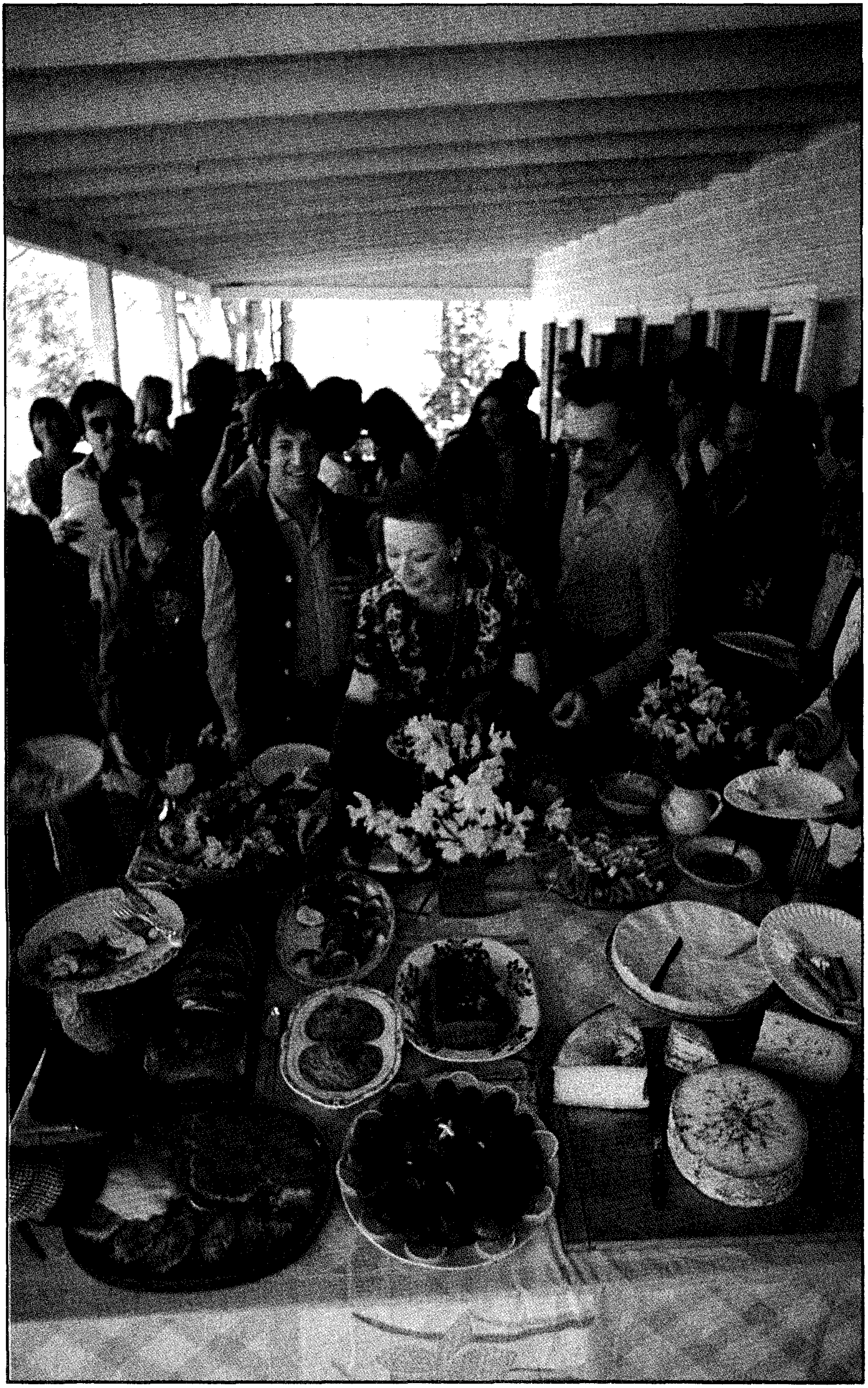
Leftovers for the Upper Crust

You need a certain arrogance—or innocence—to cavalierly feed leftovers to a gaggle of jet-setters, the spoiled wanderlings of old pedigree and new wealth passing through from Aspen and Rio en route to Cannes and Monte Carlo. But all those counts and dukes and movie stars are just Peppo Vanini's chums, after all, and Peppo knows that his saffron-scented risotto, haunting as it was on Saturday night, will be even better next day "al salto"—shaped into pancakes and browned in butter. (Spaghetti alla carbonara makes sublime pancakes too.)

Weekend guests can be a serious undertaking if you go by the old-fashioned rules. But Vanini and his two housemates wing it. Guests trek in and out of the sprawling old place atop a hill in Bedford, New York, and no one's sure just how many people will be around for dinner until the hungry gather in the large, old-fashioned kitchen to pitch in.

The guiding sensibility is housemate Ursula Dittrich von Szigethy's. "In Austria we live on leftovers," she confides. Dinner in the candlelit dining room one April Saturday begins with Peppo's risotto—creamy and rich with its dose of strong red wine and great clouds of Parmesan. Then, Ursula's stuffed chicken with mushrooms, chives, cream, and parsley tucked under its skin—to re-emerge as Sunday's croquettes Villeroi. The carrots and string beans that are left over will become a cream-enriched purée. And all the makings of Saturday's hot-fudge sundaes will be softened and swirled and layered between biscuits into a dessert called frozen "crème d'abstinence" because, Ursula explains, "the recipe calls for Marsala and we don't have any."

Twenty-five are invited to lunch on the veranda the next day. But it is a magic spring Sunday, and word has gotten around. Soon limousines litter the driveway. Chauffeurs yawn. A dozen Italians attack a soccer ball on the front lawn. Peppo's favorite cast of great beauties in $300 boots, and T-shirted movie stars with rhinestone-studded chiffon scarves flying, sun and giggle, sniff and sip. These are the trendy spirits who can proclaim Vanini's new discotheque, Xenon, at 124 West 43rd Street, the obligatory dance palace of the year. At Xenon he'll feed them lighting effects by the man who lit *Close Encounters*. Now he's feeding them pasta. Seventy-five hungry mouths quickly demolish leftovers for 25. To calm the ravening herd, a washtub of tortiglioni comes out of the kitchen; so do great bowls of everything-crunchy-in-the-refrigerator salad. Thank Ursula for the Sacher torte in the freezer, and thank whoever remembered to buy apple tart. A traditional gracious-weekend-in-the-country rule has been broken. And everyone seems happy.



Recycled risotto: *That's Peppo Vanini in the denim vest, and that's Ursula Dittrich von Szigethy reaching for the mozzarella on the veranda of the spacious weekend retreat they share with nonstop house-guests and an Italian duke. Twenty-five were invited for lunchtime leftovers, which had to be quickly fortified with pasta and crudités when 75 ravenous chums appeared. "You've heard of the loaves and the fishes," a guest marveled.*

Photographed by Dan Wynn

"Oh, my," says a guest, stammering slightly, "is this our dinner?"

Stalking the green: *"I cook as I please" is the theme of hostess Nika Hazelton (third from left), arm linked with husband Harold's as guests sip aperitifs. "Has anyone ever complained," someone ventures to ask, "about asparagus as a main course?"*

A Satiety of Asparagus

"Never in my life have I had enough asparagus," a friend of Nika Hazelton's once lamented. Inspired by the simplicity of that longing, Nika devised her asparagus dinner—an eccentric and passionate devotion to the crunch of spring that astonishes no one who knows the iconoclastic food, wine, and travel writer of the *National Review*. Now over 60, with about twenty successful cookbooks to her credit (*The Italian Regional Kitchen* is just out), Nika Hazelton makes her own rules. "I don't try to impress anybody," she says, "not even the cat."

She believes home cooks should not try to imitate restaurant complexity. Her dinners don't require constant jumping up from the table, and she loathes it when guests insist on helping clear things away. She serves a chicken-liver mousse with aperitifs, but absolutely no canapés: "I hate the thought of tiny hands fiddling with tiny pieces of this and that."

Everything but dessert is on the table when guests sit down. "I have simplified my life," she says. Once she did a sit-down dinner consisting of a double-strong beef consommé and seven desserts—"for friends with a passion for sweets . . . especially my husband, Harold."

Eight is the maximum at table for her asparagus dinner: "I can't peel and cook asparagus for more than eight." She has readied eighteen pounds for tonight's feast—peeling only the thickest stalks. There is a heady green sauce on the table—a purée of watercress, parsley, basil, anchovy paste, capers, lemon juice, and olive oil, with whole pignolia nuts—and a Flemish butter-and-egg sauce on the stove, ready to cook at the last minute. With the asparagus, a spicy wine. Tonight it's a Gewürztraminer. And a '70 Cos-d'Estournel with the cheese. She ends with desserts that go together, that won't run into each other on the plate, "desserts with flavors that are not mutually exclusive." They are an almond-and-brandy cake, a chocolate cake, strawberries sitting in a bed of sugar —"I learned that trick from someone who turned out to be an Arab spy"—and Mother Hazelton's lemon pudding, nestled in silver leaf, with candied violets. "It used to be gold leaf," says Nika, "but times are hard."

As the sun streaks into orange and mauve banners over New Jersey, the Hazeltons' guests sip wine. "Oh, my," says a guest, stammering slightly, "is this dinner?" Nika's eyebrow tells the story. Tonight, everyone will finally have enough asparagus.

Host Spector's party: coddled quail eggs, quail soup, quail in Madeira...

A Prevalence of Quail

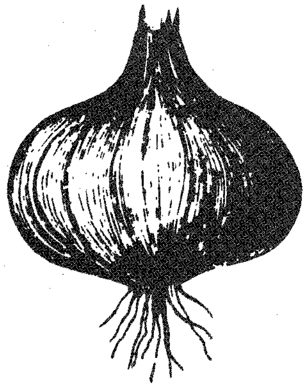
Of course Stephen Spector is dotty about quail. After all, the realtor–writer–art lover is the squire of Griggstown Quail Farms, and the New York chefs who buy his quail often drive to Griggstown, New Jersey, on Sundays for a cook's holiday in Spector's farm kitchen. But Spector's fantasy of an all-quail dinner cooked by eight great chefs is to come true at sunset one Sunday in his penthouse overlooking Central Park.

Claude Baills, brilliant ex-chef of the Palace, orchestrates the cookoff for the man who is backing Baills's new restaurant, Claude's, at 969 Lexington. There are sniffs of suspicion as the chefs meet, some for the first time. The classicists are astonished at the notions of the *nouvelle cuisine* disciples. Champagne flows. Egos clash in the tiny kitchen, but camaraderie triumphs as Seppi Renggli, chef of the Four Seasons, presents his favorite black iron skillet to Claude for the new restaurant.

Baills bathes rose-pink quail in champagne sauce studded with wild black trompettes de mort—truffle-scented mushrooms sent from France by his father. From quail-egg yolks he whisks a sabayon to pour over fresh fruit. The Waldorf's Arno Schmidt wraps quail in caul "baggies" to keep them moist, serving chanterelles, snow peas, and curried love tomatoes. Daniel Dunas of the Tavern on the Green does quail eggs à la hollandaise in pastry tarts. Claude Coutable of Le Premier glazes crayfish-mousse-stuffed birds with a Nantua-scented chaud-froid and nestles whole truffles in tiny brioche buns. George Colovic, chef-*patron* of the Residence, braises quail in Madeira and stuffs eggy-rich brioche with quail-liver mousse. The Four Seasons' Seppi frames eight coddled quail eggs in a wreath of sublime steak tartare and sautéed quail legs, first dipped in green mustard, then coated with pistachio crumbs and minced coriander. The bird's breasts are offered like jewels on teardrop croutons coated with liver mousse. La Folie's chef, Bernard Norget, stuffs half his birds with wild rice and applejack-drenched currants and nestles them in orange cups. The other half are stuffed with sweetbreads, truffles, and a whole quail egg, to be escorted by crayfish. Norget also makes voluptuous oeufs à la neige, veiled with spun sugar, from the quail eggs. Hungaria's young chef, Laszló Varga, does that country's traditional bridal soup with whole poached quail and quail eggs. His boss, George Lang, blesses the Dionysian tumult, as everyone tastes, with some ancient wisdom, culled from an old cookbook: "The heart of a male quail carried by a man, and of a female by a woman, causeth that no quarrel shall ever be betwixt them." Alas, no one has kept track of the 64 quail hearts dedicated to the evening's splendid megalomania.

Quailworks: *Host Stephen Spector toasts eight quail-fixated chefs and their dazzling feast. From left, Daniel Dunas (Tavern on the Green), Spector, Claude Baills (Claude's), Seppi Renggli (the Four Seasons), Claude Coutable (Le Premier), George Colovic (Residence), Bernard Norget (La Folie), Arno Schmidt (the Waldorf), Laszló Varga (Hungaria).*

Below, a sampler of recipes from the parties of our venturesome cooks.



Vanini's Risotto

3 pints chicken stock
2 ounces butter
1 medium onion, finely chopped
1 pound Italian Arborio rice
8 ounces heavy red wine (Barbero)
⅛ teaspoon powdered saffron
2 ounces butter
5 ounces grated imported Parmesan
(serves eight)

Bring stock to low simmer. In a large heavy casserole, melt 2 ounces of butter over medium heat. Cook onions until soft and golden. Add rice, stir, and cook a minute or two until grains become opaque. Add 1 pint simmering stock. Stir until the rice absorbs the liquid. Add second pint. When that is absorbed, add wine and third pint of simmering broth, always stirring and loosening the rice from the bottom of the pan. About five minutes before the last liquid is absorbed, add saffron. Then add butter and cheese, little by little, stirring. The risotto is done when the rice is tender but *al dente*—firm to the bite. If you are making risotto for the first time, you may want to add the last broth in small amounts so you don't drown the rice with excess liquid. The cooking should take about 20 to 25 minutes. When done, the risotto is creamy and bound together.

To make risotto pancakes, add an egg to leftover rice if you wish, or simply shape rice into five-inch flat cakes and sauté in butter, shaking the pan to keep the cake from sticking. Flip and brown on the other side.

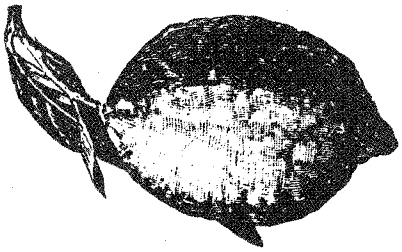
Uncooked Piquant Green Sauce

(From Nika Hazelton's *The Italian Regional Kitchen*)

2 cups parsley leaves without stems, tightly packed
or
1 cup parsley leaves and 1 cup watercress leaves, tightly packed
or
1 cup parsley leaves and 1 cup fresh basil leaves
2 tablespoons drained capers
1 tablespoon minced onion
1 garlic clove, minced
2 teaspoons anchovy paste or 2 fillets of anchovy, minced
1 hard-cooked egg, chopped
⅓ cup walnuts or pignolia nuts
¾ cup olive oil
Juice of 2 lemons
Salt
Freshly ground pepper
(serves six to eight)

Put all leaves into a bowl and pour boiling water over them. Let stand for two minutes. Drain well and squeeze dry with hands. (This removes the raw flavor.) Put leaves and all other ingredients into a food processor or blender. Anchovies may be salty, so go easy on the salt. Blend at low speed until thoroughly mixed. If too thick, add a little more olive oil, 1 tablespoon at a time. Serve cold but not heavily chilled.

Note: If you are using pignolia nuts, you may wish not to blend them in with the other ingredients but to add them to the blended sauce for a little texture contrast.

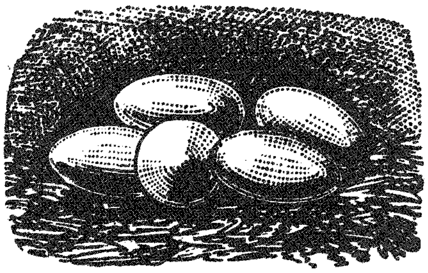


Mother Hazelton's Tart Lemon Pudding

(From Nika Hazelton's *I Cook as I Please*)

4 large eggs, separated
1 grated rind of large lemon
½ cup sugar (or to taste), preferably superfine sugar
⅔ cup fresh lemon juice
1 tablespoon (1 envelope) unflavored gelatin
¼ cup water
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
Candied violets, or fresh strawberries, or glaceéd mandarin slices for decoration
(serves six)

Beat the egg yolks until light. This must be done with an electric beater or in a mixer to achieve maximum volume. Beat in lemon rind. Beat in sugar, 2 tablespoons at a time. Beat for three more minutes. Beat in lemon juice. Sprinkle gelatin over water and stir to mix. Let stand a minute, then set over hot water to liquefy. Stir into egg mixture. Chill until just beginning to set. Fold in whipped cream. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold into cream. Turn into a serving dish and chill thoroughly until well set. Just before serving, decorate with candied violets, etc.



Quail Eggs Tartar

1 anchovy, finely chopped
1 teaspoon capers, finely chopped
1 tablespoon shallots, finely chopped
1 egg yolk
1½ tablespoons olive oil
½ teaspoon Dijon mustard
½ teaspoon salt
Freshly ground black pepper
1 tablespoon snipped chives
6 ounces chopped sirloin
3 slices white bread
12 very thin one-inch squares of mild-smoked bacon
12 fresh quail eggs
(serves six)

In a bowl, combine anchovy, capers, and shallots. Add egg yolk, olive oil, mustard, salt, pepper, chives, and sirloin. Using a fork, work mixture until well blended and smooth. Spread ¼-inch thick on one slice of bread. Punch out 1¾-inch rounds and cut out 1½-inch circles from the centers. Scrape the meat off the trimmings and use for the next slice of bread. Place a circle on top of each bacon slice and arrange side by side in a heavy skillet. Drop a fresh quail egg in the center of each and cook slowly until the whites are set but still quivering. The meat must not be allowed to change color. ▬

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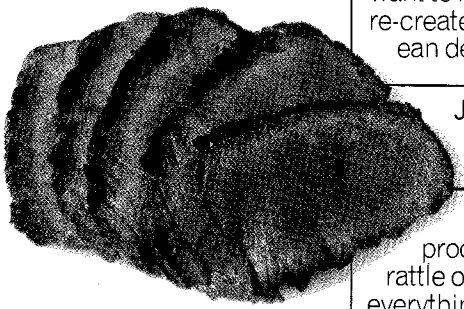

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The Cuisinart food processor won't shake, rattle or roll or sound as if everything inside is broken.

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The Cuisinart food processor doesn't make a mechanic out of you. You won't end up spending all your time "un-jamming" or "un-stalling" it. It's like having a kitchen staff that never gets sick.

HOW IT GOT THIS GOOD.

The model you see here is the direct descendant of 10 years of development on the industrial size Cuisinart food processor used in the finest restaurants of France (15 of 17 three star restaurants in the Guide Michelin use it today).

The Cuisinart food processor that you use in your home was created by a cook with an unusual fanaticism for doing things the right way. It is said—but only the "top cook" is allowed to say it—that Cuisinarts, Inc. was started by cooks, is operated by cooks and is mis-managed by cooks.

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1) Each machine that is so carefully made in France, upon arrival in the United States, is put through still another series of performance tests.

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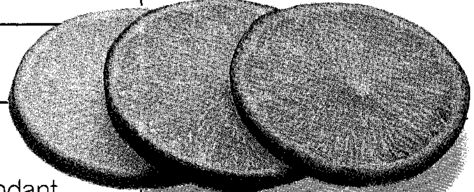
2) The "top cook" runs a pretty big business today. But consumers telephoning us are often astounded to find that they are sharing their new recipe with him, or getting his advice directly on how to make something better with their Cuisinart food processor. Pleasure before business, it seems.

FOR MORE INFORMATION.



Simply write Cuisinarts, Inc., 1 Barry Place, Stamford, Conn. 06902 and we'll send you more on what you and your Cuisinart food processor can accomplish together.

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WE HAVEN'T COMPROMISED. NEITHER SHOULD YOU.

"Ilie Nastase introduced us to white rum and tonic."

"One day when I was photographing a match for a tennis magazine, Ilie Nastase came over to say hello. He displayed his usual charm—and then proceeded to tell me how much he hated one of my pictures of him in a recent issue.

That night, in a spirit of atonement, Ilie took Bob and me out to a Japanese restaurant. Before dinner, he ordered Puerto Rican white rum and tonic, a drink we had never tried before. We were intrigued, so we ordered the same.

When Ilie is right, he's right. White rum and tonic were made for each other.

A Rumanian in a Japanese restaurant introducing two Americans to Puerto Rican white rum.

That's how we got on to a good thing."

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'Got Any Coulibiac Today?'

By Ruth Spear

These first-class takeout shops offer sophisticated, high-quality fare —the kind of food you yourself would prepare for your guests.

Until recently, "takeout food" usually meant deli, Chinese, or pizza, brought in as a break in the feeding schedule, eaten *en famille,* and never served to guests. But takeout now has taken on a new meaning. A large—and growing—number of shops in New York are ready, able, and eager to provide you, your family, and/or your guests with food that goes far beyond deli and the other easy eats. It's the kind you'd cook yourself—sophisticated, high-quality fare prepared by talented home cooks who have gone public. That's nice on several counts. First, *you* don't have to do all the preparation, which work has a way of leaving you less than glittering when the guests get there. Second, the rules of entertaining have relaxed to the extent that dinners do not in fact have to be *haute cuisine,* all-French, sit-down, or multi-course. They need only be well chosen and well prepared, and nobody cares much anymore whether you did it or it was the work of others. Isn't that relaxed? we ask you.

Les Trois Petits Cochons, at 17 East 13th Street (255-3844), was one of the city's first charcuteries—shops purveying quality cold cuts and pâtés, good salads, and easily reheatable cooked food as well—and it's still one of the best. The pâtés and terrines, ranging in price from $6 to $10 a pound, are absolutely first-rate.

The cold hors d'oeuvre salads here are commendable. Green beans vinaigrette, $3 a pound, have just the right degree of crunch and whisper of shallot. The salad of tender, plump, and briny mussels and potatoes in a light homemade mayonnaise—my favorite—is also $3 a pound. Other salad offerings include lemony grated carrot, tomato, and ratatouille. Stuffed escargots, six for $2.25, could be baked and served in your own snail dishes for a first course. Cooked artichokes, 90 cents to $1.10, the chokes already removed and inverted, await your vinaigrette. There is a good selection of French cheeses as well as delicious individual fresh fruit tarts for $1.50 each.

Hours: Monday through Friday 11 A.M. to 8 P.M., Saturdays 11 to 5.

Call Cuisine, 1073 First Avenue, near 58th Street (PL 2-7070), has been doing quality takeout food for eleven years. Each entrée, $6 per portion, is accompanied by a green salad (the tart vinaigrette kept separate), a roll, a vegetable, and a choice of nicely herbed noodles or rice. The menu centers on dishes that can be reheated without harm, such as a really good boeuf bourguignon with a rich cognac-flavored sauce, tender chunks of meat, and a good share of carrots and mushrooms, or tasty coq au vin, with smoky bacon overtones. Dinner orders placed until 8 P.M. are delivered in about an hour.

Desserts are too sweet and too expensive: $1.50 buys a Dixie-cup-size container of mousse, in cloying chocolate or runny raspberry. The mousseline fromage, $1.50, is much better, but the portion is also too small. The apple crisp, $1.50, isn't, and was oddly gluey.

Hours: Tuesday through Sunday 9:30 A.M. to 9 P.M.; orders for Monday will be delivered Sunday night. The charge for bicycle delivery in the neighborhood is 50 cents; beyond that, you pay the taxi charge.

The quality of the food at **Word of Mouth,** 147 East 72nd Street (734-9483), is no idle rumor—owners Eileen Weinberg and Christi Finch are in the shop day and night, keeping standards high. The Word of Mouth vegetable dishes are consistently better than those in any other takeout shop—or in most restaurants. Thick asparagus cooked to perfect firmness shine in a creamy vinaigrette, so delicious they are worth the $6 a pound that buys you ten or twelve. Baby Italian eggplant, $4 a pound, baked with oil and dill and splashed with vinegar, is good enough to be the main course of a meatless meal.

Rice salad—colorful with scallions, green and red pepper, and bits of ham—and ratatouille are each $4 a pound. The scallop salad—delicately poached slices of sea scallops bound with a tangy dill-flecked sauce—is a wonderful first course or luncheon main dish at $7.50 per pound.

Hot entrées include a tarragon-and-lemon-marinated chicken breast at $4.50 a portion, rolled in cheese and bread crumbs, and a pungent chicken curry (which could be a little less soupy), $5 a pint.

Main courses change daily and may also include beef goulash, lasagna, cannelloni, and chili. The moist home-baked ham—$7 a pound sliced, $5 a pound whole—is always available. Desserts include a variety of light and satisfying mousses, $1.60 per cup, and

Get the best tarragon chicken salad in town at Soho Charcuterie.

a wicked chocolate whiskey cake, $8 the seven-inch cake, $12 for an iced, heart-shaped version. Well-chosen cheeses in prime condition are always on hand, as well as three pâtés and some interesting breads. Note: Because hot entrées are prepared daily here (as in many of the shops in this article), and are often not available until four o'clock, it's wise to phone ahead to reserve your order.

Hours: Monday through Friday 10:30 A.M. to 7 P.M., Saturdays to 6 P.M.; Sundays noon to 4:30.

The food at **Montana Palace,** 962 Madison Avenue, near 76th Street (861-9178), is uneven. But try the mint-flavored spinach pie, $1.25; the lemony vitello tonnato, $10 a pound, a perfect summer entrée; the cold poached salmon with sour-cream sauce, $14 a pound; and the marvelous rhubarb pie, made fresh daily, $1.25 a generous portion.

Hours: Monday through Friday 10 A.M. to 8 P.M., Saturdays 11 to 7, Sundays 1 to 7.

Cooking teacher Annemarie Huste, who used to be Jacqueline Kennedy's chef, is one of the owners—and cooks —of **The Great Take-Out,** a spanking-fresh green-and-white shop at 1496 Second Avenue, at 78th Street (744-2956). The frozen dishes are well planned and executed, the prices high. The menu changes daily. Veal marengo, $5.50 per portion, was first-rate—thick with mushrooms, pearl onions, and tender cubes of veal, and with just the right tang of tomato. Each portion comes neatly done up in a foil container, and should be heated for 30 minutes in a 350-degree oven, rather than the recommended 20. Individual raspberry or lemon Grand Marnier soufflés, $1.50 each, were pronounced by my nine-year-old to be the best thing she'd ever eaten. The raspberry mousse, $1.50 per portion, was another elegant and satisfying dessert.

Hostesses who want to complete the impression of homemade food can have food serving a dozen or more prepared in their own cookware. Quantities of that size carry a discount of 10 percent, and delivery from 68th to 86th Street on the East Side is $1; elsewhere, round-trip cab fare.

Hours: Monday through Friday 1 to 9 P.M.; closed weekends in summer.

Pickings were slightly lean at **The Larder,** 1113 Madison Avenue, near 84th Street (737-4326), newest takeout food shop on the Upper East Side, but more items will be added in time to the small menu. At the moment the best dish is the superb Venetian chicken, a roasted whole small bird perfumed with rosemary and thyme and garnished with prunes and apricots, at $2.90 a pound (a bird averages $5 and can feed two). The eggplant tahini makes good hors d'oeuvre or a first course, but at $1.50 per quarter pound is barely enough for two and too expensive for what it is. There is a tasty couscous salad, with contrasts of feta cheese, lemon, and tomato, and there's good-quality prosciutto.

Hours: daily 9 A.M. to 8 P.M.

A walk through **The Big Kitchen** on the concourse of the World Trade Center is tempting indeed, and you can cart home some of the provocations from four takeout points. The racks of moist, meaty barbecued spareribs from the *Rotisserie,* $3.50 a pound, are about as good as any I've had anywhere. The country-baked beans, $2.65 a pound, are very tasty and un-tomatoey. Try the succulent barbecued pork, $2.95 a pound, and take home one of the beautiful fresh-roasted chickens, $1.89 a pound.

There are a number of salad accompaniments in the *Delicatessen,* the best two being a dilled cabbage slaw, $1.10 a pound, and marinated mushrooms, $3 a pound. Using saffron onions as a meat relish is a good idea, but the ones I had had been around too long, and the ratatouille was undercooked. However, the oil-cured black olives, 95 cents a half pound, are instantly addictive. The famous pike-and-spinach pâté of Windows on the World, sold here for $2.50 a half pound, doesn't quite make it without the sauce belle-aurore that accompanies it in the restaurant. Forget the vegetable pâté.

The goodies in the *Bakery* are all stunningly fresh and made without preservatives or additives. The lemony, mousselike whipped-cheese cake is a great buy at $5.50 for a seven-inch cake; so is the apple-almond torte at $5 for a nine-incher. The abundance and variety and quality of the Danish pastry and fresh breads and rolls put most other bakeries to shame. The prices are amazingly low considering the quality of the ingredients and the freshness of preparation.

Hours: Monday through Friday 11:30 A.M. to 7 P.M., Saturdays and Sundays to 5 P.M. Call 938-1153 for the Delicatessen and the Rotisserie, 938-1198 for the Bakery, to reserve your food and have it packed and ready for pickup.

Everything is so beautiful, so fresh, at the **Soho Charcuterie,** 195 Spring Street, at Sullivan (226-3545), that the choosing's not easy. There is plenty to rejoice over besides the top-quality cold cuts. Every day you can pick up a good variety of freshly made, delectable salads, pâtés, and heat-up dishes. Salads include crisp broccoli in a garlicky mayonnaise dressing, $4.60 a pound; a delicious, and unusual, cold salad of ham-stuffed tortellini spiked with flecks of celery, green pepper, and parsley and bound with a light-green mayonnaise, $5.60 a pound; a simply gorgeous salad of jumbo poached shrimp dressed in a chive-flecked mayonnaise, $14 a pound; and the best tarragon chicken salad anywhere, $8 a pound.

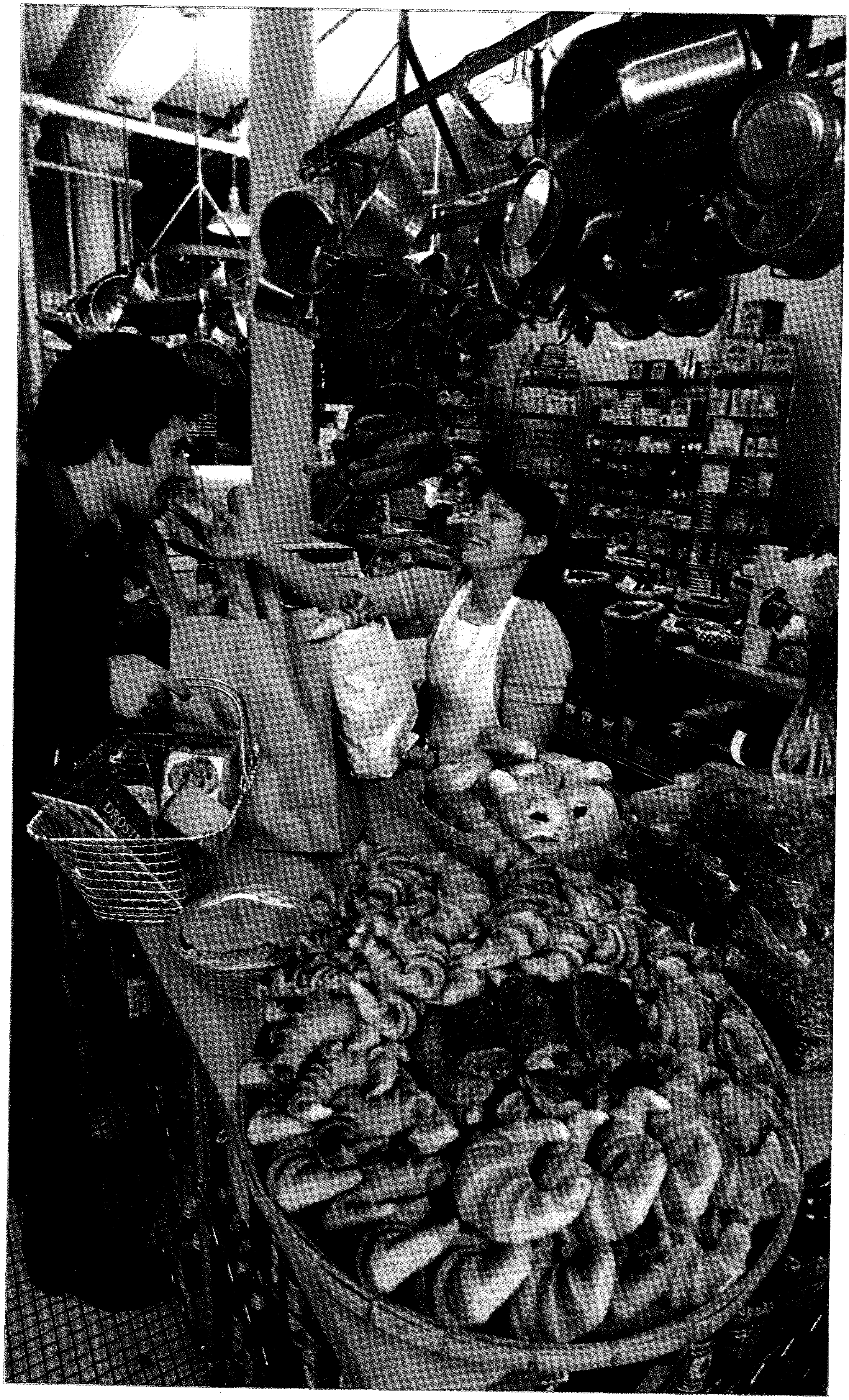
A knockout first course is the scallop mousse, $12 a pound. A pound feeds four, but you can buy as many slices of the loaf-shaped mousse as you need. It's wonderful eaten with the herb-flecked sauce Nantua served in the cheery little restaurant behind the shop. With the mousse you'll get the sauce ingredients and instructions for preparing it at home, $1 per portion.

Many more dishes are worthy of a trip to Spring Street: stuffed roast of veal, $9.50 a pound; pâté maison, $2 a quarter pound; coulibiac of bass or salmon, $6 a slice; whole stuffed loin of veal or whole coulibiac (order in advance); and deep, hearty quiches, $8.75.

Or go just to pick up a fabulous dessert: the baked orange-mousse cake, for instance—moist, light, covered in orange cream and garnished with fresh-skinned orange segments. The seven-inch size, $14, feeds six. Individual dacquoises are $1.75; the rich Doris cake—the eight-inch size feeds eight or ten—is $12. Chocolate lovers will be heartily satisfied with the baked chocolate-mousse shells filled with chocolate mousse and slathered with whipped cream, $2.50 (each one feeds two), and the wildly popular, super-rich chocolate "glob" cookies, 75 cents each. The perfectly poached pear in red wine, $1.50, has an unusual bite of whole black peppercorns.

Hours: Monday through Friday 10:30 A.M. to 9 P.M., Saturdays 10 to 10, Sundays 9 to 6.

A small, impeccable shop with a limited but well-chosen takeout menu is **Vermonti,** at 35A Jane Street, off Eighth Avenue (924-1572). Brother and sister Frank and Lydia Vermonti make some interesting things that seem to disappear as soon as they are put out. Do take, for example, their croissants, 75 cents, and fruit-laden sticky buns, 95



Treasure on Prince Street: *Germaine Peterson presides over the bounty of breads at Dean & DeLuca, 121 Prince Street. Appetizers from this shop can turn the most pedestrian meal into a feast.*

Photographed by Paul Elson

At Vermonti, excellent quiches with just the right amount of onion.

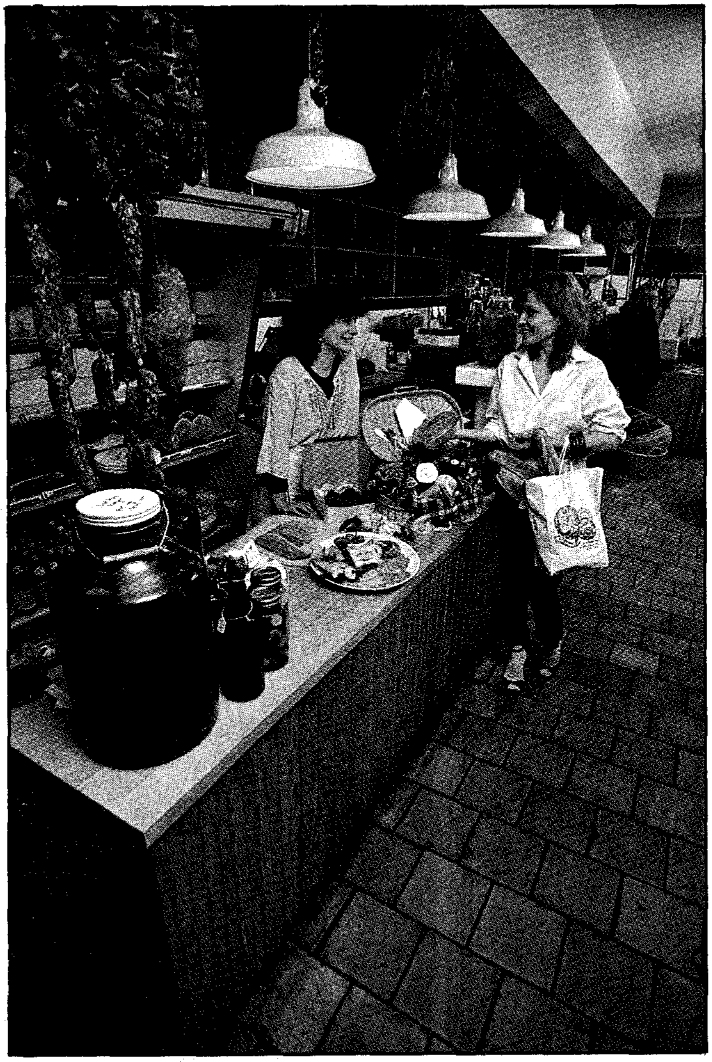
cents, made on Fridays and weekends.

Roast chickens—$5.95, serving two—are stuffed with a savory and unusual combination of rice, black beans, apples, and pears. The assorted-vegetable salad, $3 a half pound, or the mushroom salad, $2.40 a half pound, makes a nice accompaniment. The quiches are among the best I have ever eaten—chunks of prosciutto and mushroom, the right amount of onion, in a crisp, puff-pastelike shell, $4.95 for an eight-inch quiche. There are exquisite fresh-fruit tarts, 95 cents each, like strawberry or apple, on a bed of chopped-apple-and-pear-purée, instead of on the usual pastry cream.

Hours: Wednesday through Friday noon to 9 P.M., Saturdays and Sundays 9 to 9.

You'll want to buy everything in sight at **Dean & DeLuca,** 121 Prince Street, near Wooster (254-7774). Baskets of perfect apples, oranges, pears, and nuts nudge great wicker trays of freshly baked breads of every description. This shop specializes in meal accessories rather than entrées, but you could turn the most pedestrian meal into a feast by opening with the smoked trout, $6.50 a pound; smoked Scotch salmon, $16 a pound; the sweetbread-and-spinach pâté, $6.50 a pound; or the delicately flavored, esthetic pheasant pâté or galantine of capon, $14 a pound. Or the incredibly fresh, unsalty salmon roe, $4.50 a quarter pound.

D & D's homemade mayonnaise, at $1.90 a half pound, can add luster to a number of dishes. Delicious quiches, $7.50 for the nine-inch size, vary with seasonal availabilities. There are, for instance, leek and prosciutto, herb and onion, and broccoli. The super seafood quiche is $13.50. The staggering selection of cheeses includes some of the most unusual in town, like the royal Provence, $6 a pound, coated with the herb sarriette, enriched with crème fraîche, and soaked in olive oil, which you mop up with a crusty baguette. Or try the fresh chèvre with thyme, $3 a piece, roughly a half pound.



Bounty on Spring Street: *Jody Price (left) and Ruth Mailhot of the Soho Charcuterie, 195 Spring Street, with one of the shop's picnic baskets and some other top-quality edibles.*

Those in danger of O.D.-ing on desserts should stay away from this place. The tarts (banana, strawberry, apple, grape, blueberry in season), $9.50 to $11.50, look ceramic-perfect and are exquisitely delicious.

You can buy individual-size tarts for $1.50. The perfect cakes range from homey carrot, $2.75 a pound, to worldly Rigó Jancsi, 90 cents a portion. The walnut pie, $7.50, made on the pecan-pie principle, is fabulous.

Hours: Monday through Saturday 10 A.M. to 7 P.M., Sundays 10 to 6.

At **Tavola Calda da Alfredo,** 285 Bleecker Street, near Seventh Avenue (924-4789), all the pastas are homemade. If you're entertaining, serve one of the lasagnas—they're the most special. Lasagna carnevale, with its beef and four cheeses, is rich and filling; lasagna bolognese has a well-flavored meat sauce. Both are $4 a portion. The sauces come separately, with instructions for heating and finishing off in the oven.

Stuffed zucchini, $2.75 a portion, also heated at home and finished off with cheese under the broiler, makes a nice starter, as does the spinach frittata, $2.75. A generous portion of very good broccoli salad with anchovy dressing is $2.75. There's also fresh Italian bread and homemade cakes and pies.

Hours: daily except Wednesdays noon to 10:30 P.M.

Balducci, 424 Sixth Avenue, at 9th Street (673-2600), Greenwich Village's dazzling super food emporium, has a large takeout department of rather rustic food with which you can certainly feed guests adequately, if not impress them. As you might imagine, the food is Italian—cheery, uncomplicated, unsubtle, hearty. Everything tends to look as if it had been prepared by giants for a giant's consumption. For example, the mixed salad in garlic and oil, $3.79 a pound, had fresh, nicely blanched broccoli and carrots, but in such large pieces they hardly got a chance to marinate in the dressing. There is squid-and-shrimp salad, $5.99 a pound—not a bad first course or sum-

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Perfect meal starters at Pâté Vite.

mer lunch; a filling pizza rustica; quiches, $1.99 a portion; and a really good zucchini frittata, $3.99 a pound, nice for a picnic. There are lots of fried things like scallops, eggplant, and cauliflower (prices fluctuate) and a sweetish lasagna, $2.19 a portion, which may be ordered in a large size for 12 or 24 with a day's notice.

Miniature cannoli, with plain or chocolate filling, are $3.75 a pound (about 24). And, to feed six, $4.95 buys what for my money is the town's best cheesecake—Rachel Oliver's—an ethereal combination of cream cheese, eggs, sugar, and sour cream.

Hours: Monday through Saturday 7 A.M. to 9 P.M., Sundays 7 to 5.

From the menu of **The Silver Palate,** 274 Columbus Avenue, near 73rd Street (799-6340), you could put together a meal for almost any occasion. To accompany drinks, you might serve the salmon mousse—light and flavorful, with just the right amount of texture—$3.50 for a half pound. I preferred the spinach and country pâtés to the pâté maison, with the odd, intrusive taste of clove and currants.

Soups available at $2.50 a pint include a good vichyssoise, cream of broccoli, and carrot. Less appealing is the gazpacho, which is too thick and slightly bitter from too much green pepper. The ratatouille is about as well prepared as I've encountered—the zucchini and eggplant cooked to just the point where maximum flavor is developed without sacrificing texture or color, $4.50 a pound. Red-jacketed-new-potato salad is tossed with a savory sour-cream-and-mayonnaise dressing punctuated with scallions and parsley and is $3 a pound.

Among the entrées, the tender boned roast loin of pork stuffed with fruit is superb—a half or a whole would make an elegant dinner offering, $10 a pound. Delicate yet filling boned breast of chicken stuffed with ricotta and spinach was beautiful in its butter-lemon sauce, needing only a bit of salt and pepper for perfection, $7.50 a pound. A moussaka, nicely laced with eggplant and topped by a thin, light Béchamel, is $3.50 for a hefty portion; a quite good chili (I could do without the olives), well spiced and with a scattering of juicy red beans, is $4 a pound.

Hours: Monday through Saturday 10 A.M. to 8:30 P.M., Sundays 11 to 6:30.

At 178 Atlantic Avenue near Court Street in Brooklyn is the smart little **Pâté Vite** restaurant (624-8852), where Cordon Bleu–trained Fred Rothberg and Stephen Connell have on hand a small selection of the superb food they whip up for lunch and dinner. The excellent watercress soup, $4.50 a quart (which serves four), is a perfect meal starter, as is the unusually good pork-liver pâté, $8 a pound. Strips of roasted duck, marinated in a parsleyed vinaigrette, make a hearty, delicious cold main course, $8 a pound, as does the cold tarragon chicken made of perfectly poached breast meat, $8 a pound. A salad of whole mushrooms in a coriander-scented vinaigrette, or green beans vinaigrette, is $4 a pound. The quiches are irresistible, good to the last crumb of the whisper-thin, buttery pâte brisée, $10 for a nine-incher. Desserts include not one but three great chocolate cakes, each $10, one glazed with almonds, another marvelous with orangy undertones. Starting in the fall, all Pâté Vite's dishes will be sold in a takeout shop called the Commissary in a renovated landmark firehouse nearby on Pacific Street.

Hours: Wednesday through Monday 9 A.M. to 7 P.M. ▬

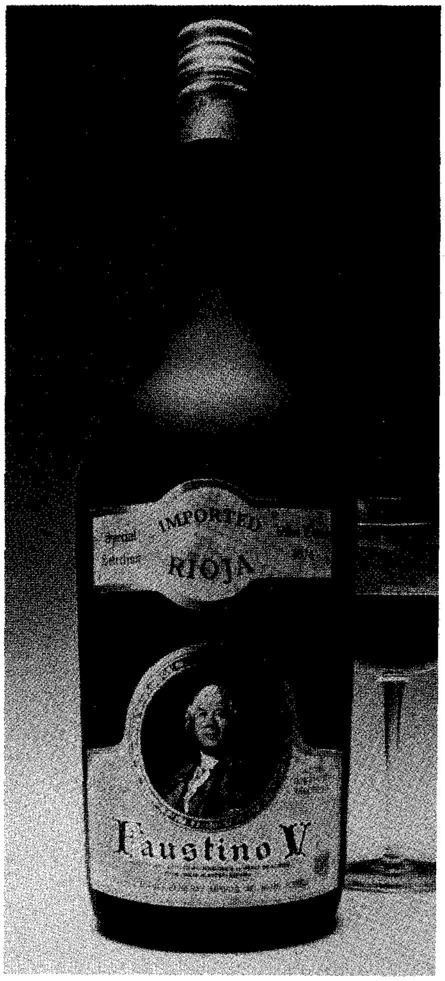
Getting the Food Home

You don't even have to carry your purchases home from the food shop yourself; A la Cart will do it for you. This shopping service will deliver canapés and salads from Old Denmark, cold cold cuts and wursts from Schaller & Weber, smoked salmon from Russ & Daughters, breads from Orwasher's, pastries from Dumas, cheese from Ideal, desserts and cheese from Dean & DeLuca. For large orders from most of these and other shops with which they have a working arrangement, there's a $5 service charge; from other sources, $5 plus 20 percent of the bill.

I ordered a personalized birthday cake and other baked goods from the World Trade Center's Big Kitchen; A la Cart delivered them on the appointed day, well before the deadline I'd set. I happily gave a check for my order ($11.20) plus the delivery charge—$2.25 plus $5. Round-trip taxis would have cost me at least that $7.25.

For advice on party arrangements, and to order a pickup, call 535-1945. A la Cart will close May 31 and reopen September 15.—**R.S.**

the Rioja grande



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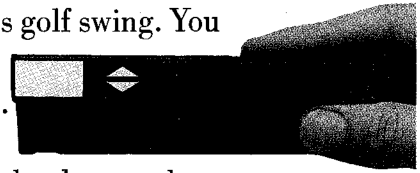

2. When your movie is finished (and you'll be delighted to see how many sequences you can shoot in 2½ minutes), drop the cassette into your Polavision player.

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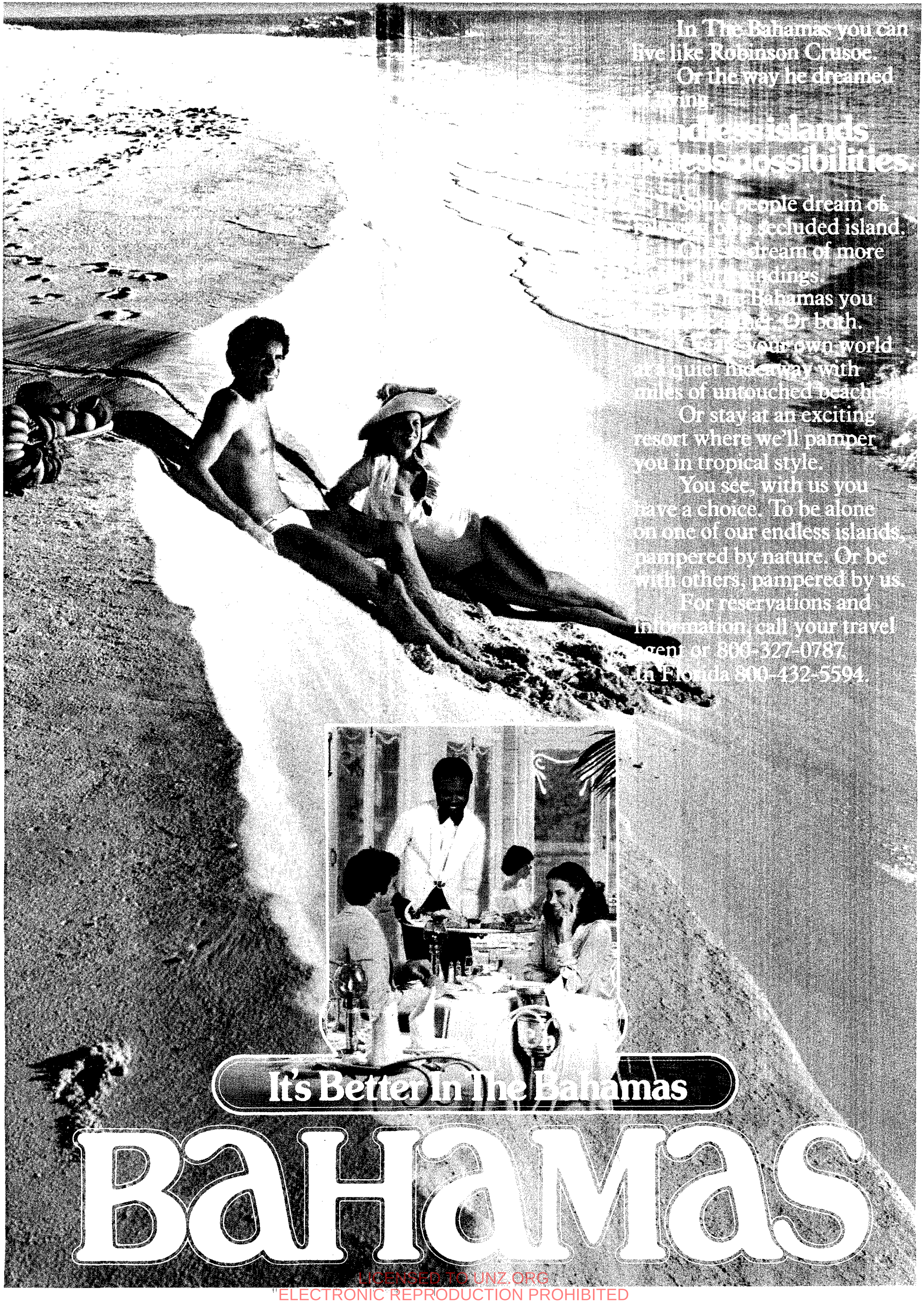

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The Oysters of Summer

By Florence Fabricant

It's not necessary to wait for the months with an "r" in them. Oysters—the elegant, high-protein fast food—can be enjoyed all year round.

Epicures, dieters, and hopeful lechers begin the month of May by regretting the end of the oyster season. Mistakenly. The tradition of eating oysters only in the months with an "r" in them is merely a carry-over from the days before refrigeration and oyster farming. Nowadays, oysters—the elegant, high-protein fast food—are cultivated and can be enjoyed all year round.

But although technology has extended the season for oysters, the harvests are not as abundant as they used to be. At the turn of the century, oyster bars, which got some of their supply from the East River, were on nearly every corner, and the Fulton Fish Market sold more than 50,000 oysters a day. By the 1950s, however, pollution, storms, predation, and overfishing had drastically cut down the local crop of *Crassostrea virginica.* Such famous midtown hangouts as Billy the Oysterman and Dick the Oysterman finally closed their doors.

Luckily the cavernous Oyster Bar at Grand Central Terminal managed to escape the same fate. It still thrives today, serving quick shellfish feasts to busy commuters. And raw bars have been opening up all over town, some within sight of the water, some tucked away in vast office complexes.

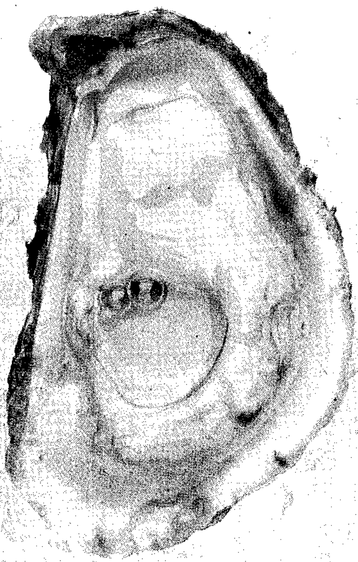
All serve littlenecks or cherrystones, designations for small and medium-size hard-shell clams (the biggest are called quahogs or chowders). As a survey of seafood bars showed, that labeling practice is highly inconsistent—a littleneck in one place could very well be a cherrystone at another.

Oysters are supposed to be named according to their place of origin, but Long Island oysters that come from Long Island Sound are often labeled "bluepoint." The waters of Blue Point in Great South Bay, on the opposite side of the island, actually supply most of our clams.

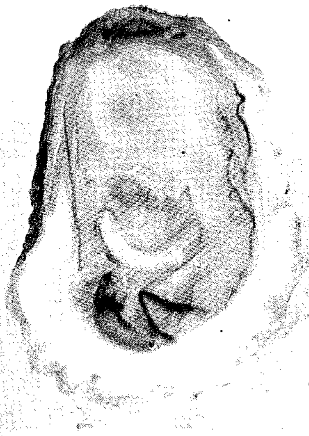
All the sources and suppliers of Long Island shellfish are licensed and monitored by the state Department of Environmental Conservation. Bruce MacMillan, its supervisor of marine environmental control, assured us that there was no danger in eating the local product. "Our regulations and procedures are extremely conservative," he said. "I'm not aware of any outbreaks of any type in this area—especially hepatitis A, attributable to shellfish—in the past ten years." And Dr. John Marr, director of the Bureau of Preventable Diseases of the New York City Department of Health, commented that raw shellfish "doesn't even seem to be a minor source of hepatitis A." I consider myself to be walking proof of that.

Clams and oysters must be kept unopened and chilled, at about 40 degrees, and should be served as soon as they have been shucked. Although you won't suffer any ill effects from shellfish that have been opened in advance, you won't find them as juicy as they are at their freshest. Some shuckers automatically rinse the meat, washing away much of the flavor along with any stray bits of shell. This mindless practice makes assorted spices and condiments a requirement where only a splash of lemon should suffice.

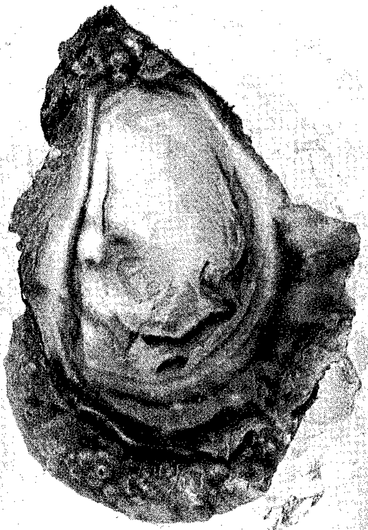
Not only its history sets the **Grand Central Oyster Bar & Restaurant** (established 1912), 42nd Street and Vanderbilt Avenue (532-3888), apart. On any given day, this mecca for the connoisseur sells at least five varieties (35 cents to 85 cents apiece), and eight is not unusual. Diminutive Apalachicolas, massive box oysters, some rich Chesapeake Bay and Virginia types, others from Cape Cod, plus Malpeques, Louisianas, and even occasional Belons from Maine are expertly opened to order, left unrinsed, and served on ice. Order one of each, and if you need more than contour or the sweet or salty flavor to tell them apart, the patient counterman will identify them. Blushing, meaty cherrystones and littlenecks are always on



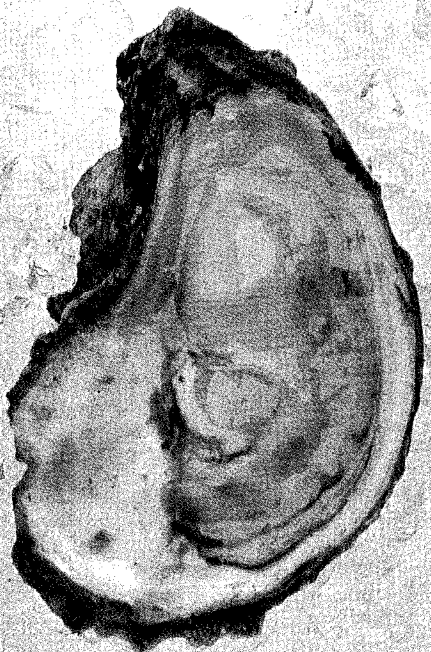
Connecticut blue



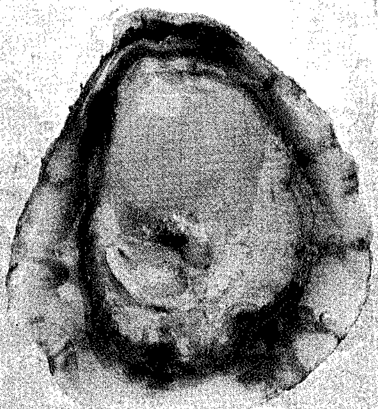
Wellfleet
(Massachusetts)



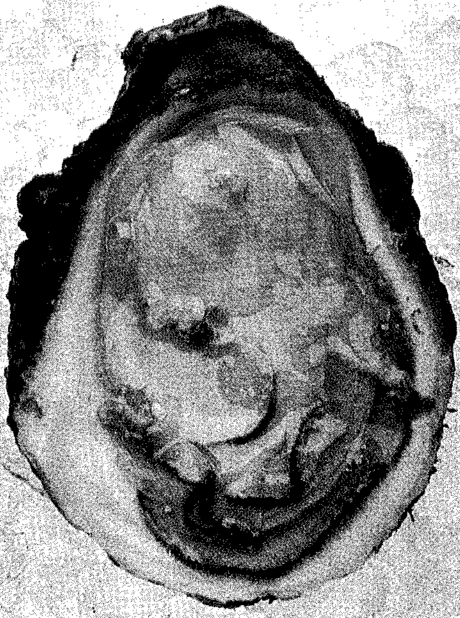
Apalachicola
(Florida)



Bastian Bay
(Louisiana)



Absecon
(New Jersey)



Box oyster
(Long Island)

Don't rinse after shucking—you wash away flavor with bits of shell.

hand. Take a stool at the original marble counter, or if you are in a hurry, stand on the duckboards at the outside window. The Grand Central Oyster Bar & Restaurant is open Monday through Friday from 11:30 A.M. to 9:30 P.M. (the window to 6:30 P.M.). All major credit cards accepted.

The **Oyster Bar at the Plaza,** Fifth Avenue and 59th Street (PL 9-3000), is decorated in the style of the Diamond Jim Brady era. A luxurious three-sided copper counter is centered in a room of dark paneling, marine-blue leather, and opalescent etched glass. Unfortunately, the Plaza reflects the millionaire's love of money better than his love of mollusks: The oysters and clams may have been opened earlier at an adjacent service bar with an incongruous luncheonette backdrop of melons, tomatoes, and heads of lettuce on ice. The shellfish, though also bedded on ice, are far from glacial. I found the bluepoints infinitely more flavorful than the large but badly faded Cape Cods. They need the array of sauces served here. Cherrystones and littlenecks are $3.95 for six (oysters are $4.25), and orders of three are accepted. The Oyster Bar at the Plaza serves from 11:30 A.M. to 1 A.M. every day except Sunday. All major credit cards.

Set off by the gleaming white tiles of Nature's Pantry, the **Seafood Market & Raw Bar** (938-1100, ext. 7243) is one of the splendors of the noontime mass feed in the World Trade Center. The tiny five-foot raw bar offers juicy Cotuit oysters, tangy littlenecks, and rosy cherrystones, shucked to order by the piece (35 cents to 45 cents each). Open from 11:30 A.M. to 4 P.M. every day. No credit cards.

The adjacent **Market Dining Rooms & Bar,** World Trade Center Concourse (938-1155), has similar shellfish but keeps more liberal hours. The setting is softened with glowing brass, warm oak, subdued lighting, and blue checked cloths. Waitresses are in no hurry, but patience will yield freshly opened, bright littlenecks, topnecks (large littlenecks or small cherrystones, depending on your point of view), and sensational icy Cotuit oysters nestled on beds of damp seaweed, a classy touch. Open 11:30 A.M. to 2:30 P.M. Monday through Friday, and 5 to 10:30 P.M. every day except Sunday. All major credit cards.

Installing an oyster bar in the Citicorp Center would have been great if the management had known how to go about it. Naked bluepoints and cherrystones at the **Oyster Bar,** 153 East 53rd Street (838-1133), languish on the ice waiting to be plopped onto paper plates, but you can plead for a freshly opened order, unrinsed. Clams and oysters are 35 cents apiece to eat standing at a counter or seated at tiny Formica-top tables in a rope-encrusted setting. The Oyster Bar is open from 9:30 A.M. to 8 P.M. every day. No credit cards.

At **Fay & Allen's Catch of the Sea,** 1240 Third Avenue, near 72nd Street (249-0020), the pristine, airy shrimp bar serves littlenecks as well ($3.95 for six). They are opened in the kitchen but are cold and briny-fresh. Open Sunday through Thursday from noon to 10:30 P.M., Fridays and Saturdays till 11 P.M. All major credit cards.

For the honesty of a fish-market-cum-clam-bar, try the retail store of the **Fulton Fish Market,** at 18 Fulton Street (483-8391), the best of the several no-frills fish-market bars I visited. Patrons here order clams and oysters by anachronistic *dozens* ($3 for clams, $3.50 for oysters), sucking them right off the shells without the benefit of picks or forks. The shellfish opened on the spot and served on squares of Styrofoam here are limited to *little* littlenecks, in-between topnecks, respectable cherrystones, and plump bluepoint oysters, all properly iced and tasting of the sea. Lunch is a friendly mob scene that eats and runs, so it's worth waiting for a space at the counter. Open 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. Monday through Friday. No credit cards.

Across the street in the **New Fulton Market,** 199 Front Street (349-7174), an indoor crafts bazaar, good clams and oysters ($2.75 and $3.75 a dozen, respectively) are shucked at the clam bar for customers, who may sit at picnic tables or stand. It is another lunchtime madhouse without the unvarnished marketplace atmosphere of the retail store. Open 11 A.M. to 5 P.M. every day. No credit cards.

The "clam bars" of Little Italy are bustling, informal restaurants that serve various Neapolitan cooked specialties at tables and raw clams at a counter. Unlike its notorious neighbor, Umberto's, **Vincent's Clam Bar,** 119 Mott Street (CA 6-8133), does not boast its name embedded in bronze in the sidewalk, nor does it serve oysters that taste slightly stale. In fact, Vincent's doesn't bother with raw oysters at all, only littlenecks ($3.25 a dozen) that are freshly opened, briny, and first-rate. Open noon to 3 A.M. every day. No credit cards.

One of the anticipated pleasures of this assignment was the chance to revisit **Lundy's,** Ocean and Emmons avenues, Brooklyn (646-9879), the gigantic seafood mausoleum at Sheepshead Bay in Brooklyn. Its clam bar stretches for half a block, with mountains of oysters and clams tangled in seaweed piled behind it, in the dim light filtering through a stained-glass memorial to the brothers Lundy. But the service is almost as slow at this endless counter as at the hundreds of tables beyond, and the oysters tasted as if they also had had a long wait. The immaculate clams had a rich, salty bite and the cherrystones would pass as littlenecks elsewhere. All are $2.50 the half dozen. Open noon to 10 P.M. Tuesday through Thursday; open till midnight Fridays and Saturdays, and until 11 P.M. Sundays. Closed Mondays. No credit cards.

About a block to the east, Little Italy and Sheepshead Bay meet at **Randazzo's Clam Bar,** 2121 Emmons Avenue, Brooklyn (646-9325), where you may down succulent cherrystones or littlenecks, freshly shucked, at a window, counter, or table. The littlenecks and cherrystones are $1.50 for six (a 25-cent surcharge for table service). Open noon to 1 A.M. Sunday through Thursday, noon to 3 A.M. Fridays and Saturdays. No credit cards.

The best oysters on the Brooklyn shore may be found in, of all places, Coney Island. The high-volume business at **Nathan's,** Surf and Stillwell avenues, Coney Island (CO 6-3161), assures freshness, and the oysters, although they're rinsed off, are plump and sweet. Nathan's clams are immense in their class, making the cherrystones quite a mouthful. Oysters are $1.95 and clams $1.50 a half dozen on the half shell. Open 8 A.M. until the wee hours every day. No credit cards.

Up at the mouth of Long Island Sound, City Island offers a number of clam bars in a nautical setting. The **Reef** (clams only), 2 City Island Avenue (885-2086), is a giant, breezy fast-food operation. The clams are salty, freshly opened morsels (by the half dozen; cherrystones and littlenecks are $2). Open noon to 2 A.M. every day. No credit cards.

Across the street, **Duryea's–on–Long Island Sound,** 1 City Island Avenue (885-9708), has oysters, clams, and the most inept shucker in the metropolitan area, who mutilates some quite edible bluepoints. Clams (cherrystones or littlenecks) are $1.75 for six; oysters, $2. Open noon to 1 A.M. every day from April through October. No credit cards. ■

Photographed by Frank Spinelli

The Ultimate à la Carte

By Pat McNees

Elegant takeout indeed: rainbow trout from Windows on the World, pâté from the Four Seasons, raspberry mousse from Périgord Park…

The trouble with food sophistication is that guests don't believe in telling the polite lie anymore. They aren't content to murmur "delicious" and let it go at that. They have to tell you you went too far with the vinegar or not far enough with the chervil. That's just one reason why I'm delighted that when I want to have a show-off party, I have at my command the services of New York's finest chefs, who are paid to please finicky eaters.

Just about any restaurant in town will deliver a meal to a good customer who is sick or in the hospital; what's surprising is the number of first-rate restaurants that will provide take-home food for more festive occasions. All you have to do is make a polite phone call in advance (usually 24 hours ahead) and take your own dishes in which to carry the food home. I tried this recently when I co-hosted a very special party for which my friends and I had less than a day to prepare.

We started the dinner with a smooth and sophisticated pâté from **The Four Seasons,** 99 East 52nd Street (754-9494), which at $20* for a two-pound loaf was not a bad buy. It serves six to eight dinner guests or, as a buffet dish, many more. In the spring, the restaurant's pâté is made of veal and ham; in the summer, from sweetbreads; in the fall (when the price will go up to $24), galantine of duck; in the winter, a pâté of game birds. There is a surcharge of $10 for truffles which I would not pay again.

We had prepared our own roast beef, but we wanted to make an impression with the desserts, and we had neither the time nor the inclination to bake. Accordingly, we bought the Four Seasons' chocolate velvet cake, $25, a rich, fudgelike confection which serves at least sixteen people and would make an excellent birthday cake. And, since this was a dessert-loving crowd, we also came home with two of the desserts available for "export" from **Windows on the World** (not from the shop downstairs, but from the concierge on the 107th floor of the World Trade Center; 938-1111, ext. 255).

Mocha mousse praline, $5 a quart, would be better as a solo finish to a sit-down dinner than as part of an orgy of sweets. Ah, but the golden lemon tart! A perfectly beautiful, light, tangy dessert which lingers in the memory, provoking cravings, and which is, at $7.50 for a nine-inch pie that serves six or more, surely one of the takeout bargains of *haute cuisine.* It's a pastry shell filled with two layers of whipped cream and lemon pastry cream, the bottom layer of filling blended with crushed macaroons, the top layer covered with tissue-thin slices of lemon dipped in heated apricot glaze. As one guest said on hearing the recipe: "I'd rather take than make one."

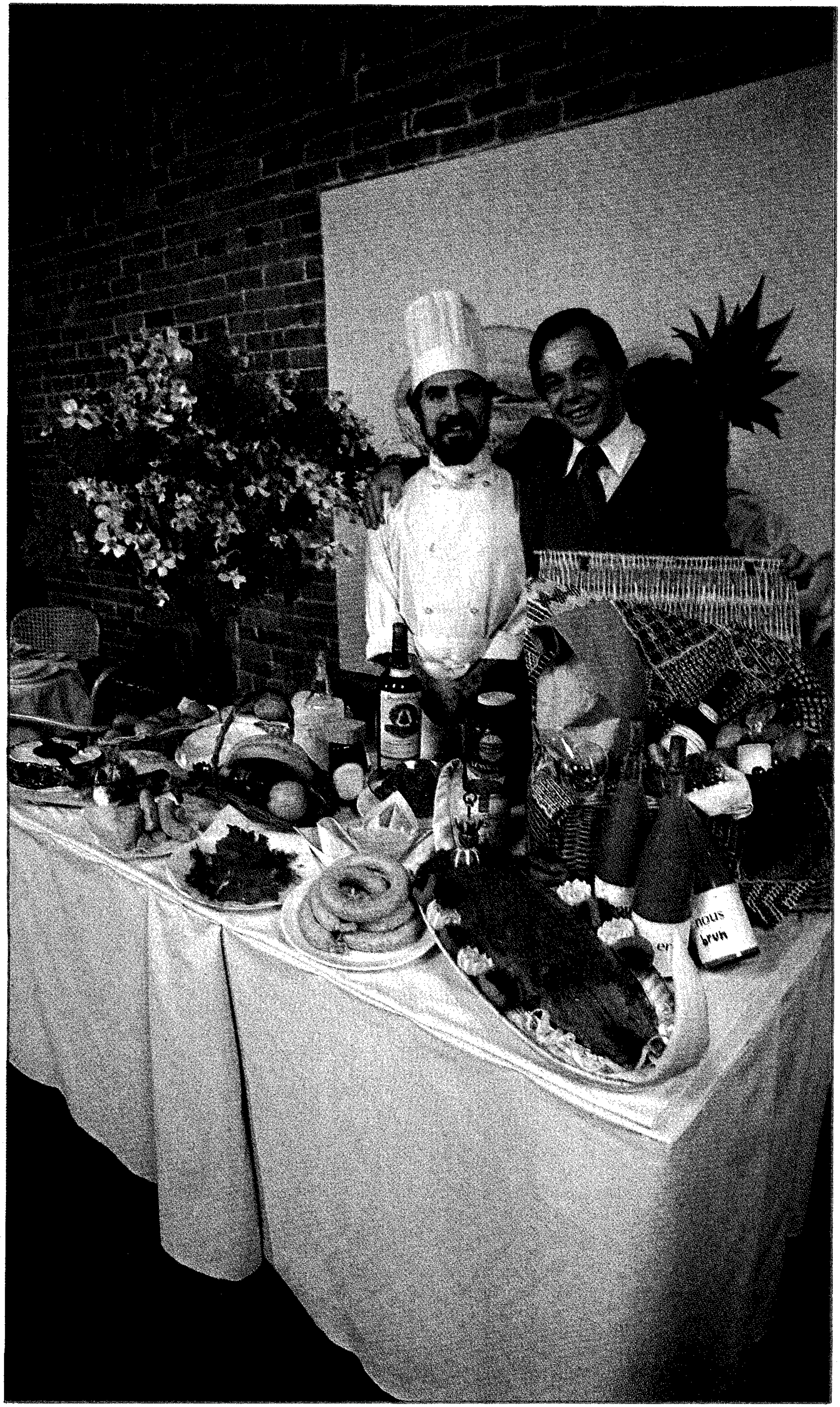
This was a theme repeated throughout the dinners I have hosted lately, dinners in which my only responsibility was simply getting the food home. In fact, I think I may have hit upon the perfect entertainment solution: Invite your friends to dinner at their house.

One of my friends has two special assets: a good wine cellar and a dishwasher. Co-hosting a party at that place was a pleasure. I called **Le Périgord Park,** 575 Park Avenue, at 63rd Street (752-0050), four days ahead and ordered a cold poached striped bass with rémoulade sauce (a fancy green mayonnaise the restaurant does very well) and the raspberry mousse, a refreshing and pretty dessert. On my way to dinner I picked up the food.

What I paid may seem high, but consider. In a fish store, a ten-pound fish (the size of our bass) would cost roughly $40. The whole prepared fish from Périgord Park was $50, but it fed eight generously and there were leftovers for lunch and for the cat. Bass is one of those simple dishes that Périgord has perfected—it is fresh, moist, and perfectly cooked—and the raspberry mousse ($15 for enough to feed ten) was a nice, though unassertive, finish.

There are several ways to approach extravagant takeouts. You may want to surround a main-course dish like roast capon with special carry-home appetizers and desserts, or you may want to bring home a *pièce de résistance* which you can back up with home-cooked side dishes. We chose to do the latter one splendid evening when the occasion was special enough to persuade several of us to lay out $80 for a bass en croûte prepared by Paul Steindler, chef and owner of **Paul's,** an exquisite new brownstone restaurant at 313 East 58th Street (752-9199). Mind you, I would like to eat at the restaurant itself, but the prix fixe is $28.50 a person. So the take-home bass, at $80 for a dish that served ten, seemed a nice way to dip my toe into the water. (Order it 48 hours in advance.) And I gasped when I picked up the fish. The baked pastry crust was a detailed sculpture of a real fish, the kind of showpiece it took gluttonous curiosity to cut into.

**This price includes tax; for the other dishes in this article, add 8 percent sales tax. But there's no tipping!*



Stock photo: *At Entre Nous, 396 Third Avenue, at 29th Street, chef Joseph Aguilar and co-owner Bernard Roy present specialties of the house that are available for takeout: andouillettes des Halles (sausage), fresh salmon gravlax, and, best of all, three bottles of the beef stock that chef Aguilar spends 24 hours preparing.*

Photographed by Paul Elson

Oh, how envious the glances at our picnic from Café des Artistes!

And this is one en croûte dish that lived up to its appearance. Inside the crust was a whole bass wrapped in crepes and stuffed with a sweet, succulent mousse of scallops, studded with tiny strips of lobster. If money is no object, try it tomorrow. If money is an object, have it for a special occasion, but have it. Paul will also cook a less awesome but fresh-tasting and "scoopable" terrine of potted salmon, an elegantly simple dish that's good for days. I found it slightly boring, but my guests loved it. It costs $50 and will serve ten.

Why, you might ask, would anyone buy takeout food from a restaurant with a view like **Windows on the World**'s? For one thing, eating certain dishes from a restaurant may be cheaper than eating meals there; and some of the dishes Windows sells represent outstanding values. For economy and pleasure, I suggest you go to the Hors d'Oeuvrerie on the 107th floor for drinks and to catch the sunset, then pick up food to bring home, where you can change into something more comfortable. One night a friend and I dined sumptuously in my fourth-floor apartment on a selection of appetizers, the best of which were a generous and imaginative sushi and sashimi platter, $5 for two; a duck pâté with an orange-ring center, $3.50 a portion; fresh corn-and-crab soup, which we gobbled down, $2.25 a portion; escargots with garlic butter, served in pasta shells, worth $4.50 for the idea alone; and taramasalata, a velvety version of the Greek fish-roe "dip," served with pita bread, $3.50. A $25 feast.

On another night we focused on Windows' fish-en-croûte dishes, sold wrapped in pastry and ready to bake. The rainbow trout in pastry, $12.50 for an individually wrapped portion, was bland one night and superb another. The coulibiac, a fancy salmon pie, $25 for four, was more interesting as a concept than as a dish I would seek out, but many people love it, and it's a nice showpiece dish that many will be happy to serve without having the labor of putting it together.

Let's face it: There are some things it is easier for restaurants to do than for us, so why not let them? A perfect example is stock. You've seen recipes that say, "Add 2 cups of basic stock; see page 48," where you learn that basic stock takes about 24 hours to make. I have a secret. Twice a week the chef at **Entre Nous**—a pretty little French restaurant at 396 Third Avenue, at 29th Street (679-0828)—makes ten gallons of stock. The ingredients don't cost much. Time and a big pot are the secrets to making stock. The chef takes veal bones, beef shanks, and marrow bones and browns them in the oven for six to eight hours. Then he puts them into a stockpot, flames them with brandy, adds onions, cloves, a bouquet garni, water (and no salt), and cooks this mixture for sixteen hours. This is fun to do once, but I was happy to learn that on 48 hours' notice, co-owner Bernard Roy will sell a quart of this stock for $3.50. He gives it to you in a corked bottle, and when you get home you can transfer it to freezer containers, reduce it to a demi-glace or a glace de viande, or use it as a base for another sauce or soup. A quart will make marchand du vin sauce for eight steaks, or be the base for consommé for four.

Entre Nous also makes its own andouillettes, subtly flavored tripe sausages which are very hard to come by in this country, $2.50 for a two-ounce portion. With two of these and a bottle of stock in hand, I stopped at the Palm Restaurant to buy a raw steak, curious to know if it would taste better than the one I buy in my neighborhood (it did, and it should have, at $14.50 for eighteen ounces; Peter Luger's in Brooklyn will sell you raw steak for $6.75 a pound; Broadway Joe's discourages such sales because home broilers are not hot enough to cook aged steaks properly—but that's another story). After pan-frying the steak, I combined butter, scallions, mushrooms, and a third of the stock, all of which reduced to a rich and sopworthy sauce for the steak.

Some restaurants don't require advance notice for takeout, and some provide containers that are suitable for popping into a warm oven. There are two big advantages to last-minute pickups in places like these: They are open long after takeout shops and grocery stores have closed for the day, and unlike those stores, they usually take credit cards.

Raga, at 57 West 48th Street (PL 7-3450), is one of these. When my friend Jeanne called recently to ask when I could meet her new man, I said instantly, "Tonight." Then I rang up several friends we wanted to see and alerted Raga that I was on my way to pick up some food. Entrées at this elegant Indian restaurant run about $6 each and feature many tandoori dishes—largely chicken and lamb, marinated in yogurt and spices, then barbecued inside a fat clay oven called a tandoor. This gives them a unique and completely addictive flavor which even curry haters like, and which I have tried without success to re-create in my oven. Tandoori food travels well, tastes pretty good lukewarm, and takes kindly to reheating if you don't overdo it.

I got home with about $35 worth of food to serve eight adults and two kids minutes before my guests arrived with their contribution—the drinks—and we had a party which I was free to enjoy because I didn't have to fuss in the kitchen, and which my daughter could enjoy because I hadn't left her with a baby-sitter. There are times like this when it is nice to be able to remove your shoes, look at old photos, make as much noise as you like, and yet fall in love with a dish like Raga's murg tikke makhani, boneless pieces of chicken cooked tandoori style and served in a sauce of butter, green spices, and tomato, $6. And how satisfying to have the restaurant's leftover mango chutney in my refrigerator instead of in its trash can.

If you're "eating in" at work, you can do far, far better than a tuna sandwich. Try a tiffin (lunch) box from **Gaylord,** 50 East 58th Street (759-1710). For $2.95, in Box A, you'll get a piece of tandoori chicken, a spiced vegetable dish, rice and peas, and a pastry. Since one may choose from the regular menu, my own fantasy is to carry home a whole tandoori chicken, $7.25, with a little of the fluffy bread nan, $1.25, and simply gorge myself. Be sure to ask for napkins and utensils when you order any of the lunch boxes mentioned in this article.

At **Hungaria,** George Lang's restaurant in the Citicorp Center Market, 54th Street and Third Avenue (755-6088), you can buy a boxed selection of three tasty sausages, headcheese, and pâté for $7.50, and on your way out buy a fresh loaf of bread at Au Bon Pain right across the mall.

With foresight and rather a lot of cash, you can have one of those elegant picnics so often imagined and so seldom realized. Late one Sunday morning my friend and I threw on dungarees and hied ourselves to the **Café des Artistes,** 1 West 67th Street (TR 7-3500), a neighborhood hangout for some pretty well-to-do hangers-out. We had given the Café a day's notice. We brought along our own basket and utensils, as requested. And oh, what envious looks we got as we spread out our meal in Central

Park! "I am actually embarrassed to tell people we are doing this," said my contented companion. "It's decadent." When we got the bill, we found out *how* decadent. For a basket that was supposed to feed two, but would feed three, we paid $60.21, tax included.

We started with crudités and a sour-cream dip, $4.50 for two, and moved on to brioche and to three slices of warm and satisfying saucisse en croûte, $10 for two. We paid $2.75 (!) for a beefsteak tomato and $13.50 for two portions of smoked leg of lamb, which I had never heard of and which I beg someone to make widely available at a lower price. Entrecôte au poivre, which was about half entrecôte and half poivre, cost $9 for one, and wine-marinated eel, which was mildly curried, was a bargain at $5 but slightly awkward eating at a picnic. The chef-Andre pâté with gherkins, $6 for two, was fine, and meaty—studded with walnuts, which worked very nicely. A carrot cake, $5 for two, disappeared so quickly we barely had time to spot the flecks of carrot in what must have been pure sugar. (This, it turned out, was an extra-special picnic from the Café—the typical basket for two, containing smaller portions of the same food, would cost $38.50. Or you can put together a combination of your favorite dishes from the Café's menu—at varying prices.)

The Flight Basket at **Colombe d'Or,** 134 East 26th Street (689-0666), could transform an economy seat on a plane into first-class. It comes in two of those long boxes mushrooms are sold in, tied together, and if you add wine and glasses, it will make for a perfect picnic. Included in one basket: a tomato stuffed with lobster meat, mussels, tuna, and oyster; a portion of a pleasant cold bass with green mayonnaise; a portion of excellent tapenade; two pieces of cold roasted chicken; a slab of good chèvre; a generous portion of bread and butter; a pear; and a slice of chocolate layer cake that looked droopy but satisfied our sweet tooth. It's a rich assortment, $25, and plenty to satisfy two diners, though there's only one portion of each dish. The Flight Basket must be picked up between 3 P.M. and 6 P.M.

Home-served dishes from well-known restaurants provide a kind of high that is one part novelty, one part name dropping, and one part indulgence. Fancy is fun—and yet, fancy is not the only point. Less expensive restaurants are even more likely to let you take home one of your favorite dishes, with adequate notice. The principle is always the same: saving yourself the work, and getting a pro to do it. ▬

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When to Be a Maverick About Wine

By Alexis Bespaloff

Even the most experienced wine drinkers will sometimes break the rules: red instead of white, chilled instead of at room temperature.

Last year, at a gala dinner given at a Bordeaux château and attended by more than a hundred people, a 1962 red Bordeaux was followed by a 1966. Serving a young red wine after an older one is simply not done in Bordeaux, and the main topic of conversation the next day, not only among those who were present but also among those who heard about the event, was what prompted the host to break this rule.

On another occasion, the director of a major champagne firm confided that when he drinks champagne during the summer, he doesn't hesitate to put ice cubes in his glass. And just recently one of the most famous chefs in France told me that he often recommends a red Bordeaux, such as St.-Emilion, with almost any seafood dish on his menu, including oysters.

Obviously, even the most experienced wine drinkers sometimes break the rules. Yet these rules do exist. They have evolved through trial and error, and are meant to enhance, not inhibit, the enjoyment of wine. Some rules are perfectly sensible: Wine bottles should be stored on their side to keep the cork from drying out, which might allow air to enter the bottle and spoil the wine; the foil capsule on a bottle of wine should be cut below the lip, so that when the wine is poured, it doesn't come into contact with lead. Some rules have to be adapted to fit the situation: Red wines should be served at room temperature, but room temperature in a Caribbean restaurant whose windows

Photographed by Frank Spinelli

are open to the night air might be 90 degrees, hardly ideal for a fine red.

Here are some of the most frequently repeated wine rules, along with comments about their relevance in various situations.

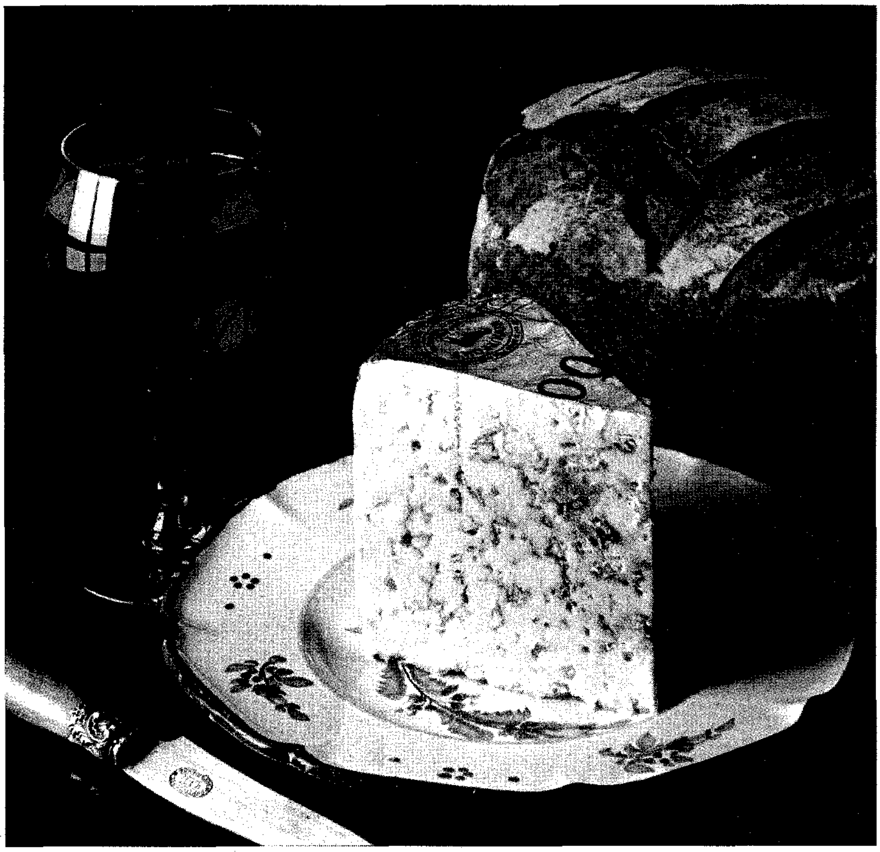
Red With Meat, White With Fish and Fowl

Most people choose red or white wine primarily on the basis of whether they are serving meat or fish. Yet, wine and food combinations should be approached with some flexibility, and there is ample precedent for unusual pairings. In Alsace and along Germany's Rhine and Moselle rivers, for example, where almost no red wines are produced, even the heartiest foods—including goose, venison, and boar—are likely to be accompanied by white wines. This is making a virtue of necessity, perhaps, and in Burgundy, Italy, and California, where both red and white wines are made in abundance, wine drinkers follow more traditional guidelines. These are based on the observation that full-flavored meats, such as beef and lamb, will overwhelm white wines and are best complemented by the positive flavor of reds. Conversely, vigorous reds may overwhelm delicate white meats and fowl. The taste and texture of fish are balanced by the refreshing qualities of chilled white wines. The variations on these basic themes are considerable, however. Roast chicken can be accompanied by either red or white wine. Many would automatically choose white, but connoisseurs recognize that the delicacy of the dish makes it an ideal accompaniment to mature and subtle red wines.

As for fish, there are some dishes prepared with red wine—trout poached in Beaujolais, lampreys cooked in St.-Emilion, salmon à la bourguignonne—that are meant to be accompanied by the same wine. What's more, a number of France's top chefs now encourage their customers to drink light red wines with many fish dishes. Nevertheless, the particular flavor of fish makes some red wines taste slightly metallic or bitter, and while red wines may be acceptable with certain fish dishes, I'm not certain that red wine is actually enhanced by fish. Red wine with fish is a combination that you can easily try for yourself, however, and you probably should before offering it to guests.

Serve the Best Wine Last

This is a variation of the traditional rule of "young before old." It assumes, of course, a somewhat elaborate meal at which two or more red wines will be served and that it's anticlimactic to



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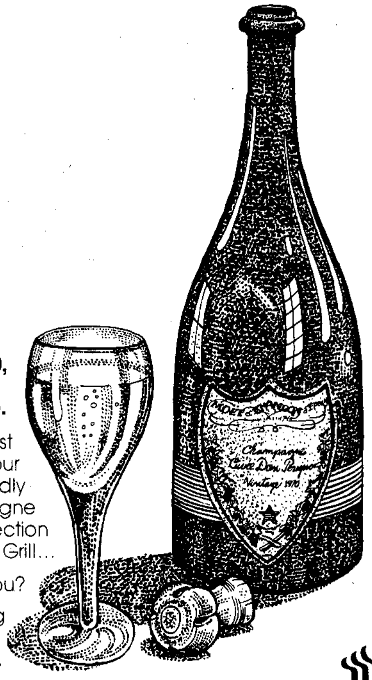

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end with a lesser wine. If both wines come from the same region—St.-Emilion or the Côte de Nuits, for example—it's natural to progress from younger wines to older, more interesting and complex wines.

It does seem to me, however, that at a convivial dinner party, a delicate, older wine served after a succession of wines is likely not to get the attention it deserves. This view was recently echoed by a restaurateur who has had a great deal of experience arranging wine-focused dinners. He insists that since the main course is the most important dish of the meal, it should be accompanied by the best wine.

Now, you cannot follow a fine wine with a cheap carafe wine or a lesser vintage of the wine that's just been served. You can, however, choose a totally different kind of wine. If the best wine is a fine red Bordeaux or Burgundy, continue with a big Northern Italian red, such as Barolo or Spanna, an intense California Zinfandel, or a full-flavored Rhône wine. Rather than being anticlimactic, a well-chosen but vigorous wine will draw attention to itself in a way that a fragile old wine cannot. Another possibility, of course, is to go directly to a sweet white wine such as Sauternes or to serve a chilled Asti Spumante, surprisingly appealing at the end of a summer meal.

Cheese and Wine Make a Perfect Marriage

I know that cheese makes many wines taste better, and a meal of wine, bread, and cheese can be very satisfying. Cheese has a particularly beneficial effect on young red wines, because the protein in the cheese softens the bitter, astringent tannin in young wine (just as the protein in milk softens the tannin in a cup of strong tea). Consequently, cheese sets off a robust wine very well, but it may overwhelm the subtle properties of an older wine.

There are almost as many cheeses to choose from as there are wines, and it's certainly possible to work out some combinations with comparatively mild cheeses that might complement even older and more delicate red wines. As often as not, however, cheese—hard or soft, pungent or creamy—seems to me to overwhelm the senses, and therefore to diminish the flavor of fine wines. This is another reason why a meal that includes a cheese tray before (or instead of) dessert might end with a young, vigorous wine, rather than an older, finer one. Another possibility is to serve white wine with cheese. Certainly a pungent cheese such as Roquefort, which overwhelms most red wines, intensifies the flavor of a sweet white

As often as not, cheese diminishes the flavor of fine wines.

wine such as Sauternes or Barsac. And many people have discovered that tangy goat cheeses are nicely set off by a chilled bottle of a flavorful dry white such as Sancerre or Pouilly-Fumé.

White Wines Should Be Drunk Young; Red Wines Improve With Age

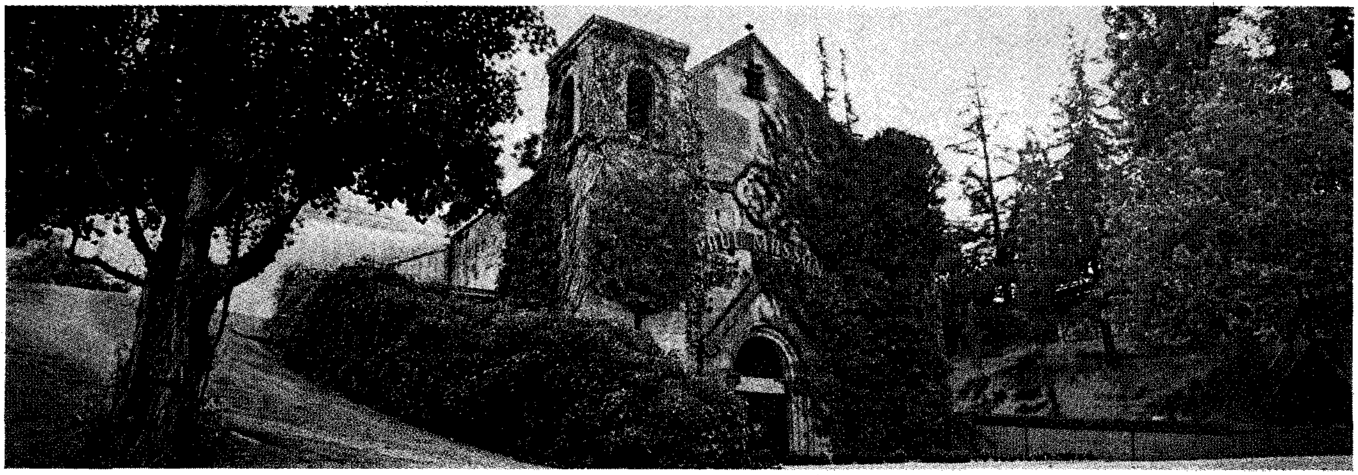
Most white wines are at their best within two or three years of the vintage. Their delicacy, freshness, and youthful charm suffer from too much bottle age, and it's likely that many inexpensive and delightful whites are not drunk soon enough. Fine dry whites, on the other hand, such as white Burgundies and California Chardonnays, and such sweet whites as Sauternes and German Auslese and Beerenauslese actually improve with three or four years of bottle age, sometimes more. Good dry whites acquire body, complexity, and character; sweet wines, which are generally longer-lived than dry ones, lose their initial lusciousness and take on intensity, concentration, and depth. Although many delicate white wines are not drunk soon enough, it's certain that many fine white wines are drunk before they are fully developed.

Reds, on the other hand, are generally longer-lived, especially those with tannin, such as red Bordeaux and California Cabernet Sauvignon. In fact, the best reds are usually drunk too soon. Nevertheless, many reds should be consumed young, and it's a mistake to think that older is automatically better. Only fine wines that are also big, vigorous, and tannic when young are likely to benefit from bottle age.

Red Wines Should Be Uncorked for an Hour to Let Them Breathe

A year ago, *New York* published an article in which I described the results of informal experiments designed to determine whether or not red wines benefit from breathing—that is, from exposure to air. Most wine drinkers take it for granted that if a red wine is uncorked an hour or so before being served, the wine will taste better and its bouquet will "open up." My conclusions were that uncorking a wine for an hour did absolutely nothing to help it, and that greater exposure to air, by decanting the wine, for example, was likely to diminish its qualities. I suggested that it was safer and easier to simply open and pour red wines without any advance preparation.

That article created a certain amount of controversy, since it challenged the most cherished belief of wine buffs—that you must open a red wine ahead of time, and that a good wine always improves with exposure to air. It's true that if a red or white wine has developed off-odors, some aeration may dissipate these odors. Apart from that, and after additional experimentation, I still feel certain that there's nothing much to be gained by letting a wine breathe. Even if there were, common sense suggests that uncorking a bottle is the least effective way to achieve aeration. If you look at the surface of wine exposed to air in the neck of a bottle in relation to the total volume of wine and compare that to the surface-volume ratio of wine when three or four ounces are poured into a glass, it seems obvious that a few minutes in the glass (especially if the wine is swirled once or twice) would be considerably more effective than, say, two hours in an uncorked bottle. If you insist on letting



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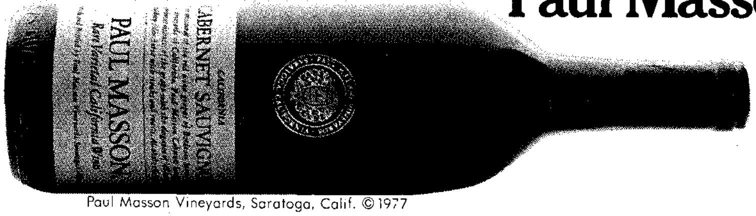

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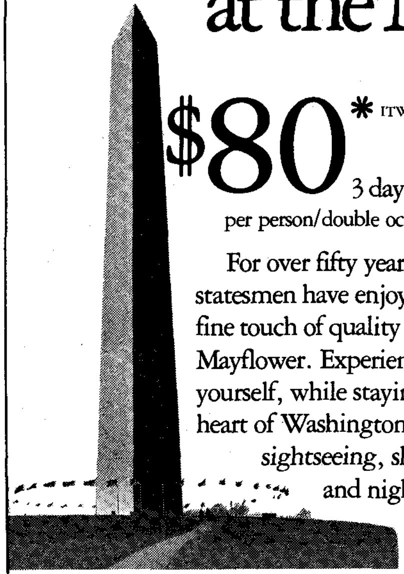

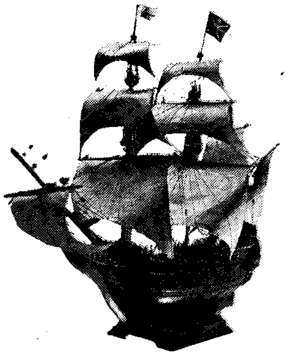

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a wine breathe, either pour it into a decanter or carafe so that all of the wine is aerated, or pour the wine into large wineglasses some time before you intend to drink it so that a greater surface of wine is exposed to the air.

What surprised me most about the people who disagreed with my article was that so few of them bothered to experiment on their own, as I had suggested. Anyone who plans to serve two bottles of the same red wine for dinner can easily compare a bottle that's uncorked and decanted an hour ahead of time with one simply uncorked and poured. I think it's best to just open and pour wines and let the effects of aeration (if there are any) take place in the glass.

Decant Red Wines With Sediment

I'm a firm believer in this rule, and I'm astonished at the number of wine enthusiasts who are prepared to serve old, expensive red wines without bothering to decant them. Sediment is a combination of tannin and coloring matter, which is why older red wines are softer in taste and lighter in color. Sediment is harmless, but it is unattractive and gives wine a bitter taste, and there is no reason to diminish a fine wine by pouring out the sediment with the wine. Assuming the bottle has been resting in a wine rack, stand it up an hour or two before you want to decant it (which, if you agree with my views about breathing, should be just before you intend to serve it).

To decant a wine, simply pour it in one even motion into any clean container, while leaving the sediment behind. Decanting over a candle is traditional, but unnecessary, as you are likely to warm up the wine and may burn your fingers as well. It makes more sense to stand a flashlight up on a counter and decant over it, letting the light shine through the shoulder of the bottle. Pour slowly but steadily and when you see the sediment begin to flow toward the neck of the bottle, stop.

It's disappointing, and something of a waste, to drink a fine old wine that's cloudy with sediment. That's why it's usually a mistake to order old wines in restaurants. Few are prepared to decant a wine for you, and even if they do, it's only useful if the wine has been resting so that the sediment has settled.

Some Rules About Temperature, Glasses, and All-Purpose Wines

There are a few rules concerning the service of wines which make sense but which are occasionally exaggerated. For example, white wines and rosés are chilled because it makes them more refreshing and they taste better. Nevertheless, many white wines are served too cold, especially in restaurants, where the bottle sits in an ice bucket. Excessive cold will dull the flavor of any white wine—useful to those who serve cheap wines, but a waste if you're drinking a fine wine.

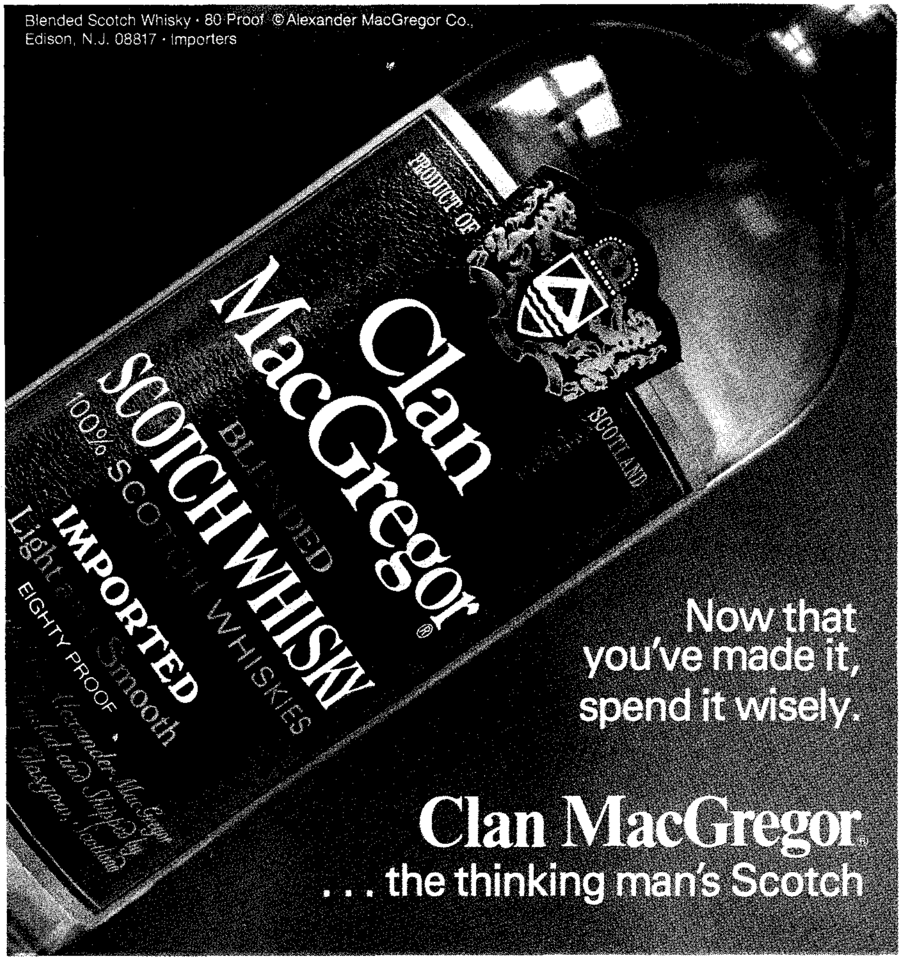
Red wines are served at room temperature because they are usually more complex than whites, and their nuances are likely to be deadened by cold. Exceptions are such light-bodied reds as Beaujolais, Bardolino, and California Burgundy, which actually gain liveliness when cooled to 60 degrees or so. If whites are often served too cold, it's certain that many reds are served too warm. In an uncomfortably warm restaurant, an overheated dining room, or outdoors on a sunny day, red wines are likely to taste flabby, and fine wines often lose the balance, definition, and finesse that make them special.

Few people these days feel obliged to serve each type of wine in a differently shaped glass. All-purpose wineglasses with a capacity of nine ounces or more are readily available. However, if you enjoy serving two wines at a time—from two adjoining Bordeaux châteaux, for example—it makes sense to use a differently shaped glass for each wine, to avoid any confusion.

Just as there are all-purpose glasses, so there are wines that are thought to be appropriate throughout a meal. Champagne and rosé, it's often said, go with everything. Champagne is certainly the most festive of wines and livens up any dinner party. Nevertheless, it is, after all, a dry, slightly acid white wine and is not particularly suited to beef, rich dishes, or cheese, for example. Champagne is considered the perfect aperitif, however. As one French gastronome said to me, "Champagne prefers an uncluttered palate."

A chilled rosé is attractive on a warm day or with a casual meal, and there is now a much greater range of well-made rosés available, especially from California. All too often, however, rosé is not a choice but a compromise. Given the number of distinctive red and white wines around, why not try a full-flavored white or a light-bodied red, both of which can be served as cool as a rosé?

It's too easy, I think, to claim that whatever someone likes is therefore right. Wine rules are meant to give the most pleasure to the most people, and since wine is usually a shared pleasure, other people's tastes must be taken into account. An awareness of traditional guidelines combined with a willingness to adapt them will result in a greater enjoyment of wine. ▬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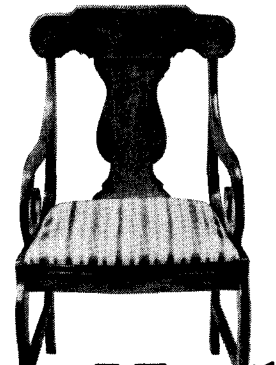

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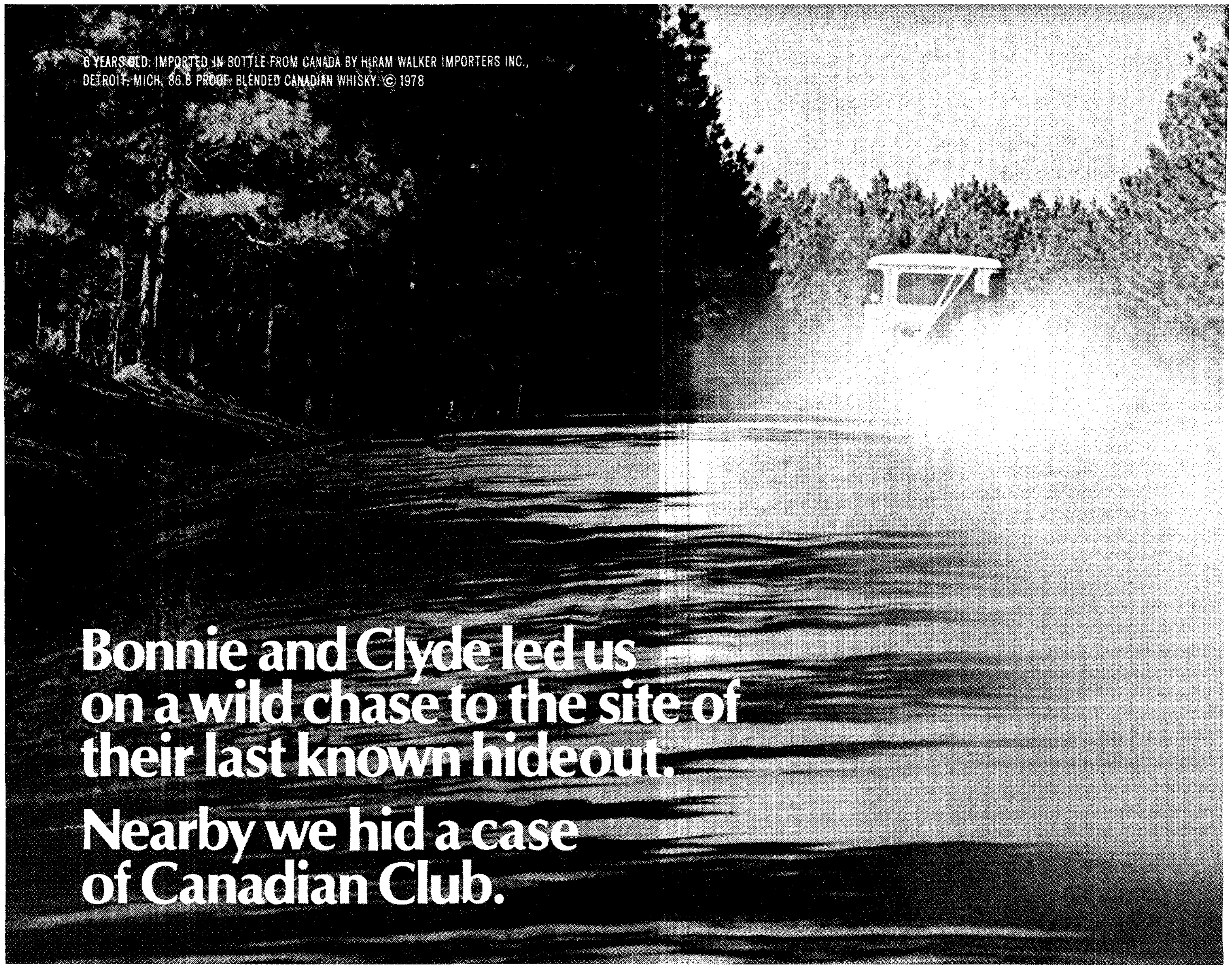
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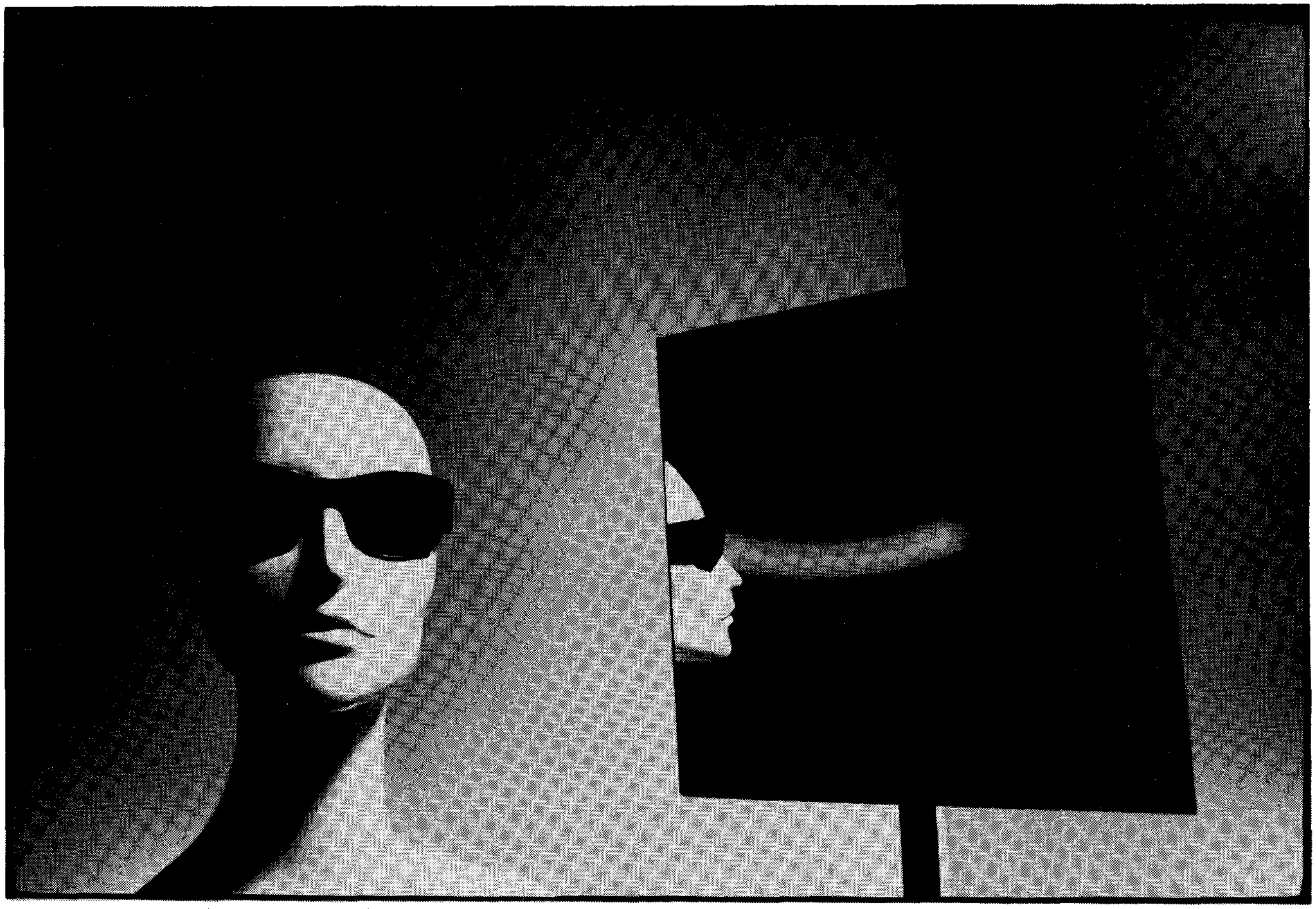
Probing the Mysteries of Blindsight

By Roger Lewin

"... Researchers find that some blind people have an unconscious ability to 'see.' Ways are being found to train this vision ..."



Photographed by Ron Walker

Helen was ten when she died. Her brain was taken to an anatomy laboratory, where tiny slices were cut away and prepared for detailed study under the microscope. The analysis confirmed what everyone expected: Only fragments of a vital part of Helen's visual machinery were still intact. And yet, there had been absolutely no doubt that before she died Helen could see.

Helen was a rhesus monkey, and she had been part of a study on the effect of a specific sort of brain damage on the ability to see. In the early 1960s experts found that monkeys are more resistant to physical injury to their visual systems than humans are. Larry Weiskrantz wanted to find out why, so in 1966 he severed the connections to Helen's striate cortex (the first major brain center dealing with vision). "We hoped it might help us in treating brain-injured blind humans."

Helen was blind after the operation. But over the ensuing eight years Weiskrantz, who at the time was working at the Psychology Laboratory in Cambridge, Eng- *(Continued on page 78)*

Roger Lewin is a science writer and co-author of Origins.

Experiments in Vision: The Outer Limits

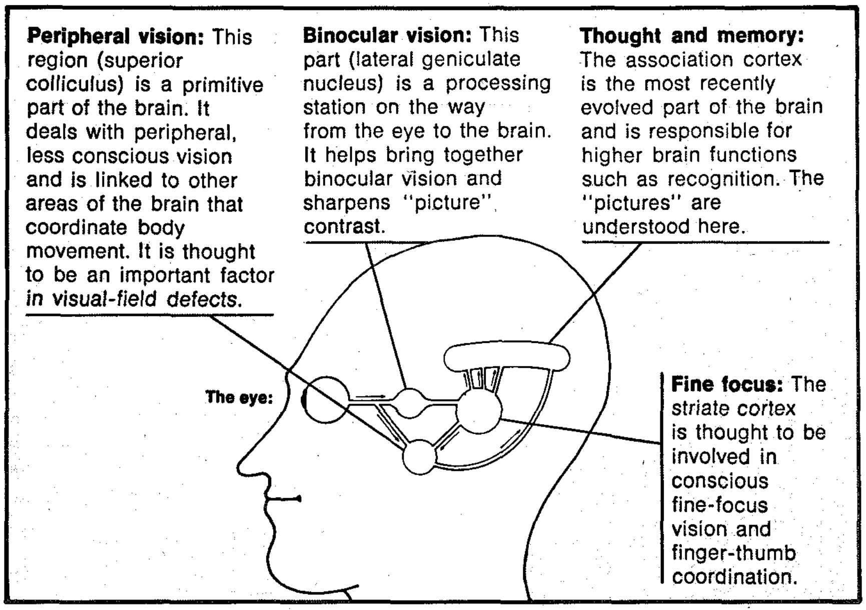
"If you want to experience what it's like to have a visual-field defect, get two cardboard tubes and hold them up to your eyes. That's what the world looks like to someone with that problem," explains David Longmire, who works with the blind and visually handicapped at the New York Infirmary's Center for Independent Living. Visual-field defects, Longmire says, can have a variety of causes—cataracts, glaucoma, and a gradual shrinking of the sweep of vision called retinitis pigmentosa—but partial blindness from brain damage, usually a stroke, is probably the most devastating. For one thing, it is brutally sudden. For another, when this happens, large chunks of a person's field of vision are blanked out. "These people might lose the left side of vision in both their eyes, for example," Longmire explains, "or everything in the upper left visual field."

Right now, therapy for these problems amounts to training the victim to use what vision he has left. Partially sighted people are taught head scanning—rotating the head from side to side—to compensate for their narrowed view of the world. They are taught to rely on their other senses more, using their hearing more to get a feeling for where they are. Blindsight, Longmire says, or anything like it, is still really too much of an elusive ability to be useful in helping his students.

Uptown from the Center for Independent Living, at Mt. Sinai medical school, a husband-and-wife team of neurologists, Drs. Pedro and Tauba Pasik, are doing similar teaching work which may clear up some of the blindsight mystery. The big difference between their work and Longmire's is that their patients are all brain-damaged blind after surgery and are all monkeys. The Pasiks have been quietly and doggedly pursuing their vision research for the past 25 years. Now, after studying 80 monkeys in their research, they have assembled a fascinating profile of blindsight vision. They found their animals were able to see in a very special way once the striate cortex of each was disconnected, and each could do things like reaching, showing three-dimensional sense. The Pasiks found that this special vision as displayed by their blind monkeys may be even more sophisticated than was originally thought by two British researchers who had discovered a neat distinction between focal and peripheral vision. "We originally found many of the functions of vision remaining after we cut the striate cortex," says Dr. Pedro Pasik. "We just didn't find their vision so neatly compartmentalized." Their monkeys were able to perform tests that required increasingly subtle visual abilities. The animals were at first able to distinguish between bright and dim shapes. They could be trained to tell the difference between a circle and triangle and in one test were able to pick out identical shapes by their colors—either red or green.

The Pasiks are now involved in trying to find the limits of this vision through even more sophisticated experiments. They have one in which they test how well their "blind" monkeys can tell when the vertical line forming half of a 90-degree angle deviates from a true 90 degrees. Monkeys who had full vision were able to spot the difference within three degrees of pure vertical. Using the hands of a clock as a model, this is the difference between three o'clock and half a minute after three. The blinded monkeys were able to spot this difference within 17 degrees of true vertical, which would be about three minutes past three on the clock.

All of this careful, painstaking work on what blinded rhesus monkeys can and cannot see has effects far beyond the ivory-tower environment of pure research, for, as Dr. Pedro Pasik points out, "the visual system of the monkey is almost identical to that of humans."



Peripheral vision: This region (superior colliculus) is a primitive part of the brain. It deals with peripheral, less conscious vision and is linked to other areas of the brain that coordinate body movement. It is thought to be an important factor in visual-field defects.

Binocular vision: This part (lateral geniculate nucleus) is a processing station on the way from the eye to the brain. It helps bring together binocular vision and sharpens "picture" contrast.

Thought and memory: The association cortex is the most recently evolved part of the brain and is responsible for higher brain functions such as recognition. The "pictures" are understood here.

Fine focus: The striate cortex is thought to be involved in conscious fine-focus vision and finger-thumb coordination.

Blindsight: *Focal vision goes almost directly from the eye to the visual cortex. Peripheral vision plunges to a more primitive part of the brain before reaching the cortex. Some brain-damaged blind people can "see" via this pathway.*

That "almost" can make a critical difference, as Dr. William Dobelle of Columbia University points out. Now director of the Division of Artificial Organs, Department of Surgery, Dobelle has become intimately familiar with the human brain's striate cortex as a result of his research in developing an artificial set of eyes—a television-computer relay connected directly to the human brain—for the blind. In one measuring study done on 52 brain hemispheres taken from their autopsied owners, he found that the size of the striate cortex in one brain could be as large as three times the size of another's. For that reason, Dobelle says, it would be hard to generalize about blindness in humans from brain damage: "Our data indicates that the 'textbook brain' is very rare."

In spite of that, tests done at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology showed that monkeys are not alone in having blindsight. Dr. Richard Held, head of MIT's psychology department, decided to see how well it is developed in people. He invited to his laboratory four people who had blind spots, called scotomata, in their fields of vision because of brain damage. He carefully mapped out the blind spots of each and had each person sit in a chair with his head resting comfortably fixed in a chin rest.

The people were told that at the end of a buzzer a moving flashing light would be projected on a wall in front of them in their blind areas.

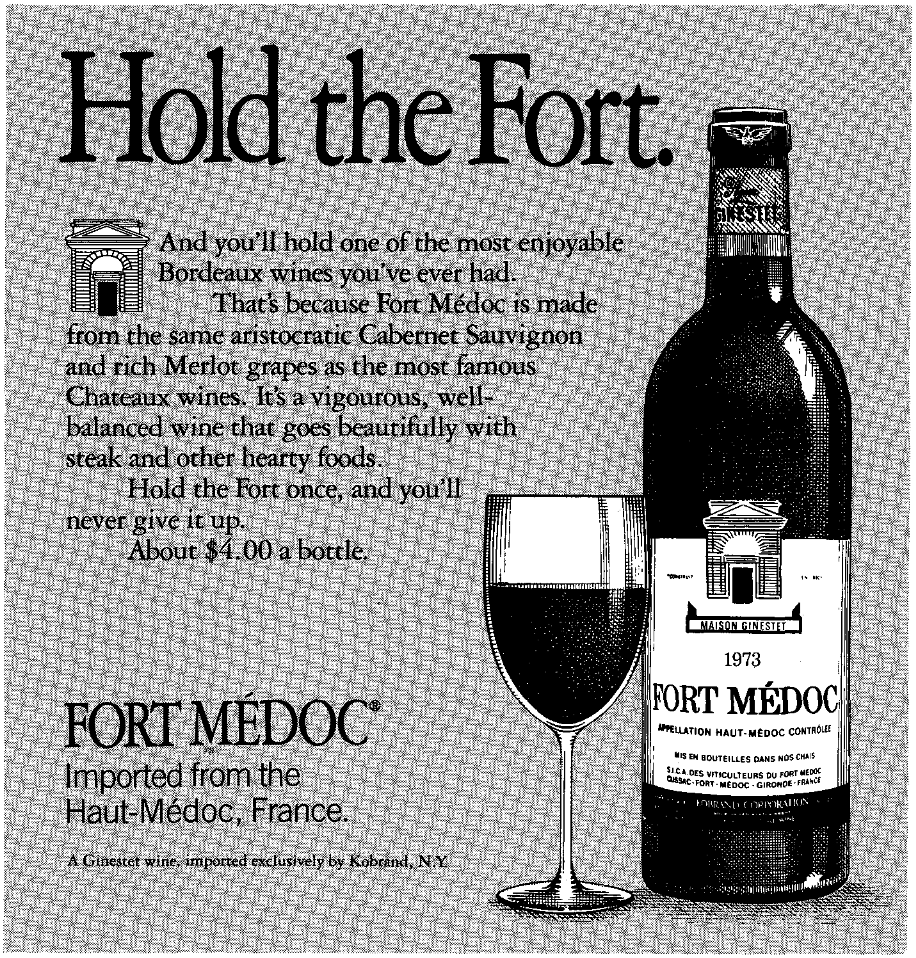
Their instructions were to guess where the light was and follow it with their eyes. Even though some were confused by the request—one asked, "How can I look at something I haven't seen?"—all were uncannily accurate in tracking the moving light. None of them, however, claimed to be aware of any light and all believed their accuracy was just luck.

In spite of these successful experiments, done back in the early 1970s, Held today is careful about making any sweeping generalizations about his findings. "There are lots of blind or partially blind people and they differ in many ways. We still don't know enough to come to any strong specific conclusions. We've tested quite a few people with so-called scotomata. Some managed to perform these tests, and others were totally incapable. So one needs to be cautious."

Part of the problem is sorting out those who have this vision and those who don't. One promising solution is a special booth devised by Pennsylvania State University psychologist Dr. Herschel Leibowitz as the result of his work with the blind and partially blind. He too noticed that some of them seemed to have a special gift of vision. "If you ask whether they see a wall to their side, they will say no; yet they can move around without walking into it," he says. "They don't realize they are still seeing something because the ambient system is so unconscious."

The test Leibowitz devised for this uses a small round platform with a chair sitting on it. This is enclosed in a tall cylinder the inside walls of which are painted in bold black and white vertical stripes. When a normally sighted person sits in the chair and the walls of the cylinder are rotated around him, the effects of the stripes flicking by the edge of his visual field make him feel as though he were moving. When Leibowitz took patients with visual-field defects, blocked out all but their blind spots, and put them in his striped booth, some of them came out swearing they felt as though they were moving without really being able to explain why.

Encouraged by his initial results, Leibowitz believes his striped-booth test could be a simple way of sorting out those who have the power of blindsight from those who don't. And it could give some of David Longmire's students the chance to borrow back some of the vision they thought they had lost. **—Douglas Colligan**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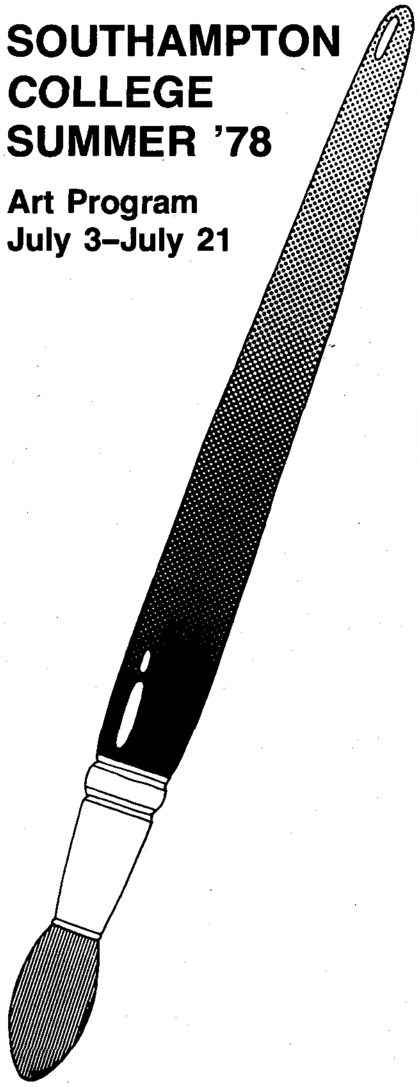

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(Continued from page 75) land, watched with amazement as she gradually began to recover her sight. There was something distinctly odd about Helen's vision. Nonetheless, it was vision. Appropriately enough, Weiskrantz has called this phenomenon "blindsight."

Helen's "recovery" was the beginning of a series of discoveries about blindness. Some of these involve a man who, while he is unaware of it, even denies it, is quite demonstrably able to "see" in an area of his visual field that was thought to be totally blind. He, like Helen, has lost part of the visual apparatus in his brain.

Blindsight appears to be an unconscious phenomenon that can be trained through practice to become a more conscious tool. Right now it seems that this incipient "vision" is a feature of only one type of blindness—visual-field defects—but research into the numerous different physical causes of blindness is still very much in its infancy, and it is quite possible that further exploration will find blindsight in other types of brain-damage blindness. Researchers, as we shall see (see box on page 76), are already engaged, with some success, in the happy mission of finding ways of sorting out which blind people are harboring this secret vision.

First, let's hear more about monkey Helen. She was taken care of by a young psychologist, Nick Humphrey. Humphrey was helping Weiskrantz in his experiments and recalls that "immediately after the operation Helen appeared to be quite blind, and during the next year she showed little sign of any vision." Then, just over a year after the operation, Humphrey noticed something odd: Helen appeared to turn her eyes to look at moving objects.

Humphrey encouraged this looking response by giving food rewards, and Helen soon learned to reach out for the objects she saw. After ten months she could detect stationary objects as well as moving ones. Very soon "her performance improved to such a degree that she became capable of reaching quickly and accurately for small distinct spots . . . her psychophysical thresholds were almost comparable with those of a normal monkey," Humphrey remembers. She could reach for a spot no more than a millimeter wide and distinguish between a spot of ten millimeters and one of eight millimeters.

But Helen still could not use her eyes in a normal way. Humphrey: "Though she would scan the world with her eyes, she seemed to make no sense of what she saw." Then something truly novel happened. In 1970, Humphrey abandoned tests with Helen but began to put a leash on his monkey

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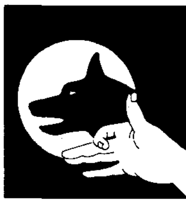

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and take her for walks in the Cambridge countryside. "At first these walks were fairly hazardous," he recalls. "Helen continually collided with obstacles, bumped into my legs, and several times fell into a pond." She quickly learned to skirt around obstacles, and then began to approach objects to look at and feel them. She even developed an attachment for an old elm tree; she would climb it and then perch in a hole in its trunk. While she was up there, Humphrey handed her bits of fruit. And it was then, after about eight months of these sylvan adventures, that he noticed something very important: If he held the fruit just out of Helen's reach, she didn't bother to try to get it, where previously she had reached out every time, whether the fruit was near enough or not. Helen was clearly creating a three-dimensional world for herself, a world that depended on quite sophisticated visual abilities.

But Helen had some rather strange shortcomings. For instance, in less than a minute, she could pick up 25 currants scattered on the floor between variously shaped objects, but if there was a small piece of black tape stuck to the floor among the currants, Helen would return to it again and again, trying to pick it up. It seems that she could not remember what things were or identify them by their position—she could not create a map in her head.

And another curious thing was the way she used her hands: Instead of making use of the precision finger-thumb grip, with which evolution has equipped the higher primates, Helen always picked up objects with a palm-and-four-finger grip. It was as if she had become more "primitive" somehow. Humphrey believes that Helen's recognition machinery wasn't functioning either. He laments that "after six years she still does not know a carrot when she sees one, nor apparently does she recognize my face."

The case of Helen the rhesus monkey is both fascinating and extremely puzzling: "In one sense she sees everything; in another sense, nothing" is Humphrey's enigmatic comment.

When Weiskrantz embarked on the investigation with Helen, he wanted to explore a clinical situation in brain-injured humans, which involves visual-field defects—blind areas in an otherwise normal visual span. In the United States at the moment, there are upwards of 200,000 people with visual-field defects, the result of stroke, brain tumor, or physical damage to the visual region of the brain (the part at the back of the head).

The results with Helen generated tremendous excitement: "Before the ex-

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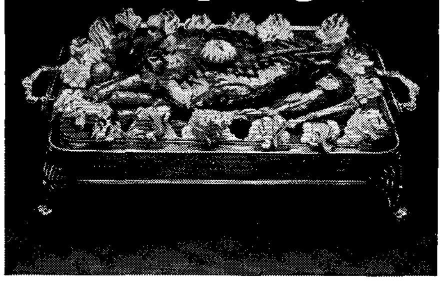

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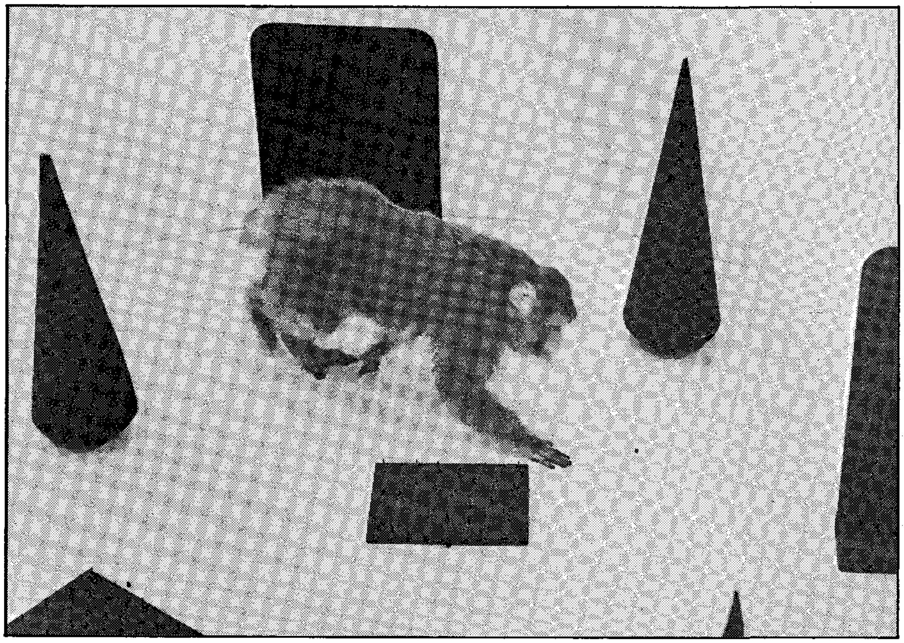
"...Though clinically blind in his left visual field, D.B. could see things in it..."



Helen: *This rhesus monkey, experimentally blinded by a brain operation, learned to "see" well enough to pick up 25 scattered currants in under a minute.*

periments with Helen and other monkeys, we simply did not know how to do the tests on visual-field patients . . . the results with Helen showed us how to ask the right questions." Weiskrantz set out in search of a "model" patient to whom he could pose these questions.

As luck would have it, D.B., a young man in his thirties, was recovering from a brain operation which was performed to relieve terrible headaches. They were caused by a malformation in the blood supply to the back part of his brain, the area responsible for sight.

The surgeon knew that the operations he was to perform on D.B. would sweep away half of his patient's visual apparatus: D.B. would be able to see things to his right if he kept his eyes fixed ahead of him, but nothing to his left—his left visual field would be blind, or so the doctors thought.

D.B. was willing to be tested and arrangements were made rapidly. Weiskrantz started testing with three other doctors: Elizabeth Warrington, a researcher at the National Hospital in London; Michael Sanders, a consultant looking after D.B. at the hospital; and the third doctor, J. Marshall. It quickly became glaringly obvious that, although clinically blind in his left visual field, D.B. could "see" things in it. For instance, the researchers asked him to point to a source of light which they flashed briefly in his left field; this he did with uncanny accuracy. And he was able to distinguish between two parallel lines shown only in his left field with almost as much precision as in the good right field.

Throughout the testing, Weiskrantz and Warrington simply asked D.B. to do this task or that, without telling him the result. At the end of it all, the researchers told D.B. how accurately he had performed, and he was astonished. "I was just guessing," he said. But he had gotten too many right answers for that. Yet he wasn't conscious of seeing the test symbols either.

Weiskrantz says that he pressed D.B. hard on how he made decisions during the tests: "He was very reluctant to use words in any firm way at all. He denied seeing anything and said he had 'feelings,' say, of smoothness when presented with a circle and jaggedness if it were a cross." Whatever these "feelings" are, they certainly have very little to do with visual consciousness as we know it. How can it be explained?

The answer may be contained in an idea that was dreamed up during an afternoon seminar by four researchers—Gerald Schneider, David Ingle, Richard Held, and Colwyn Trevarthen—at MIT in the late 1960s. They created what has come to be known as the "two visual systems" theory. This says that humans and their primate cousins have two modes of vision: one, to help examine the fine detail of objects, a facility linked to the precision finger-thumb manipulation characteristic of the higher primates; and two, a more general

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scanning function which alerts us to new objects entering our field of vision. The first is called focal vision, and the second, peripheral, or ambient, vision.

The idea, then, is that focal and peripheral vision have different, though complementary, jobs. It is the signal entering the focal channel that goes to the higher centers of the brain, where it takes part in memory and recognition and other complex intellectual functions. We are very conscious of this. Peripheral vision, on the other hand, is a much less intrusive facility. It is largely an unconscious operation and only makes its presence known if something important happens. Colwyn Trevarthen tells a story which emphasizes this point and demonstrates how closely this part of vision is keyed into automatic body movement:

One day, an employee of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory was driving down a freeway when he noticed a store where he could buy something he needed, but it was on the opposite side. He stopped and set out to walk across the freeway. Suddenly he was flat on his back. "I must be dead," he thought. "I must have been run over."

He started to look around and saw that the road was clear—nothing to be seen from horizon to horizon. So, feeling somewhat foolish and more than a little puzzled, he picked himself up. And then he saw a plane overhead, its shadow speeding down the freeway like a giant automobile; Trevarthen says that the shadow must have been detected in the man's peripheral field of vision, interpreted as an approaching automobile (he was crossing a potentially hazardous freeway after all), and activated an avoidance response, all very rapidly and totally unconsciously.

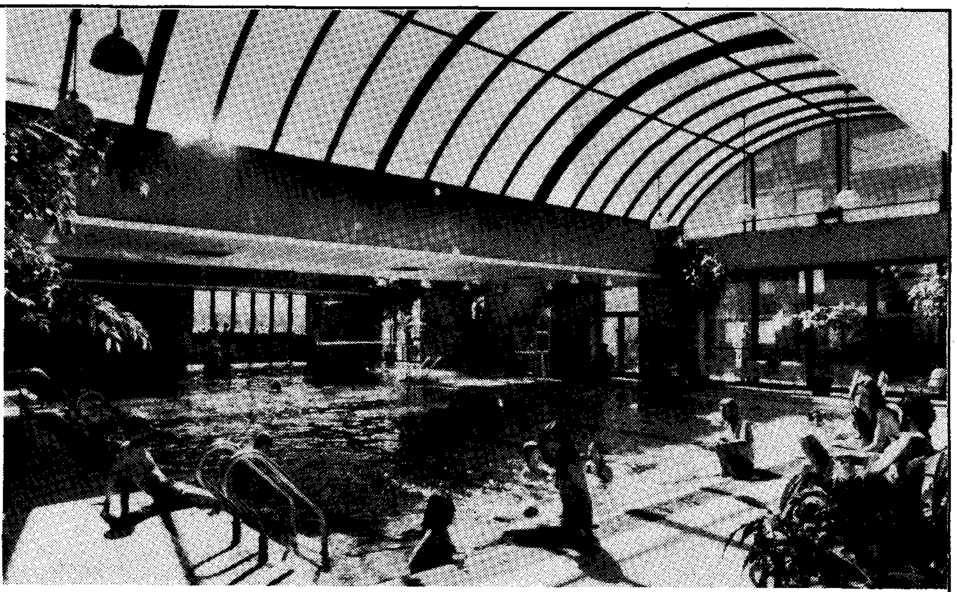
To achieve a better insight into the JPL man's embarrassing plunge on the freeway, D.B.'s unconscious vision, and Helen's blindsight, we will need to take a brief excursion through the visual pathways of the human brain. Basically, there are two pathways (see diagram, page 76): one which passes directly from the eyes to the first way station in the visual cortex, known as the striate cortex; and a second, which branches off from the first, plunges down to a more primitive part of the brain, and finally climbs up to a higher center of the cortex, where the "pictures" we experience as vision are created. As well as connecting up to the "picture" center, this more primitive part of the brain is also linked in with centers dealing with coordinating body movement. The striate cortex sends messages to the higher "picture" area too, so this area forms the meeting point for the previously diverged paths.

If one thinks of the first path as mediating focal vision, and the second, peripheral vision, it all becomes clear. In her operation, Helen lost the whole of her striate cortex, so the focal vision was effectively eliminated. She was left with ambient vision only, a facility she had to practice extensively before she could make real use of it. The absence of focal vision explains her inability to recognize objects, to form maps in her head, and even her use of the "primitive" palmar grip. You need the detailed focal vision to guide the finger-thumb precision grip.

So far the tests with D.B. are in their early stages, and it may be that he is in the same condition that Helen was soon in after her operation. He is not yet readily conscious of this unusual vision, his blindsight. As the history with Helen showed, however, practice will be vital in transforming his initially useless blindsight into a functional experience. Already, there are signs that D.B. is moving the way Helen did.

"Previously," says Weiskrantz, "we used to ask patients, 'Do you see that?' but such questions were getting us nowhere." He now knows the right questions to ask, and, as he says, because of it, "the whole question of visual-field defects can now go back to square one."

Helen didn't die in vain. ■



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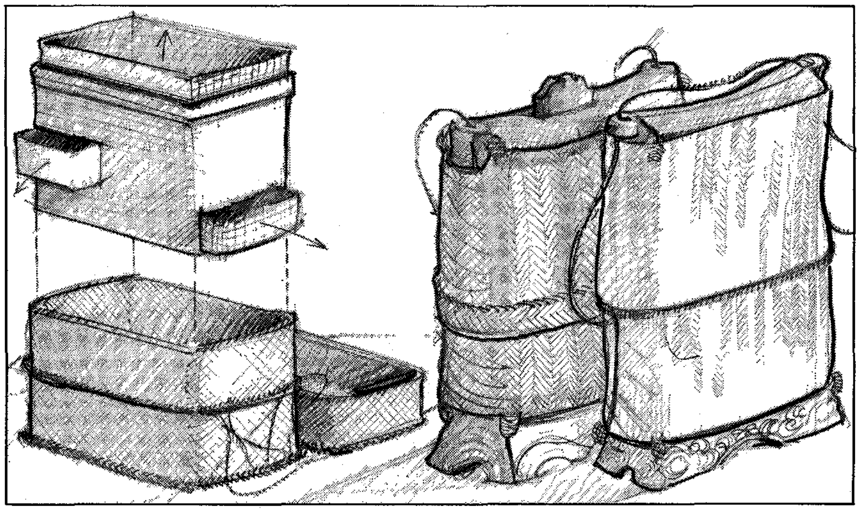
Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern

Any Number Can Play

Once there was "Music Minus One," and that's all there was. But now there is the American Symphony Orchestra and a free-for-all called the Wall-to-Wall Music Fair, where anyone who plays an instrument can play along—onstage. The Bach afternoon in January was a triumph. This can only be better, what with Stravinsky's *L'Histoire du Soldat,* C. P. E. Bach's Harpsichord Concerto in G minor, Mozart's *Sinfonia Concertante* K. 364, Haydn's *Lord Nelson Mass,* and more. Soloists include Marilyn Sokol, Walter Trampler, and Elaine Comparone.

WALL-TO-WALL MUSIC FAIR/*June 3 at 1:30 p.m./Symphony Theater Broadway at 94th Street/Free*



Holding Patterns

The tall ones—with carved-wood tops and bottoms—held tools. The boxy ones—with more boxes nested inside, and secret drawers within *them*—held betel nuts. Thus did the Lombok Island natives tote their goods 50 to 100 years ago, in these lovely work baskets ($60–$125).

CHERCHEZ/*864 Lexington Avenue, near 65th Street/737-8215*

Carry Me, Carry Me

As a young girl, Lia Villari lived in Puerto Rico, where her father had an experimental lemon farm. When the farm failed because of the heat, the Villaris started a company that made household linens. Today, the workrooms and traffic of the past are gone; Lia carries on alone with a ladylike repertoire of bar towels, finger towels, boudoir-pillow covers, and wedding hankies. She sends bundles of Irish linen and French lace to Puerto Rico, where a flock of needleworking women do the sewing according to her designs. This hankie, with wedding date and the names of bride and groom, is $14.50. Variations range from $4.50 to $23.50.

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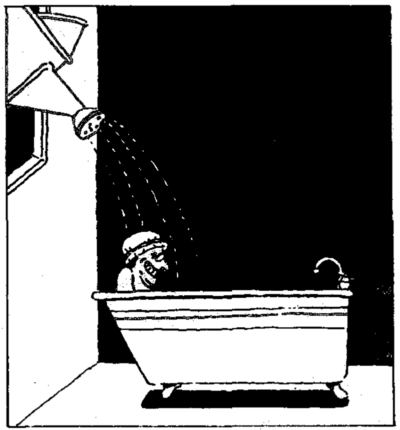


Homeward Angels

"It's not really medical, it's supplemental," says the lady at the Lenox Hill Neighborhood Association about SCOPE, a temporary program for the elderly and homebound. If you are 60 or over, live between 59th and 96th streets east of Fifth Avenue, are not receiving Medicaid, and can't afford private care . . . you are eligible for the services of a trained homemaker who will cook, clean, go shopping, give you a bath, remind you to take your medicine, do the laundry, mail your letters, etc., for twelve weeks. The fee: anywhere from nothing to $1.50 an hour, depending on your income.

HOMEMAKER PROGRAM/*Lenox Hill Neighborhood Association/331 East 70th Street/744-5022, ext. 222*

Credits clockwise from left: Heather Taylor, Andrew George, Steven Guarnaccia

Ah, Wilderness!

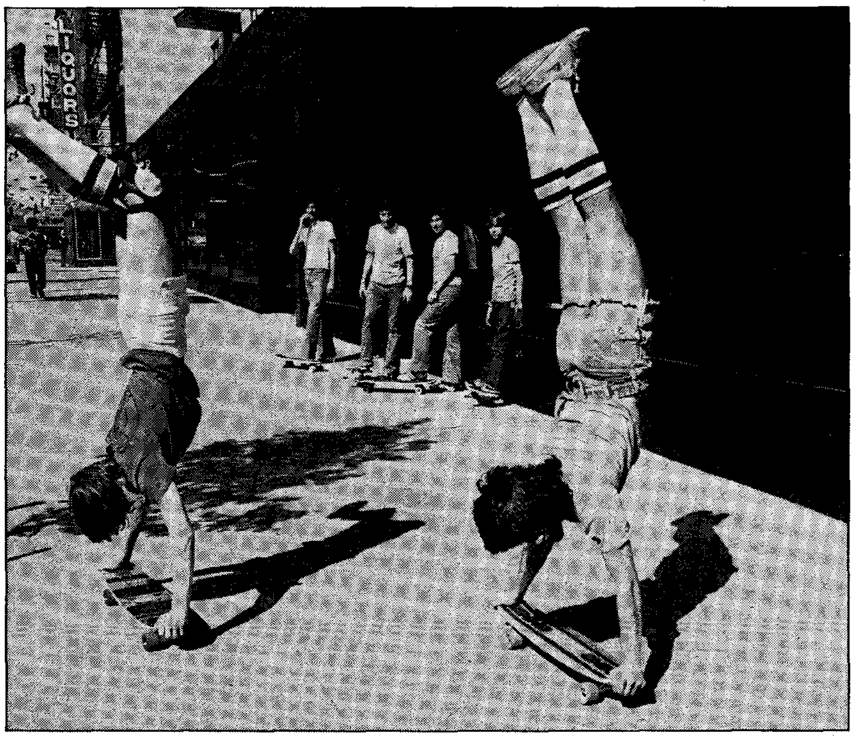
The stage manager is a hero unsung in our theater, but not in *Our Town.* Wilder's wonderful play—40 years after its premiere—will be reprised on television next week starring Hal Holbrook.

OUR TOWN/*June 5 at 9 p.m./NBC*

First Impressions

When he was ten, he sold comic books at a sidewalk stand. Since then, things have picked up a bit for pipe-smoking, plaid-shirted, red-bearded Christopher Stephens. He's landed a rather impressive partner (Cass Canfield) and opened a shop uptown. Stephens sells books, with the emphasis on modern first editions. Most expensive, at the moment, is a copy of Malcolm Lowry's *Ultramarine;* it is $6,000 because Stephens says he doesn't know of another copy for sale anywhere. Less expensive are: Joseph McElroy's *Hind's Kidnap* ($15), Homer Davenport's *My Quest of the Arab Horse* ($200), the first American edition of *Lolita* ($40), an advance copy of *The Naked and the Dead* ($750), *Catcher in the Rye* ($140), an early novel by Joan Kahn called *Open House* ($7.50), a presentation copy of *Butterfield 8* ($100), an uncorrected proof of *Gravity's Rainbow* ($400), *The Tempest* with tipped-in plates and signed by Rackham ($400), *Naval Sketches of the War in California* inscribed by FDR to "my old friend Archbishop Spellman" ($800), and some usual and unusual McMurtry, Updike, Hemingway, Lewis, Kerouac, Fitzgerald, Heller, Faulkner, cummings, et al.

CANFIELD & STEPHENS/*21 East 67th Street/Fourth floor/737-8794*



On the Boards

"It used to be a fad. Now it's a sport," says Joe Brennand, blond and thirteen. He's one of the after-school crowd at City Skateboards, hanging out, gazing at the goods. These are preppie kids, bright-eyed, navy-blazered, and zealous. They help pitch. These round and square stickers, they explain, are ads for the manufacturers of skateboard equipment; kids pay 50 cents for them, then put them on the bottoms of their skateboards—like hotel stickers on suitcases: the more the merrier. They point out the difference between plastic and wood boards; discuss the trucks, the wheels, and the garb—ankle guards, helmets, gloves, padded shorts, knee and elbow pads, and even special sneakers. If you wear the right stuff, they advise, you won't get hurt. "A skateboard is inherently more stable than a bike, because you have four wheels and are closer to the ground," says Jacob Schrader, freckled and twelve (who has been "skating" since he was five). He and Joe and the shop's nimble staff pick up a few boards and lead us out to the sidewalk. They go through some of their paces: "walking the dog," "tick-tack," "tie hop," and "kick flip." Sure, it looks scary, they tell us, but it isn't. Sure.

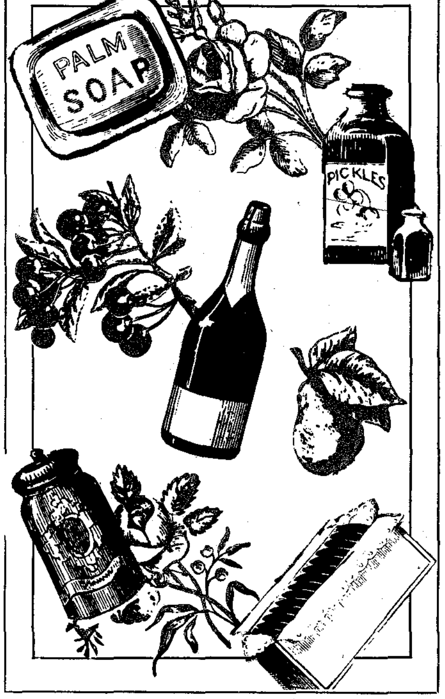
CITY SKATEBOARDS/*221 East 83rd Street/472-2912*

Scents and Sensibility

Why smell the blood of an Englishman when you can smell his toilet water, shampoo, bath oil, olive oil, or lime-blossom honey instead? Penhaligon's of Covent Garden, where perfumes are made and bottled on the premises just as they have been since 1870, is about to open a branch at Bergdorf's. . . . Crabtree & Evelyn, best known for its soaps in pretty packages, has added comestibles to the line—biscuits in exquisite tins, chutneys and honeys, marmalades and teas, toffees and vinegars—and moved into a New York shop of its own.

PENHALIGON'S/*Bergdorf Goodman Main floor/Opens June 9*

CRABTREE & EVELYN/*1310 Madison Avenue, near 93rd Street/289-3923*



Credits: bottom left – Richard Pan; bottom right – Amy deNeergaard

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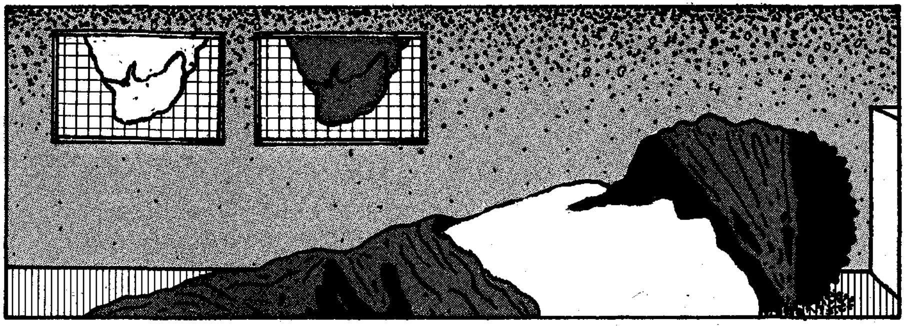
"... *The Biko Inquest* is courtroom drama at its most engrossing, directed tautly, unhistrionically, compellingly by its authors..."



Stephen Biko was a young black South African leader whom the Security Police tortured and allowed to die shortly after transporting him, semi-comatose and in chains, in the back of a Land-Rover, from Port Elizabeth to Pretoria. The case aroused so much international resentment that, at the instigation of Biko's family, an inquest was held, presided over by Pretoria's chief magistrate, Martinus Prins. Despite the brilliant handling of the case by Sidney Kentridge, the Bikos' attorney, Prins ruled, after thirteen days of heated hearings, that there was no evidence of impropriety in the handling of the late prisoner.

Norman Fenton, a Scotsman, and Jon Blair, a refugee from South Africa, collaborators on many BBC documentaries, started work on **The Biko Inquest** before the hearings were half over; using secretly obtained transcripts, they first produced a TV documentary, then adapted it for the stage. The play is documentary drama in the fullest sense, with no names changed, and only the identities of several state advocates telescoped into one.

The Biko case is perhaps even more dreadful than other such bloody incidents because no one person actually killed the man. This one ordered him into handcuffs and leg irons so he wouldn't commit suicide; those fellows let him lie for a couple of days in his own urine; that one hit him over the head in what may have been a scuffle; these doctors examined him and made out reports that grossly minimized or totally ignored the gravity of his condition; that one did not tend to his needs while he was being shockingly transported; and so on. No one man literally killed Biko; all those security police and district surgeons merely, collectively, let him die. Dangerous prisoners or dangerous dogs are, after all, treated like that.

So, by infinite subdivision of arguable guilt, no one did more than perhaps a speck of wrong. These good citizens prevaricate and lie; when caught out, some feel troubled, but most of them brazen it out in the teeth of obvious criminal culpability. And the chief magistrate, who must know that his findings are false, justifies his verdict, no doubt, as being in the interest of his seriously threatened state. Brutality, cruelty, and, above all, stupidity unite in the cause of political necessity, which is, in turn, made up of fear, self-interest, nearsightedness, and abysmal stupidity. Is there another country in the world where injustice thrives as it does in South Africa? More than one, alas, and our own hands are far from clean.

Thus *The Biko Inquest* is about us, too; and it is courtroom drama at its most engrossing, except for a very few lax moments. Engrossing because it provides not only the spectacle of Kentridge, the solitary champion of right, outwitting a whole array of police bullies and bureaucratic hypocrites, but also the revelation, in rich and fascinating detail, of how various yet typical mentalities compromise with, accommodate themselves to, and sink into untruth. The range is considerable: from sad cases to loathsome ones. The play is an absorbing mirror of mediocrity—as we like to gloss over something that is far worse than mediocrity—a lexicon of how we live and lie today.

The Biko Inquest has been directed tautly, unhistrionically, compellingly by its authors in appropriately drab trappings, and it is acted shiningly by a cast of eleven—some of them, inevitably, even better than the others. Thus Philip Bosco, Bill Moor, and John Vennema spectacularly convey different stages of self-righteous callousness as it bleeds into civilized bestiality; slippery puniness is tellingly embodied by Jess Osuna; and Martin Shakar wrings a sorry pathos out of despicableness. And then there is Fritz Weaver's deliciously craggy, crabbedly charismatic, shrewd yet humane Kentridge, making cool logic, as it were, musical and painterly, like a fountain in sunlight. I must confess that, except in Shakespearean roles, Weaver always holds me spellbound: His physical presence and voice production are like playing fields where a stately fastidiousness contends with a rumpled but perfervid humanity to the greater glory of both.

There have been more impassioned plays about South Africa on view in New York of late, but none that, by not pulling out all the emotional stops, allows the mind a more lucid and satisfying overview. In the end, *The Biko Inquest* proves entertaining in the most soul-sustaining way: by affording us the joys of penetrating insight.

La Mama ETC has revived its much-lauded Andrei Serban production of **The Good Woman of Setzuan.** This is one of Bertolt Brecht's most complex and suggestion-laden plays, replete with smiling deviousness under which lurks a profound disillusionment with humanity, beneath which there is again a small, perverse, impudent, tough-talking hope. The interplay of these three elements, all presented with an ultra-reasonable detachment to which the goings-on continually give the lie, makes for a shimmering dramatic fabric: delicate, yet of enormous tensile strength. What this needs is a virile, unfussy, just barely stylized production; what it does not need is Andrei Serban.

This monstrously megalomaniacal director—self-serving even in his inter-

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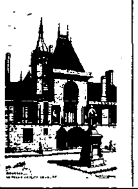

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mittent clevernesses and *trouvailles*—is a prime example of the new, debauched breed that ask not what they can do for the play, but only what the play can do for them. No longer does one *do* a classic—one does things *with* it. Here a relentlessly serious albeit sardonic and nonrealistic work is converted into vaudeville, farce, and a chaotic potpourri of styles. For example, the heroine is directed to act in a fashion derived from the Oriental theater, while most of the other actors are made to cavort in various Occidental modes ranging from melodrama to musical comedy. The dramatis personae keep running in and out through a series of contiguous swinging doors, befitting bedroom farce. Scant attention is paid to conveying Brecht's dialogue and lyrics with the absolute perspicuity the author insisted on; music, sloppy diction, solipsistic whispering, general bustle—anything is allowed to obstruct intelligibility. There are more widely scattered acting areas than the eye and ear can comfortably encompass. A set of giant pickup sticks is ceaselessly rearranged to represent anything from a house to the burdens destiny heaps on us. This, at least, is pictorially effective.

Here and there, the Serbanian fancy does indeed hit home; most of the time, though, we get only cluttering, smart-alecky gamesmanship. Serban's actors, who, regrettably, act almost exclusively for him, are remarkably bereft of range, often mere nonentities. Even the casting can be absurd: Why, in a play in which a woman sometimes poses as a man, confuse the issue by arbitrarily casting a woman, Valois Mickens, in the part of Wong, the male water seller? Especially since Miss Mickens is a perfectly dreadful actress. The three gods, who should be awe-inspiring as well as preposterous, are played feebly by Lamar Alford and ludicrously by Stuart Baker-Bergen and Jerry Cunliffe. As Mrs. Shin, a typically ambiguous character, Joanna Peled seems to be doing a cheap impersonation of Clara Bow. And so on, with what often seems a cast of children trying to act grown-up.

Priscilla Smith looks very Chinese indeed as the protagonist, and acts with laudable concentration and some agility. But she lacks grace, charm, poetry in just about everything she does, and left me unmoved. Elizabeth Swados's music is sometimes too much like the music of the Brechtian composers (Weill, Dessau, Eisler), at other times not enough like music. Eric Bentley's translation is flat, and it is shocking to hear a man of Bentley's stature commit, twice in the same lyric, the crass redundancy "from whence." ■

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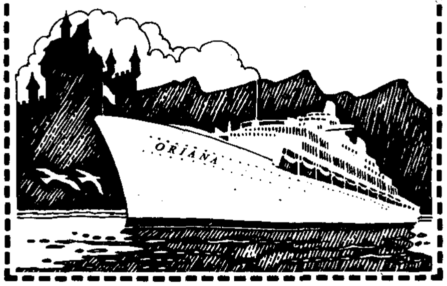

Movies / Molly Haskell

AFTERNOON OF A PAWN

"... *Chess Players* is a set of precise, gently mocking miniaturist illuminations, as intricate as the chess game at its center..."

The year is 1856, the place is the Indian province of Oudh. Two provincial noblemen—Mir and Mirza—are playing an obsessive chess game, blissfully unaware that the British are taking over their province. Like the game itself, Satyajit Ray's **The Chess Players** develops slowly. Like most of the work of this Indian grand master, the film is ultimately, subtly satisfying.

Since his "Apu" trilogy brought him to international fame in 1956, Ray has shown his versatility in an output that ranges from children's fantasies to complex, neo-realist studies of contemporary rural and urban India. His new film is, even so, a departure—if only in that it is his first to be made in a Bombay commercial studio, and his first in Urdu (a language spoken by four times as many people as Ray's native Bengali). It is a departure in another way, as well—not the historical panorama that one might expect, given the subject of English colonialism versus Indian rule, but a set of precise, gently mocking miniaturist illuminations, as intricate as the chess game at its center.

The film places two stories in counterpoint: the two unheeding, fatuous noblemen in the foreground, and the tragedy overtaking their nation somewhat to the rear. From the interaction of these stories comes Ray's implicit message: that the fools and fatheads from Indian ruling classes flaunt their acquired English "culture" and thus, even today, perpetuate the notion of neo-colonialism. His noblemen are played by two of India's commercial movie stars, Saeed Jaffrey and Sanjeev Kumar; Mir Mirza=Tweedledum Tweedledee; they are alike, yet different, and the ways in which they are different (their wives, their levels of cowardice), and the obstacles they meet while fanatically pursuing their chess match, serve to enhance the director's message.

Another noted star, Richard Attenborough, plays the British general who ousts the Indian ruler. I wonder if Ray, by using noted actors rather than his usual casts of talented amateurs or unknowns, isn't somehow enhancing the irony of this exquisitely dry allegory. It would be just like him.

On the face of it and as a story idea **A Different Story** just isn't different enough. The gal (Meg Foster) is a real-estate agent who has a weepy lover named Phyllis. The guy (Perry King) is a hustler who's been left high and dry in Los Angeles with only his Michelangelesque (as in David) physique and his joy of cooking to keep him afloat. Her mom and dad come to visit, and think—oh, you know—and then Oh, You Know actually happens! It's the kind of routine Broadway audiences were yawning over five years ago, but you can't always tell a film by its story. Meg Foster and Perry King, under the direction of Paul Aaron, create an enchanted circle by their sheer likableness. Their amazing rapport cuts across the material, skips a beat here and there, and turns the obligatory into something new and fresh and funny.

From the beginning, when Peter Donat, as King's lover, makes a splashy entrance into the elegant gay subculture, to the middle, when Foster and King collapse in the laughter of a heady camaraderie, the film is never vulgar or leering. It permits the flowering of a sense of ensemble intimacy typical of the best television comedy—not surprising, since both Aaron and screenwriter Henry Olek come out of television. But if they are very good at what television does well, they are horrid at what television does at its frequent worst, i.e., throwing in arbitrary conflicts to advance the story. The moment hetero-s-e-x rears its disruptive head, the movie begins to go downhill. With marriage, it accelerates. And with the shrill gratuitous falling out imposed on Foster and King, with no regard for the bond of sympathy they have established, it crashes, literally and figuratively, at the bottom of the hill.

That a good film could go rotten in this particular way is more discouraging than an out-and-out bad film because of what it tells us of the corruption of talent in a field where nobody knows the difference, where the distinction between a good film and a bad one is the distinction between a formula that clicks and one that doesn't—a matter of ratings.

Thank God It's Friday is a rock version of *Nashville*, produced by the record companies (in what is convivially known as a tie-in) whose music it features. Here are some of the things that happen in the first twenty minutes, as we are introduced to the human specimens heading for a disco mecca called the Zoo.

Two very young girls descend from a bus, one hobbling painfully on platform shoes, which her friend assures her she must wear to enter the dance contest; they flag down a ride so they can arrive in style. Two older girls driving toward the Zoo are talking about meeting men, when the driver, a newcomer to town, stops short and spills a Coke on the halter top of her pseudo-sophisticated friend; she tries to wipe it off, looks down, realizes she is using a hamburger, and tosses it (the hamburger) out of the window. It falls into the lap of a dopey guy who is riding with his buddy in a jalopy to

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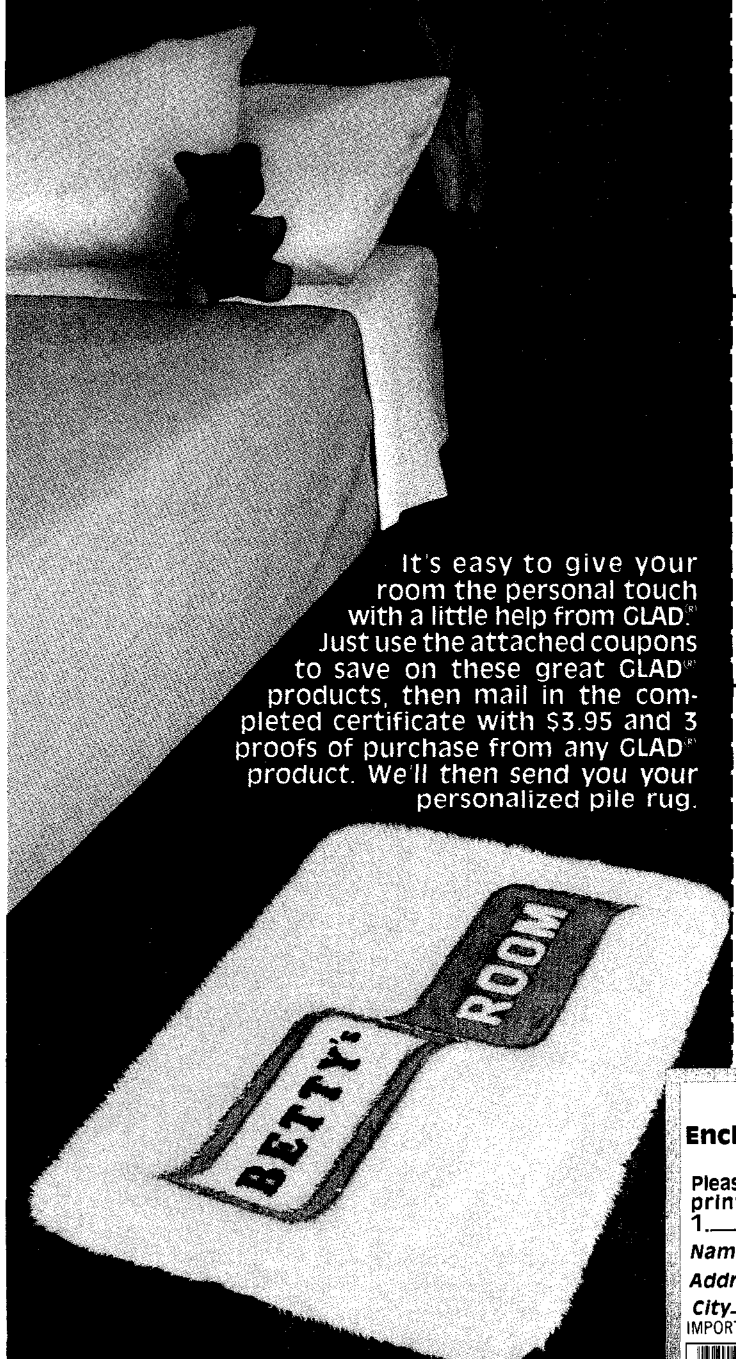

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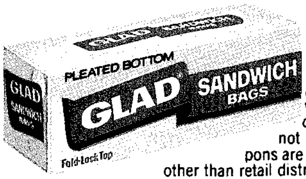

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the Zoo; some hilarity ensues as they ponder this and almost wreck the car. In front of a restaurant across the street from the Zoo a square young couple, celebrating their wooden wedding anniversary, call for their car; the wife sees the activity across the street and begs to go, but her stuffy husband refuses; they argue and argue while the carhop opens and closes and opens the doors. Jeff Goldblum, owner of the Zoo, pulls into his reserved space, slicks down his hair, gets out of his sports car, and covers it with a tailor-made silver tarpaulin, from which he flicks a speck of dirt. The square couple enter the Zoo and the husband has a fit when they stamp the admission tattoo on his Pierre Cardin shirt; he rushes off to the john to clean it. The young girls come skidding into the drive, thereby making an Entrance, and their driver runs into Goldblum's car. The two creeps (from the hamburger episode) arrive at the bar and are immediately put down by a fat fellow looking for his computer date. The two young girls arrive, pull out a jar of change, but are denied entrance when the bouncer reads their Idaho driver's licenses, which state their ages as 32 and 34. The square couple sits at a table with some regulars and the husband is suddenly aghast when he sees that his wife's breasts are "making their debut in public." Goldblum glides through his rock temple, makes passes at adoring chicks, etc., etc.

Anyone who finds this amusing can go to see the rest of the movie and tell me what happened next. Conceivably, but not probably, the music will redeem all. Excluding film festivals, I haven't walked out of a movie since an obscene advance some ten years ago. This, in a way, was more of the same.

We Will All Meet in Paradise, the sequel to Yves Robert's *Pardon Mon Affaire*, has the four Frenchmen confronting additional challenges to their individual and collective masculinity: an overbearing mother, marital infidelity, homosexuality, and a weekly tennis game. Jean Rochefort, Victor Lanoux, Guy Bedos, and Claude Brasseur are appealing enough to sustain the momentum of this weaker spinoff, but somehow the old getting-together-with-the-boys ritual is considerably less winning the second time around. This sort of buffoonish fraternizing comes more easily to the Italians. The French, being neither as childlike nor as demonstrative as their Latin counterparts, bring out more of the awkwardness than the charm of the middle-aged buddy film. ■

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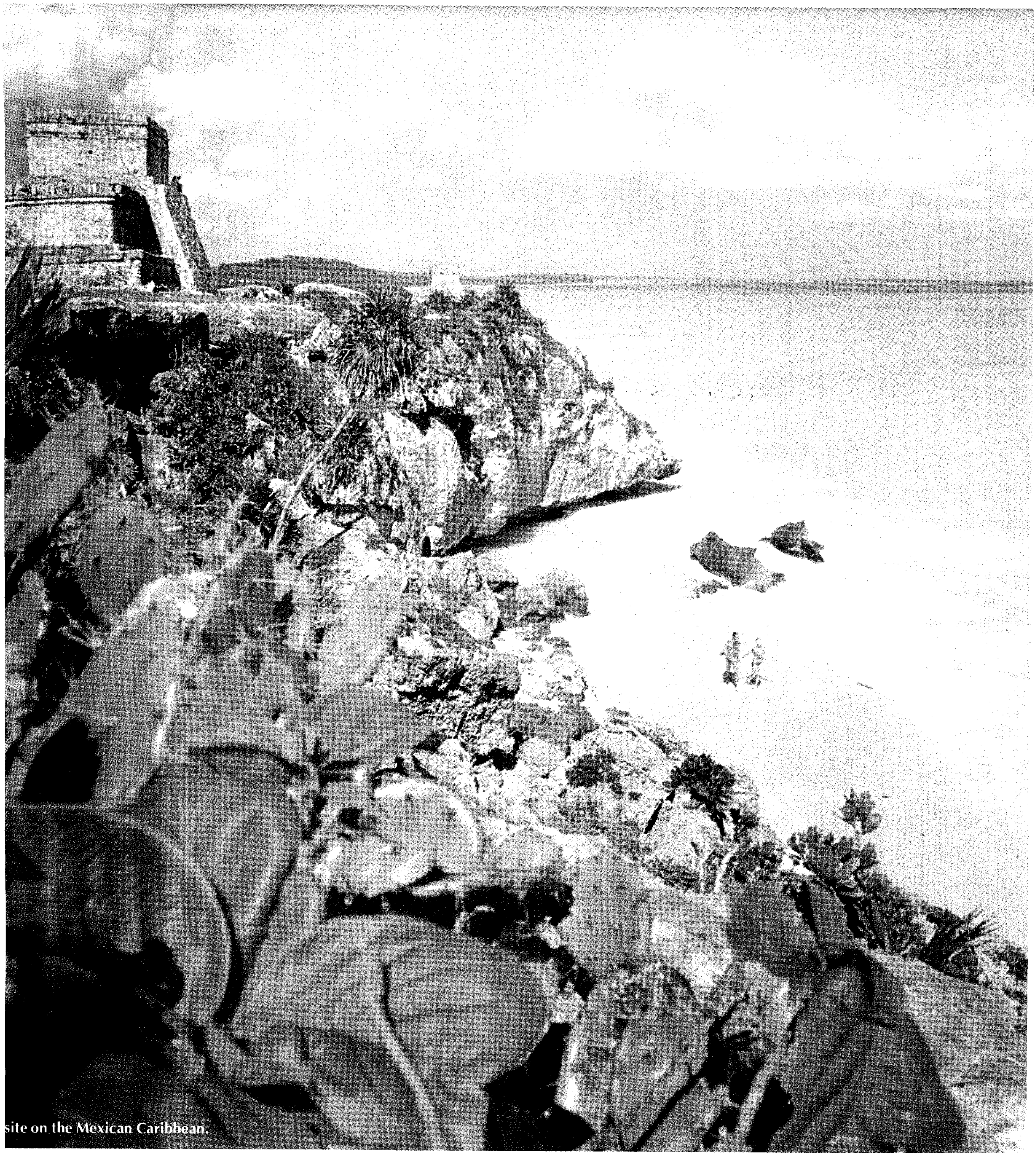

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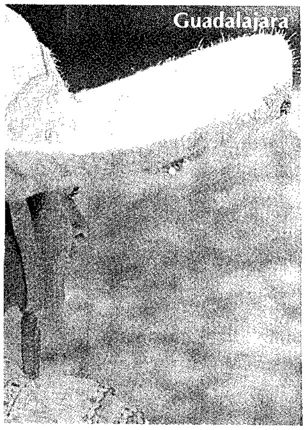

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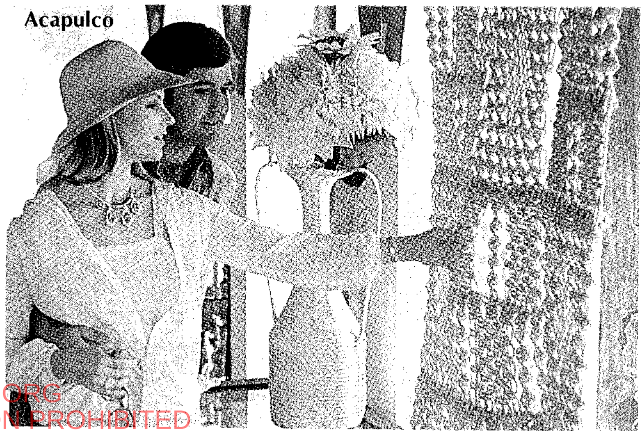

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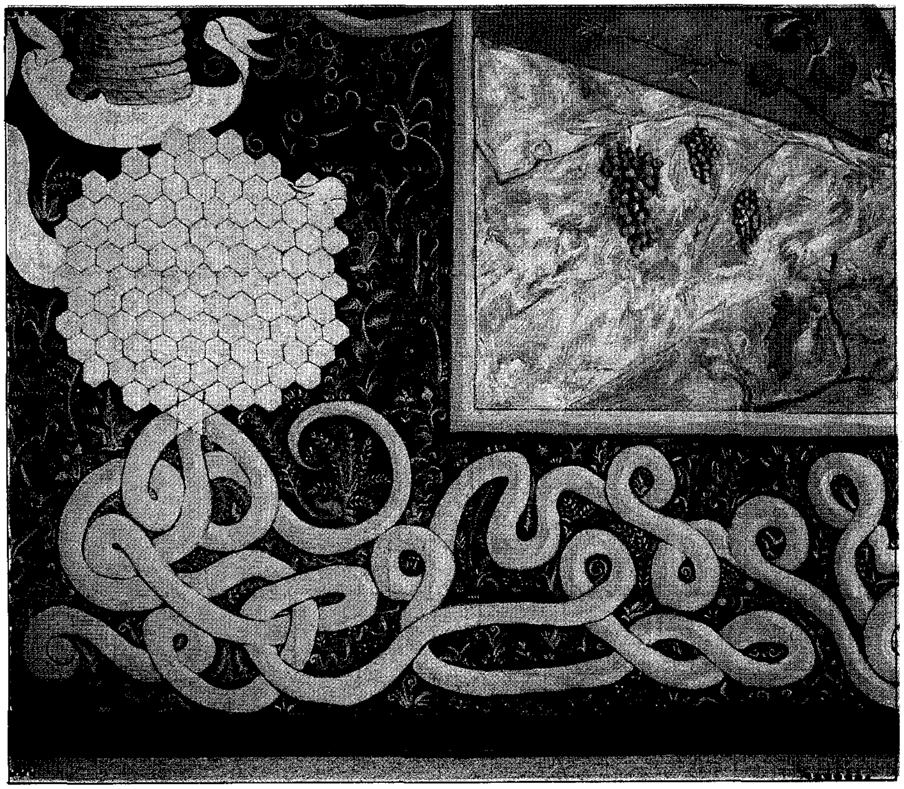
A JOYFUL NOISE

"...Rand's work surrounds one in an environment of wonder, of spirituality and earthiness, of joy and terror, but mostly joy..."



Religious theme: *This detail of* Seven Fruits/Garden of Eden/Israel, *Archie Rand's vast mural for Temple B'Nai Yosef in Brooklyn, can be seen at the Tibor de Nagy Gallery.*

Archie Rand is an eclectic young abstract painter who is currently having his third solo show at the Tibor de Nagy Gallery (29 West 57th Street, through 6/1). He last showed there in 1974; since then, he has been entirely occupied with a vast mural project for Temple B'nai Yosef on Ocean Parkway in Brooklyn. The paintings in his show, while not exactly spinoffs, are thematically related to the murals.

These, which completely cover the cinder-block walls of the two levels of the sanctuary, have turned an austere, functional place of worship into one of the most joyous and visually opulent religious interiors in New York. At first glance, the variety of styles, ranging from Abstract Expressionist to color field to quasi-Pop figuration, is bewildering. So is the range of his palette, which leaps abruptly from grim to garish to glittery and at first seems without rhyme or reason. Yet gradually the eye accepts and comprehends it all as an expression of the complexity-within-oneness of the Jewish faith. That, of course, is what it is all about.

It is thanks to the interlocking complexities of Judaic doctrine that the work exists at all. It is commonly understood that Judaism forbids the introduction of "graven images" into places of worship, yet narrative figuration does figure in Rand's murals: birds, beasts, fish, sailing ships, even a hand, though representation of the human form stops there.

Rand explains that there have been exceptions to the traditional ban on pictorial representation, most notably a fully illuminated synagogue at Dur-Europas in Syria, which was unearthed in the 1930s. (Coincidentally, the congregation of Temple B'nai Yosef consists mostly of Sephardic Jews from Syria.) There are, he says, "two sets of laws" concerning this question, one of which permits representation, although with many restrictions (one being that any pictorial element, unless it is left incomplete in some way, must be at or above eye level, so that the viewer is not forced to bow in order to see it).

During the course of the work, Rand's "case" was tried before high rabbinical authority; he was defended by a rabbi who favored the project and opposed by another who wanted it stopped. Finally it was ruled that Rand could undertake the work and even, under certain conditions, depict the human form, though in the end he preferred not to in view of the strong inherent feeling against it. Thus, as Kafka wrote in *The Trial*, "The commentators note in this connection: 'The right perception of any matter and a misunderstanding of the same matter do not wholly exclude each other.' "

So varied and intricate are the themes Rand has treated and so multifaceted the barrage of styles he has employed, that it is difficult to describe the murals: They demand to be viewed. (It is possible to do so, although "tourism" is, naturally, not exactly encouraged.) Their sweep and wild eclecticism add up to a startling wholeness, which is exactly what was intended.

Rand, an artist of many conflicting enthusiasms, was obviously the man for the job. He studied with Lennart Anderson, one of our best figurative painters, and deeply admires Piero della Francesca and Pontormo, but his modern influences are chiefly the Abstract Expressionists: Kline, Pollock, de Kooning, Guston, Still. The courage to be hybrid is given to relatively few artists: It was required here, and Rand supplied it. The work surrounds one in an environment of wonder, of spirituality and earthiness, of joy and terror, but mostly joy. It attempts to be as diverse as Creation itself, and it just about succeeds.

Of the paintings in Rand's current show, one seems closely linked to a section of the murals which illuminates the prayer Sh'ma Yisroel—Hear, O Israel. In the mural, the words are placed in a box which is surrounded by a swirling Abstract Expressionist field wherein the presence of a human throng

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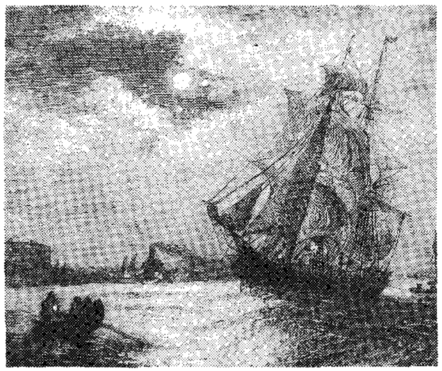

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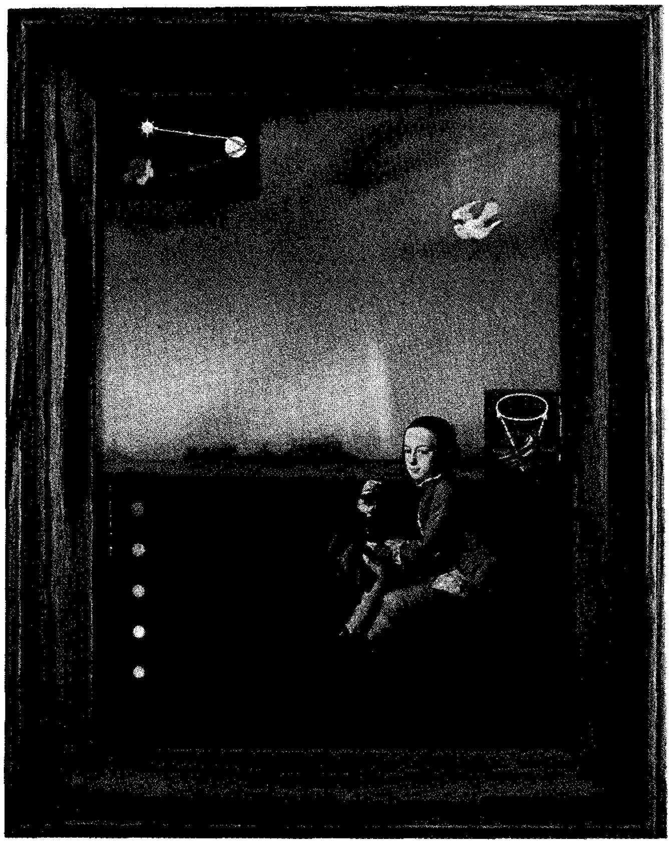
> "... Cornell's superb handling of color comes through strongly in the show ..."



Compatible colors: *Joseph Cornell's mastery of color is evident in* Fountain of Youth *(1959), 8½ by 11½ inches, one of the many collages in his exhibition at the Castelli Gallery.*

is suggested, though never defined. This presence is slightly more discernible in *They Will Whistle It to You*—a gray-ocher panel in which fragments of outline surge forward and retreat, somewhat in the style of de Kooning's *White Attic*.

There are eight paintings in the show, but there is little resemblance among them, in line with Rand's vigorous resistance to being classified. *Hacienda Railroad* jokes about figuration: It is a harsh magenta plane, with a horizontal white band that could be a railroad navigated by a brown "engine." *Snakes* is in the reticent expressionist vein of Guston's abstract period; elsewhere there are echoes of Klee, Gorky, Miro—but served up with an exuberance that is Rand's own. Like the murals, the paintings viewed as an ensemble produce a strident and dissonant effect, but this is precisely the character of the "joyful noise" he is intent on producing.

Joseph Cornell's collages extend the imagery of his more famous box constructions: They are perhaps less satisfyingly microcosmic than the boxes, but they are also freer and wilder. A large exhibition of them, including some from the 1930s which have never been seen before, is now at the downtown Castelli Gallery (420 West Broadway, through 6/3).

The early collages from the thirties are obviously more than a little indebted to Max Ernst. Cornell's all-consuming passion for the past of his childhood drew him to the same steel-engraved illustrations that Ernst used; he, too, cut and rearranged them in disturbing new combinations, such as a lighted candle floating in a storm-tossed sea or a nymph pirouetting on a tabletop in an otherwise grim hotel room.

Yet the cruelty and violence of Ernst's work in this genre is attenuated by Cornell's sly, delicate approach. And despite being derivative, these collages have a place in Cornell's canon. The enchantment of childhood memories keeps them alive and fresh; even the terror of childhood, where it surfaces, is presented almost affectionately. The work is like a tiny oasis in the forbidding landscape of Surrealist art.

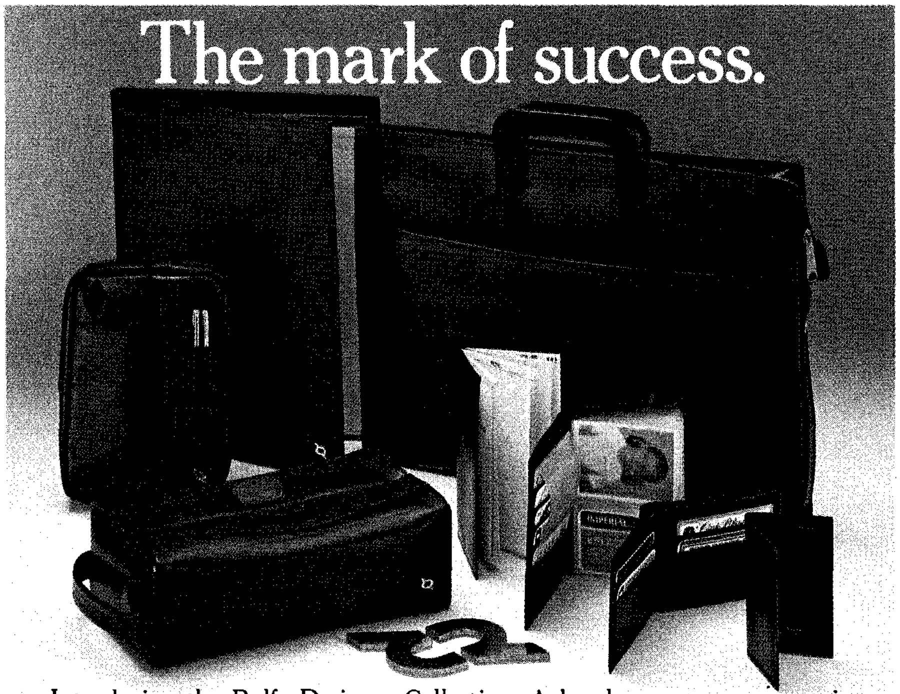
In his later collages Cornell used materials drawn from many sources: magazine ads and illustrations, reproductions of old-master paintings, photographs, even a row of copper pennies. Some of them are, for Cornell, surprisingly erotic. For though eroticism is always present in his work, it is usually in suspension: a hint, a suggestion, as in his iconlike celebrations of nineteenth-century ballerinas such as Fanny Cerrito (or "Fanny Cherry-toes," as he once called her).

But contemporary female beauty was obviously of great interest to him: In the context of so much longing for things past, it is startling to come across a collage whose chief element is a photograph of Susan Sontag. Elsewhere, sexuality is more than hinted at. *Seated Nude With Basket* is a bleak landscape with a voluptuous nude in the foreground who is an object of much interest to three children standing some distance away.

Not all of the collages in the show escape being cloying. *Mozart-Cassiopeia,* a music-box figure of the young Mozart in a snowy landscape, veers perilously close to classy commercial art, like those old De Beers advertisements. Yet sometimes Cornell utilizes this commercial look to his own ends. A wineglass standing on a flat, blue sea that turns out to be cut from a photograph of the sky looks like an ad but is also a marvelously witty work of art.

What comes through most strongly in the show is Cornell's superb handling of color. This is also apparent in the boxes, but there the colors are subtler—the faded tints of a remote childhood. In the collages the chromatic effects are much richer, and no one working in this medium has equaled Cornell's mastery in handling the color in photographs. Witness *Fountain of Youth,* which places a reproduction of a Copley portrait of a boy against a dark-brown plane, with a reddish desert landscape behind and a rainbow ascending into a sunset sky that turns blue toward the top. The colors are rich and strange but surprisingly "compatible," as they used to say of color TV.

Visitors to the show should try to catch one of the twice-daily screenings, at 2:30 and 4 P.M., of Cornell's films. Early on in the program comes what is no doubt his cinematic masterpiece, *Rose Hobart,* a fifteen-minute blue-tinted collaged condensation of a 1931 grade-Z movie called *East of Borneo.* The actress Rose Hobart (one of Cornell's "crushes," no doubt) is seen wandering, always a bit anxiously, in a landscape of erupting volcanoes which are peopled by monkeys, headhunters, and turbaned lounge lizards. It's terribly funny and thus sheds light on yet another lesser-known side of Cornell's art. ■



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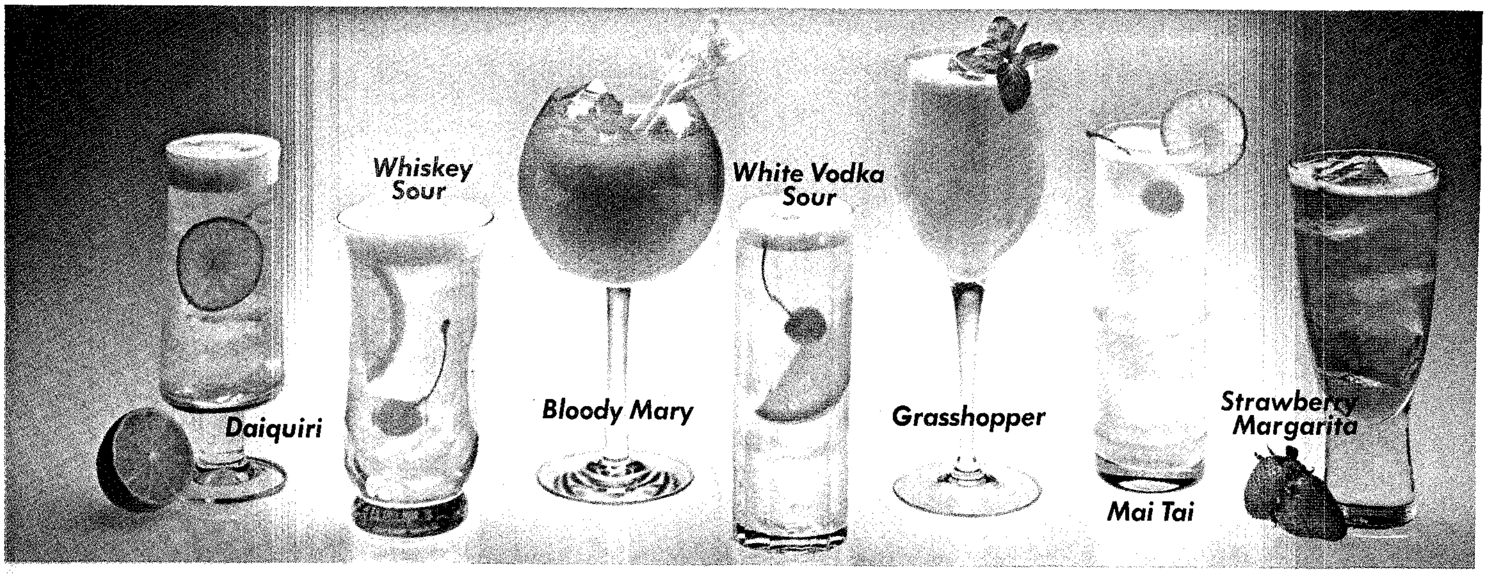
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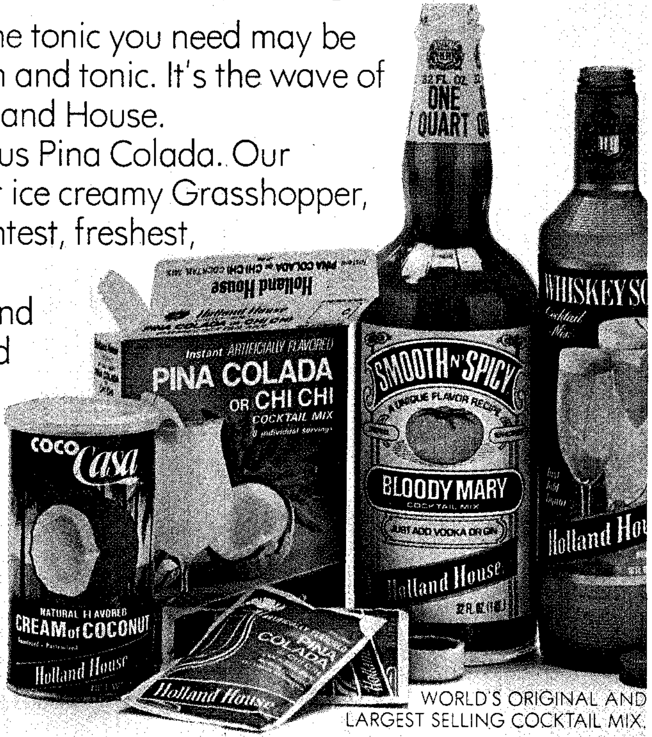
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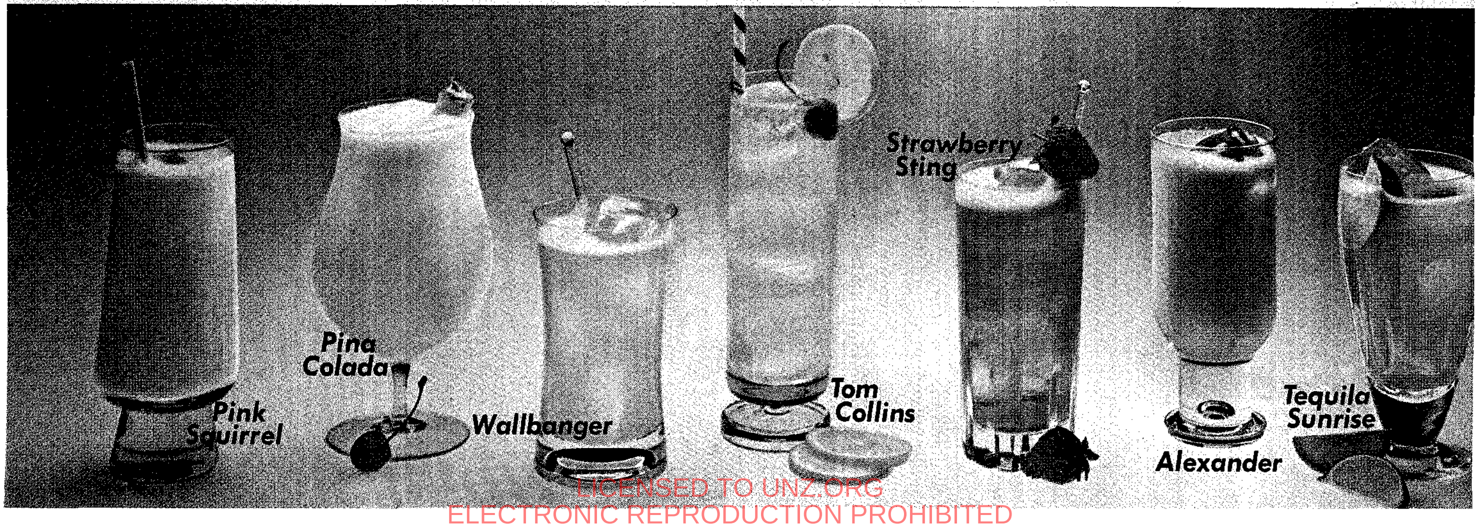
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CORDIAL BLUNDER

"... In addition to its chauvinism, *Tricolore* bears the disadvantage of having been parceled out among three choreographers..."

The New York City Ballet's disasters usually come from overcommitment. Projects are planned around deserving themes; important commissions are awarded; historical, artistic, and political precedents are knotted together; and whole series of performances are hung on some promotional peg. What with the flags flying, the speeches before the curtain, the lavish expense that's so apparent, you get all mixed up about what you're supposed to appreciate and what you're allowed to condemn.

Sometimes, as with *Union Jack* two years ago, they pull it off. Sometimes, as with **Tricolore,** the last in a three-pronged "Entente Cordiale" tribute that includes *Union Jack* and *Stars and Stripes,* they don't. Bad as *Tricolore* is, I view it as unfortunate rather than totally evil.

In addition to its heavy chauvinism, *Tricolore* bears the major disadvantage of having been parceled out among three choreographers at the last minute due to the illness of George Balanchine. But I kept wondering if even he could have made a serviceable ballet from Georges Auric's disinterested, unmusical score, or the graceless costumes of Rouben Ter-Arutunian. The three sections of the ballet are laboriously cross-referenced with images and ideas, but none of the images are evoked by dancing, and the ideas don't consolidate into intelligible sequences.

Part I, choreographed by Peter Martins, is called, cutely, "Pas de Basque," a reference both to the Basque region of France and to the ballet step of the same name. The women wear organdy blouses and peasant skirts with cumbersome layers of petticoats and red shoes with red ribbons crisscrossing up their legs. The men wear white pants and shirts, with *red* berets and jackets of a construction far too complicated for their apparent use.

The 24 dancers jump onto their heels, hands on hips, and do countless pas de basque, with Colleen Neary and Adam Luders out front but not noticeably more important. Martins seems to have had some dancing in mind, but it got smothered in petticoats. Anyway, the music doesn't suggest Basque peasants at all—it's one of those discordant, pistonlike things that used to inspire ballets about mechanical eggs.

Part II, choreographed by Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, is called, even more cutely, "Pas Degas," and lumps together Degas ballet girls—harsh blue and pink tulle and black choker ribbons around the throats and wigs with curly bangs—and Degas jockeys in silk shirts that are padded, I guess to make the wearers look robust. (Horses are another sacred topic with the NYCB, as a trademark of its summer quarters in Saratoga.) Ballerina Merrill Ashley, who bravely does not wear a wig and therefore is almost the only recognizable face in the whole ballet, is partnered by Sean Lavery in full Harlequin costume. Don't ask me how he got in with this crowd, or what they're all supposed to be doing with or about each other.

Around this time I started making up stories based on the music, which was easy since the music was not appreciably related to anything onstage. The setting had changed from a plastics factory to a haunted toy shop.

By the third section, "Marche de la Garde Republicaine," not even crafty Jerome Robbins could make decent theater out of it all, though at times there were suggestions of a spoof on the marching formations of *Union Jack,* the tackily erotic cancan of *Gaîté Parisienne.*

Some 40 guardspersons, led by Kyra Nichols, Renée Estopinal, Jay Jolley, and Joseph Duell, prance around while the music plays the background to a low-budget war movie instead of a parade. Bulky military jackets make the dancers' legs seem spindly in their blue tights, and everyone has to wear silver plumed helmets that keep slipping down over their eyes.

After a while, they all mill around in the center and kiss one another on both cheeks while the music, coordinated with them for the first time, bids farewell with mournful, muted trumpets. The guard gallops off to meet La Gloire on the barricades, but this isn't the end of the ballet. Several cancan girls—lollipop-colored silk dresses, more volumes of petticoats—with Karin von Aroldingen as leader, do a halfhearted cancan. They're called Majorettes, in case we aren't confused enough.

Then, after a while, the guard returns, with swords. As blue, white, and red panels slide in across the back of the stage (*Tricolore!*), Nina Fedorova, in draperies, comes in and takes up a heroic pose with a flag as Marianne, the French equivalent of Uncle Sam, or maybe she's Isadora Duncan for all I know.

Many possible things can make a dance hold together or fall apart: *Tricolore* fails because it has too much glue. **Sara Rudner**'s *Dancing Parttime,* at St. Marks Church, succeeded, because it had just enough.

Rudner, a dynamite dancer, choreographs somewhere between the augmented minimalism of the downtown experimentalists and the high-style popularism of Broadway. Rudner's movement is not only highly energized and variable, flowing with ease from big to small, from aggressive to flickering images; it seems as if her whole body presents itself all the time. She radiates, she makes everything seem momentous, vital. This is a quality I think all great performers have, and it's why you never get tired watching Rudner dance. But it's highly personal, not something

Deborah Creamer

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one can train other dancers to do.

Rudner danced for years with Twyla Tharp but stuck to the more austere precincts of creative work when Tharp's dances got more accessible. It seems that dancing *about* something is still not okay with Rudner, and her group works often are relentless. There's a feeling that the dancers are possessed by some demon of motion that commands them to keep on going no matter what, continually whispering new ideas to them that they must carry out. *Dancing Parttime* has slightly more overall shape than her prior group works, but it seems to spread itself open-endedly, geared toward going on, rather than reaching a goal. Even when, after an hour of dancing, the five women slowly subside, their energy diminishing along with their space as they sink to the floor, you feel on the next pulse beat somebody could say, "One . . ." and they'd be off again.

Counting is important in *Dancing Parttime.* Sometimes I don't see why the dancers call out numbers here and there, but other times the counting helps me perceive the compositional idea—as in one sequence where all the women line up along one side of the space and establish a pattern of advancing steps on seven counts, reversing directions and going back to their starting places in four. Later, they play with the phrase, stretching parts of it by repeating some of the movements, slowing down or speeding up the tempo, but always returning the same way to the starting line.

More often, though, the movement dictates its own rules, independent of formal counts. Rudner and Jean Churchill chase each other with skittering runs and breakneck baseball slides, so close together that, once, they actually collide. Churchill does a solo circling her arms in growing and shrinking spheres that start close to the body, all the while bending and tilting and weaving till you're sure she'll throw herself off balance.

At some time during the dance, each performer, Rudner, Churchill, and Shana Menaker, Vicky Shick, and Amy Spencer, has a solo where she flings gestures from what might be ordinary life into space, then goes on without providing us with their context. One sequence looks like an interrupted closet cleaning, another like the wind-ups to a series of moves in some kind of athletic event.

Not till the piece is almost over do I suddenly think that the whole package of patterns, games, and variations might have come from the movement material contained in the solo Rudner did at the very beginning. ▬

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Music / Alan Rich

BEETHOVEN REDISCOVERED, A DUTCH TREAT

"... Haitink's performance sent me rushing home to the score, books, records, and a night of thinking about the *Pastoral* ..."

The life span of a musical masterpiece is infinite. There can never be a point at which an artwork of transcendent greatness is fully and universally understood. You may know a score by heart and still be unaware of small or large details that a sublime performance will illuminate in some new way.

I had thought, for example, that I had a fairly thorough grasp of the Beethoven Sixth (*Pastoral*) Symphony. My own lifetime with the score began with the cut-down version in Disney's *Fantasia,* continued through a sublime summer night on the lawn at Tanglewood, through several recordings, through other live performances, through study of the score and (do not scoff) four-hand readings at the piano with tolerant friends. Yet **Bernard Haitink**'s performance with the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, during his Beethoven festival at Carnegie Hall just concluded, sent me rushing home to the score, a few books, half a dozen recordings, and a long night of thinking about the *Pastoral.*

What does any listener (professional or amateur) think about when he thinks about a piece of music? Many things, obviously. In the case of the *Pastoral,* we can start with the miracle of Beethoven, at a time of great mental and physical torment, producing so spirited and joyous a piece immediately after its tortured, gnarled predecessor. Then we can move on to the matter of the relationship of composer to image painting—of how, for example, Haydn in 1801 had painted *The Seasons* on musical canvas, while Beethoven in 1807 insisted that *his* nature painting was in the mind.

But this is all program-note stuff; what about the music itself? What Haitink's performance did, for me, was to reawaken awareness of the aesthetic duality that forms the backbone of the musical language from the formulation of harmonic practice (1700, say) until the collapse of traditional harmonic thinking 200 years later. The sonata form, the structural outline of most large-scale instrumental movements during those two centuries, is a subtle and sublimely logical ordering, the more so because of its extreme flexibility. Mostly, it presented composers with an infinitely variable way of playing the need for musical unity against the need for musical contrast.

© Tim Lewis '78

In a sonata-form movement the initial harmonic energy is low; the composer states his opening thesis in his tonic key. Then the energy increases enough to move onto a second, contrasting tonal plateau, usually (but not always) enhanced with new material. Then the energy increases drastically, as material is developed through many quick, often wrenching, changes of key. Then, in a moment of some triumph, the initial key is regained with its original material. Then the material from the second plateau is recapitulated, but still in the initial key; in other words, the composer must indulge in some sort of subterfuge to give the effect of changing key without actually doing so. In the Fifth Symphony, the formal architecture is underlined with huge, cataclysmic contrasts; in the Sixth, Beethoven gives the illusion of no contrast at all.

The vocabulary for describing outstandingly good performances is far more limited than that for dealing with inadequacy—which may, or may not, be taken as explanation of how some critics work. A great performance must deal, first, with choices of speed and dynamics that work with the beauty of the ideas out of which a piece of music is built. Beyond that, however, the conductor must share the instinctive understanding of overall shape and timing that motivated the composer's own sense of order. For me, the success of Haitink's reading of this particular work lay in just that, his immaculate and communicable awareness of musical form, not merely as a container for ideas, but as a stage on which these ideas played off one against the other as a mounting and subsiding drama.

No less than any other of his symphonies, Beethoven's *Pastoral* is full of small, divine details, some concerning what happens in the work and some concerning what doesn't. What a masterstroke, for example, to hold back the sound of trumpets until the third movement, of timpani until the fourth, so that their entry in each case becomes a Revelation! What delight, not only in the famous birdcalls that end the second movement, but also in that unnamed creature that takes wing at the end of the first! (Franz Schubert must surely have had this passage in mind when he created, years later, those astounding last measures of his G major Piano Sonata.) What joy, to hear musicmaking by this gifted Dutch conductor and his superb orchestra, in which line and detail coexisted in such masterfully controlled proportion!

Yet, the man on the *Times* questions whether such "hackneyed" programming as a Beethoven festival can be "an adornment to the life of a cosmopolitan music center." My God! Can a music center ever achieve so exquisite a cosmopolitaneity that the nine greatest symphonies ever composed, in performances of outstanding quality, could be anything but central to its artistic life? (As it happened, only four Beethoven symphonies figured in programming at both Carnegie and Fisher Halls this past season; so much for "hackneyed" programming.) Fortunately, the bulk of musical programming, in centers cosmopolitan or otherwise, is conceived not for jaded critics of the "oh no, not Beethoven again" persuasion, but for audiences still eager to experience the genuine and deep pleasures of discovery and rediscovery. During Haitink's Beethoven festival I was honored to be of their number. ▬

Illustrated by Tim Lewis

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Graphic boutique—Stonehand is celebrating its third birthday with its first sale, taking a blanket 20 percent off everything in the store except the custom-made collages. You can spend hours rummaging through the boxes and drawers of wood and metal type pieces, advertising logos, old printers' tools, and other goodies. Everything is neatly organized by category and size. We saw many alphabets in metal, including Greek, Chinese, and Hebrew, at $1–$3 per letter, now one fifth off; Art Deco Smith-Corona brass logo, was $10, now $8; Reynolds Aluminum steel logo, was $8, now $6.40; nineteenth-century French botanical wood engravings, were $35 (large size) and $20 (small size), now $20 and $16. A must-see is the group of 1940s plates for making those campy souvenir pillows, were $25, now $20 (they read backward, as does almost everything else here). Frames and borders, were $15–$18, now $12–$14.60; wood type, was $1–$16 ($1 per inch of height), now one fifth off; wood and metal cuts, were $1–$10, now 80 cents–$8. Also, a small hand printing press, was $175, now $140, and nineteenth-century bookbinders' tools, were $5–$50, now $4–$40. Checks accepted; no credit cards; exchanges possible. *Stonehand, 245 Centre St., between Broome and Grand sts. (966-3325); Tues.–Sat. 11:30 a.m.–5 p.m.; 6/1–17.*

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

Oriental art—Rare Art, Inc., has lost the lease to its top floor and must cut back drastically on its Chinese, Japanese, Tibetan, and Nepalese art and artifacts. Reductions are 50–70 percent, and there are thousands of beautiful objects to choose from, some in the tens of dollars, some running into the thousands. Everything is one of a kind and subject to prior sale, but we saw the following (the age of everything dated is warranted by the company). Chinese: jade reclining foo dog, seventeenth century, was $22,000, now $8,000; eighteenth-century jade lotus root, was $180, now $72; amber carving of two fish and a lotus, was $1,250, now $500; Shang-dynasty bronze ceremonial pot (over 3,000 years old), was $27,000, now $11,800; Sui-dynasty glazed horse and rider, was $24,000, now $9,600; Chou-dynasty small bronze belt buckle, was $250, now $100; Ch'ien-Lung matching cloisonné pagoda lanterns, were $10,000 a pair, now $3,500; Ming-dynasty celadon lamp, was $2,800, now $1,220. Japanese: signed netsuke clamshell, was $420, now $170; cinnabar netsuke box, was $200, now $80; eighteenth-century wood-and-metal chest of drawers, was $1,800, now $810; silver-and-enamel box, was $900, now $360; a pair of small Satsuma vases, were $1,600, now $640; and much more. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. Free delivery (except for furniture) in Manhattan only. *Rare Art, Inc., sixth floor, 978 Madison Ave., between 76th and 77th sts. (794-2800); Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–5 p.m.; 5/31–6/10.* ■

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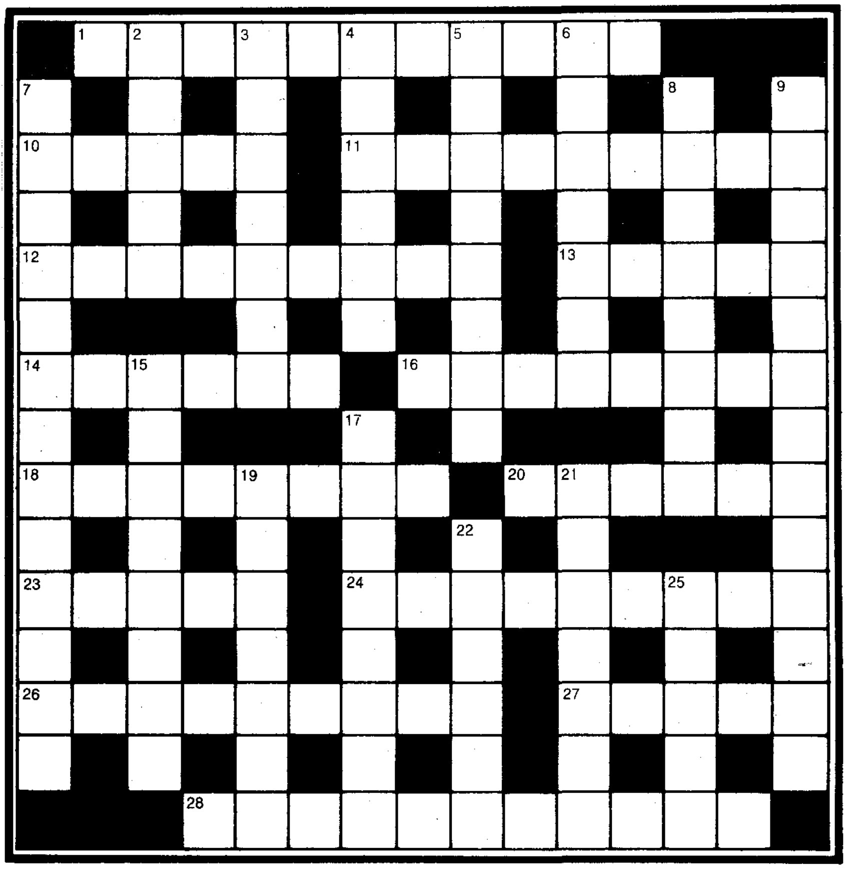
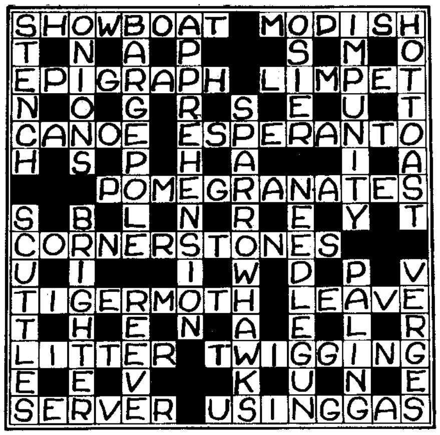


Solution to last issue's puzzle:



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Clues

ACROSS

1 Battle to make the cake stay too long in the oven. (11)

10 Something sweet from the music in Grieg's piano concerto. (5)

11 "Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the ——— cell" (Milton). (9)

12 Is destiny reversed in a poem composed of letters? (9)

13 After a second the superior would make a meal. (5)

14 What is broken we heal, but not on foot. (6)

16 The queen has been mixed up with Eric. (8)

18 Sad expression for date-line crosser? (8)

20 Touching friend of Christopher Robin? (6)

23 Concerned with an objection about nothing. (5)

24 Author used in Study on Two? (4, 5)

26 Decrees eleven be changed after training. (9)

27 World theatre. (5)

28 A kind of jump in which we turn round the back. (7, 4)

DOWN

2 The excuse would be first-class if there weren't a party. (5)

3 Something worn for a close relationship. (7)

4 Short officer holds up with a protection for guns. (6)

5 Opened up fish in place of oysters. (8)

6 Find fresh accommodation by putting a girl up on the river. (7)

7 Politician who has to be a student about everything after the year of Attlee's defeat. (7, 6)

8 Preventing the second coming before the first-rate. (8)

9 Hot-looking athlete or climber. (7-6)

15 Bullied by a Trojan? (8)

17 Most are changing about a thousand for this animal. (8)

19 Essay which needs rewriting to make it clear. (7)

21 The whole turns it green. (7)

22 Left-wing skill would provide a reverse for the businessman. (6)

25 Everyone going round to the island. (5)

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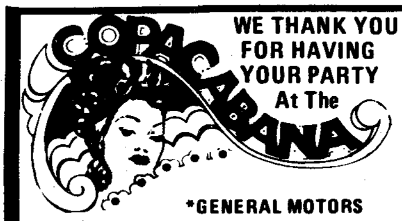

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Finest Certified Fur Cold Storage—Special "Early Bird Discount". Excellent Repair - Remodeling - Cleaning Department! 1978-79 styles just arrived! Readymade - Custommade. The Usual - The Unusual Fur. GERMAINE, 330 Seventh Avenue, OX 5-0645.

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Protect yourself and your loved ones.
Order Bumper Sticker:

Pinto: stay back!
We explode on contact

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Levelor Rivieras, Vertical Blinds—We'll beat any prices in the Metropolitan area. (212) 745-0501.

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Spring/Summer Merchandise
Unique Boutique. Designer Gowns, Dresses, Sportswear (Scott Barrie, Carol Horn, Kenzo, Cygne, Bagatelle etc.). Beautiful Mint Condition Antique Clothes. Genuine Victorian Whites. Silks, Satins, Lace, Beaded Dresses & Shawls. *All at wholesale or discount prices.* 10:30-7:30, Monday-Saturday. Late Nite Thursday. 168 Lexington Avenue (30-31), 685-4035.

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REAL ESTATE

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Apartment Sharing for Particular People—Call LESLIE HARPER, LTD. As featured in... *N.Y. Times*, 794-9494. For careful screening, brochure. 127 East 69th Street.

A Comfortable Approach for Selective New Yorkers—PREMIERE MANHATTAN ASSOCIATES, 581-6976. Emphasis on lifestyle. Thorough screening. Ask about our "fee refundable policy". Midtown at 119 West 57th Street.

APARTMENT WANTED

Apartment Sitter Manhattan—July / August. Connecticut teacher. References. Box 1278 NYM.

SUBLETS

2 Bedroom Apartment for Summer Sublet—East 70's - Great Location. Completely furnished. Antiques. For July/August. 935-2780.

HOUSES AVAILABLE FOR SALE/RENT

Connecticut - Free Monthly Brochure—Southern Fairfield County - Homes, Property, Descriptions, Photos. T.C.A., 364 Fairfield Avenue, Stamford, Connecticut 06902.

Nyack—Stone Tudor, park setting. 8 rooms, 3 baths, beamed LR, fireplace. $700. (914) 357-0218.

Bedford, N.Y. Westchester. The Great Escape—35 acre estate on reservoir. Outstanding architectural masterpiece blending stone, timbers, glass and slate. Luxurious high ceilinged rooms, 3 fireplaces, sauna, *great clerestory windows, olympic free-form pool,* pond, sweeping velvet lawns & gardens. 2 charming guest cottages. Unsurpassed offering $425,000; with 15 acres $325,000. UPCOUNTY, (212) 863-0121 or (914) 232-8138.

Southampton—Beautiful Peconic Beachfront home with guest house. $185,000. REALTY FINDERS, (516) 653-8716.

Bloominggrove—Lake, tennis, 3 baths, fireplaces, 49 miles NYC, $79,000. (914) 496-9473.

Rambling Farm Ranch/Cottage—3½ acres, forest/fields, 45 minutes Manhattan. L.I. North Shore. Secluded yet accessible. $155,000. (516) 626-0752, 4 p.m.-7 p.m.

HOUSES TO SHARE

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Run-down Farmhouse—16 wooded acres, pond, 4 bedrooms, 1 bath, fireplace, big kitchen, deer browsing at dusk. Box 1284 NYM.

120 acres, original design house, pond, 10 acres woods, vistas, by Owner. Corning, New York area $38,000. (617) 924-2878.

Putnam County—Year-round lakefront, excellen view. 2 fieldstone fireplaces. Unusual charm. Bargain $90,000. (914) 528-8168.

Glasco, N.Y.—Handyman special. Lovely 3 bedroom Victorian, 2 hours NYC. $18,500. (212 677-7664; (914) 246-6983.

LAND AVAILABLE

Near Tanglewood—1.6 acres $9,800; 3.8 acres $13,400. Magnificent wooded White Birch/Pine 1,000 feet from beautiful private lake. Deeded lake rights. After 6 p.m. (212) 751-6751.

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Mt. Snow, Vermont—Furnished Mountain Chalets Pool & Tennis Club. Weekly, Season, THE SNOW BROOK, 05356. (802) 464-5154.

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Two Bedroom sensational Cottage—1 block fron ocean, Amagansett. Will rent by month. 799-507 or 838-7088.

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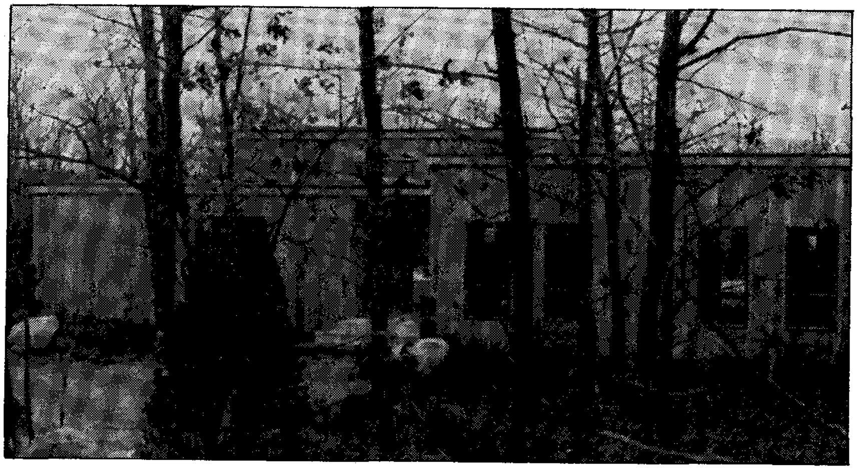
TOWN & COUNTRY PROPERTIES

This is a Weekly Real Estate Section limited to Display Ads only. Display Ads are sold by the inch. The Rates for this section are as follows: 1 time ad—$147 per inch; 2 consecutive ads—$129 per inch each; 3 consecutive ads—$120 per inch each; 4 consecutive ads or 13 during one year—$110 per inch each. Long term rates also available. Larger sizes available in increments of ¼ inch. Extra $5 for NYM Box Number. Complete rates available upon request. Payment & closing dates are the same as regular New York Magazine Classified.



In most prestigious area. This magnificent three bedroom, two and one-half bath contemporary on one acre features separate master suite with luxurious bath, plus many exciting features. Oil heat, two fireplaces, 20' x 40' heated pool. $135,000.

JACK DOUGLAS REALTY, INC.

76 Woods Lane
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East Hampton, N.Y.

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HOUSE WITH POOL

Guaranteed to change your lifestyle, owners fabulous triplex; sauna, fireplace, plus two apartments for income.

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BARN
$25,000

45 minutes from New York in Putnam County, town of Putnam Valley on 1 acre. Ready for conversion. Must sell now.

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Remodeled 4 story Village building ideal corporate headquarters (live, work, entertain in style); family (duplex w/children's floor); luxury lovers (exposed brick, beams, many windows, all appliances). Huge garden, parking, private, move-in. $370,000.

WELLS & GAY COMPANY
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Contemporary Prestige House
(Bauhaus Style)

Dramatic social areas, 5 bedrooms, 5 exquisite baths, indoor-outdoor pool. Luxurious throughout, 5 acres hilltop, panoramic view. It's unique! Visit by appointment with Owner. Phone after 5 p.m., (201) 543-4441. Brokers protected.

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Formal living room with mouldings, mantled fireplace, and French doors. GARDENS, POOL and TENNIS COURT. Extra large barn with horse stalls, 2 apartments separate from main house. Hour commute to Manhattan.
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OR on 7.35 Acres - $295,000

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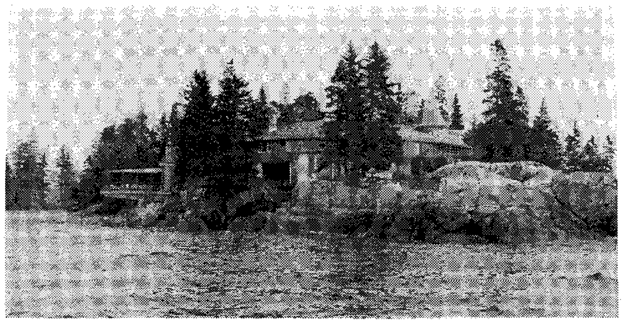
VILLAGE OF FREEPORT

"The Anchorage" *Seal Harbor, Maine*



In this prestigious New England resort town, the summer retreat of one of America's leading statesmen, situated on a peninsula overlooking the ocean and its rocky shore. Carefully designed for its unspoiled setting, the house features spacious entertainment areas on several levels, family bedrooms with private terraces and ample staff rooms. Heated pool built into rocks; observation tower. Brochure #NM10-02.

Please contact us for a brochure and further information on this and similar outstanding residential, farm and commercial properties.

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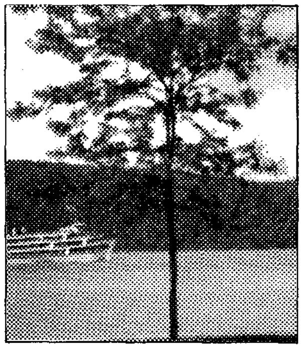
980 Madison Avenue, New York 10021, tel. 212/472-3465

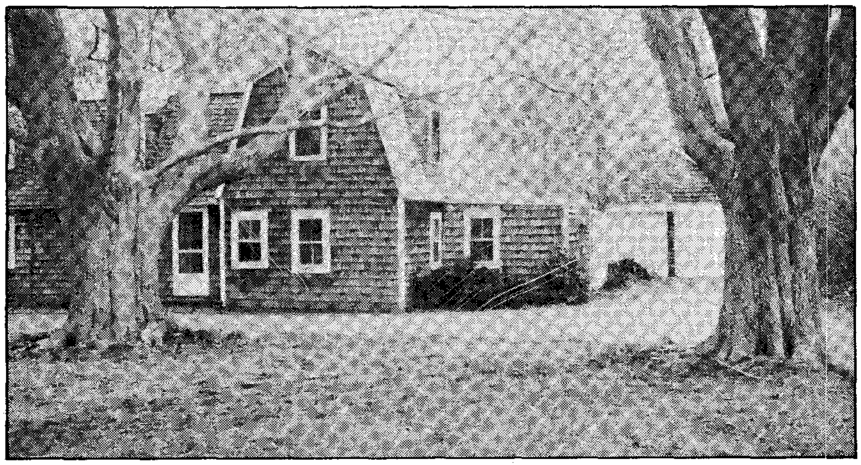
YOUR HOME WITH A VIEW, 30 MINUTES FROM GRAND CENTRAL.



Set on the side of a hill overlooking the Hudson Palisades is River Hill Condominium, 72 striking contemporary suites with wall to wall balcony, breathtaking view, and wood-burning fireplaces. Walk to the RR station - just 30 minutes from midtown. Membership in the Tower Club offers indoor and outdoor swimming pools, Health Club, entertainment and recreational facilities, paddle tennis, and FREE indoor tennis. A superb condominium with many amenities. 1 BR priced from just $36,985.00. (914) 423-4797. DIRECTIONS: Saw Mill Pk'-way to Hearst St.. Left onto Nepperhan Ave., right on Odell Ave. Left on No. B'way, quick right at light onto Odell extension. Right on Warburton. River Hill is 500 yds. on your right.

The River Hill Condominium

This ad is not an offering which can only be made by formal prospectus, NY 904.



Amagansett Village - With a secluded lawn, -neath giant maples, a slightly whacky but *very* charming old house is walking distance of both village and ocean. Here's a sweetheart waiting for your love and $100,000. Talk to:

East Hampton, N.Y. **TINA S. FREDERICKS, REALTY** **(516) 324-4418**

L.I. SOUND WATERFRONT COMMUNITY

10 room well restored Colonial, 4 fireplaces, 3½ baths; pool. 10 acres, fenced pasture, fields & woodland, barn, horse stalls. Minutes to beach & boating. A beautiful setting. $285,000.

NORDLUND REALTORS

99 Main St. **(203) 388-4408** **Old Saybrook, Conn.**

Mass. Development Land

A country/city money maker. Lush 23 surveyed acres, in rural Southampton, Mass. POSSIBLE 2 SITE LOCATION, w/brook and 300 ft. town road. Surrounding land reservoir property. Zoned agricultural & residential. 8 mi. Holyoke, 12 mi. Springfield @ $23,000.

Prestigious Ct. Relocation Home

Spacious 9 rm. Colonial on wooded lot in excellent neighborhood in central Ct. New construction w/ 4 brs., LOVELY GLASS SOLARIUM ATTACHED TO FAMILY ROOM. Quiet suburban town near cultural & educational facilities, 20 mins. to Hartford. $175,000.

Choice Property Greenwich

Sumptuous 14 room stone Colonial, guest cottage; 4 ACRES RESPLENDENT WITH BROOKS, POND, VIEWS, Greenwich/Stamford line. Pool, tennis court, dog kennel, greenhouse, wine cellar. Designed for person w/taste who appreciates quality, refinements. $475,000.

Super Value Pa.

Sprawling 86 acres, dairy farm, lg. mod. barn, 2 silos, tool storage, sm. heifer & storage barn, mod. milk house. Nestled in Village of Fairdale, walk to store & church. Home, 8 rm., 5 br., building/land excellent condition. Great for farm or country estate. IN GROUND POOL! More land available to rent. F.H.A. approved $95,000.

N.J. Stone Carriage House

Darling fieldstone home tucked into 16 A. at end of long drive. DRAMATIC SETTING: W/BALCONY, ADJACENT. OPEN BEAMED L.R., 4 brs., lg. open kitchen. Unusual floor plan. Lightly wooded, wandering stream on border. Proximity to Frankford township. Easy commute to N.Y. & Pa. Beautiful seclusion @ amazing $79,000.

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GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT

Well maintained Ranch on Greenwich/Stamford line, set on 2 high acres. Sunny living room with fireplace, large dining room, panelled library, family room, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, maids quarters. Built for peace and relaxation.

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SNEDENS LANDING $295,000

DYNAMITE CONTEMPORARY *on secluded* woodland. Center hall entry to dramatic liv. rm. with fplc & balcony, flanked by platformed din. rm. & trail blazing media rm! 3 rm. master suite. 4 rm. childrens wing. 2 rm. office. Gourmet kitchen. Servants quarters. 3 car garage. Bowling alley. THE GOOD LIFE!

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TOWN & COUNTRY PROPERTIES

HILLTOR GEORGIAN BRICK

Estate surrounded by 20 acres commanding a 180 ° view of the Raritan River valley. A second residence, beautifully appointed & privately situated overlooks a protected view of its own! Garage with 2 apartments; pool. A stately home, distinguished by superb craftsmenship, $350,000.

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NORTHRIDGE AGENCY INC.

Mountainville, N.J.
(201) 832-2155

AUTHOR'S HAVEN ON THE HUDSON RIVER

This 200 year old home has been the residence of 2 famous writers. Beautifully terraced property with in-ground pool and gazebo overlooking the water. 10 rooms with 5 baths, delft-tiled greenhouse, 7 fireplaces, handpainted and stenciled ceilings plus more - in Upper Nyack, $185,000.

Lydecker Agency

Corner Main & Franklin Nyack, N.Y.
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DUTCHESS COUNTY, N.Y. EXCLUSIVE

Peaceful solitude, 100 mile views. Artistic natural landscaping, Millbrook Hunt area. Main house, guest house & garage, constructed from weathered barn timbers & lumber. Designed, built & owned by noted architect. Available with 5 or 170 open & wooded acres. Horses, equipment, furniture negotiable. Charles Devers, GEORGE T. WHALEN CORPORATED, Millbrook, N.Y. (914) 677-3434.

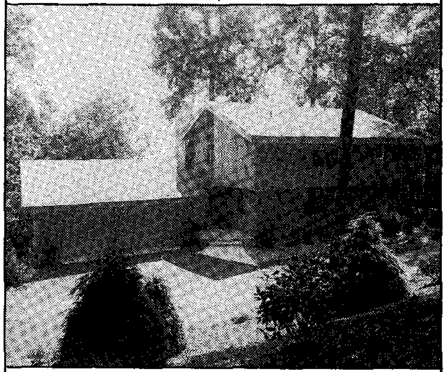
CATSKILL MOUNTAINS

Like new 2 story Log Home. Full basement. On 14 acres with ¾ mile trout stream through, State road. Close to ski & golf. $35,000.

REDMOND AGENCY

Route 28, Arkville, N.Y. 12406
(914) 586-2696 Closed Sundays

MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY



MOUNTAINTOP

A treasure of a contemporary. Perfectly located on an acre of maintenance-free grounds which include many flowering trees and shrubs. 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, 38' living-dining room with fireplace, fabulous modern kitchen, and large family room. Magnificent UNOBSTRUCTED VIEW OF THE NEW YORK SKYLINE. Central AC. 2-car garage. Easy to care for, easy to live in. One of a kind at $175,000. For further details, consult

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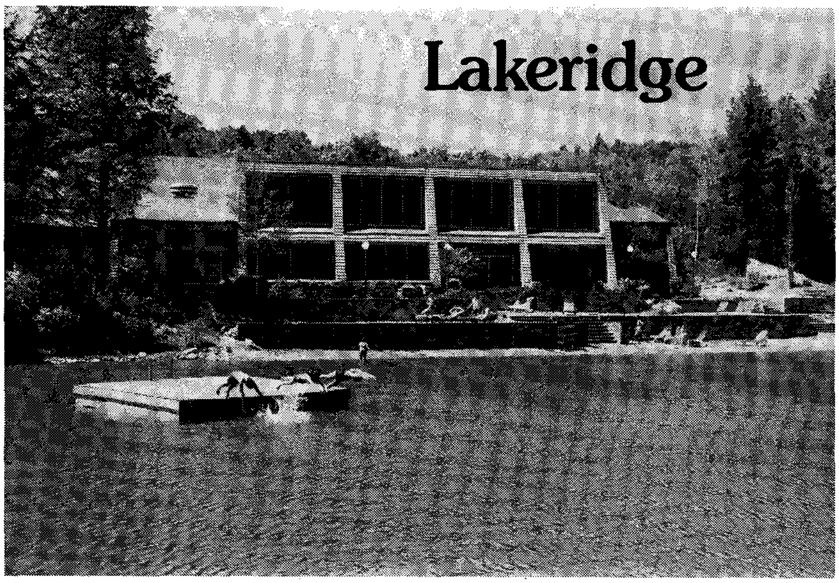
25 No. Fullerton Avenue Montclair, N.J.
(201) 746-1313



The West Lodge, shown here, is only one of the many things that makes this country townhouse community in the magnificent wooded hills of Litchfield County such a great place to live. Only 120 miles from downtown Manhattan, it is an ideal weekend retreat where you can enjoy indoor and outdoor swimming and tennis, a ski area, riding stable, fishing, boating, hiking or just plain relaxing. And it's all private for residents and their guests.

2, 3 and 4 bedroom homes priced from the seventies. For more information call toll free at 800-243-5374. Open every day from 10 to 5. An appointment is recommended.

Take Hutchinson River Pkwy., north to I-684 to Exit 9. East on I-84 to Exit 20. North on Rt. 8 to Exit 46 in Torrington. Follow signs to Lakeridge.

National-Award-Winning Townhouses in Connecticut

New York Magazine is ten years old. And it's still brand new.

Here's what's been happening. There's a new energy and vitality at New York. Our subscription renewal rate is way up. We received a nomination for a National Magazine Award. We broke a ten year record with our Year End issue, the biggest selling issue in our history. And in the first quarter of 1978 we welcomed over 160 new advertisers to our pages.

What's more, our articles are making headlines before the networks and newspapers get the story. Like our penetrating report on Italy's Red Brigades. Or our story on David Begelman, which was followed a week later by his resignation as president of Columbia Pictures. Or our in-depth report on B-15, the new wonder vitamin, which The Wall Street Journal said started a nationwide trend.

And while we cover the world, we still speak with our New York City accent. As in "63 Ways to Strengthen the City," our 12-page agenda which was hailed by Mayor Koch, Treasury Secretary Blumenthal and Senator Proxmire.

Now, we'd like to make a birthday wish.

Here's hoping the next ten years will be terrific for both New Yorks. The magazine and the City.

FOR TEN YEARS WE'VE BEEN THE APPLE OF THE BIG APPLE'S EYE.

New York
Happy Birthday

NEW YORK MAGAZINE

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

COMPETITION NUMBER 320

BY MARY ANN MADDEN

Why does a fireman need red suspenders? Because he's zany: jumping quickly into moving vehicles, climbing ladders, giving emergency oxygen to keep up your pants.

Above, the alphabet minus the "x" factor. Competitors are incited to compose a 25-word fable, riddle, or love letter, each word therein to begin with a different letter of the alphabet, omitting "x."

Results of Competition 317, in which you were asked for fortuitous double- or triple-bill movie marquees.

Report: SRO for thousands of entries. Many releaf pictures. From this and previous similar comps, much duplication. The repeats (some of more than three titles to save space): MYRA BRECKINRIDGE. ONE SINGS, THE OTHER DOESN'T./SHE. BEN. BEN HUR./DIAL M FOR MURDER. M./SOME LIKE IT HOT. THE TOWERING INFERNO. YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE./SAN FRANCISCO. EARTHQUAKE. CALIFORNIA SPLIT./THE BIG SLEEP. Z./CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF. TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD. BYE BYE BIRDIE./ONE NIGHT OF LOVE. RABBIT TEST. HIGH ANXIETY. PRETTY BABY./THE THREE FACES OF EVE. THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE UGLY./LAWRENCE OF ARABIA. THE AFRICAN QUEEN./FUN WITH DICK AND JANE. BONNIE AND CLYDE plus BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE. MOVE OVER, DARLING. ALICE DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE./SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER. FAHRENHEIT 451./THE GRAPES OF WRATH. THE WILD BUNCH./WILLIE WONKA AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY. LOOKING FOR MR. GOODBAR. THE INCREDIBLE MELTING MAN./ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN. A THOUSAND CLOWNS./OH, GOD. HELP. THE THING. IT'S ALIVE./CHARLIE CHAN, DETECTIVE. I AM CURIOUS, YELLOW./HIGH NOON. REEFER MADNESS. SPLENDOR IN THE GRASS./SNOW WHITE plus THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN./ROOM SERVICE. THERE'S A GIRL IN MY SOUP. LITTLE WOMEN./ BUTTERFIELD 8. 2001. HELLO, DOLLY. NORMAN, IS THAT YOU? SORRY, WRONG NUMBER./ SHOES OF THE FISHERMAN. 8½./ LASSIE. COMING HOME./THREE WOMEN. FOUR MUSKETEERS. SEVEN BEAUTIES./FIVE FINGERS. F.I.S.T. I WANNA HOLD YOUR HAND./MASH. ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO./THE MARK OF ZORRO. Z./THE TEN COMMANDMENTS. WITH SIX YOU GET EGGROLL./AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT. MYRA BRECKINRIDGE./Releaf through the above if your entry is not below. That's what I'd do. How do *you* spell releaf?

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC/ONE SINGS, THE OTHER DOESN'T
Jennifer D. Williams, Madison, Wis.

ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN Final days
A. Gerald, Louisville, Ky.

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY/NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD
similarly: Catherine Etzel, Pittsburgh, Pa.;
Irene R. Halligan, NYC
sp. mention: Rose Abrams, Brooklyn

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

PATTON/SLAP SHOT
Carl Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.

SILENT MOVIE/FOR A FEW DOLLARS MORE/THE SOUND OF MUSIC
Allan M. Leib, Oak Park, Mich.

WOODSTOCK/LAHU-LAHU:ISLAND OF CRABS
Larry Laiken, Bayside, N.Y.
sp. mention: Ron Dagavarian, NYC

And Honorable Mention to:

POTEMKIN/THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC
R. Gordon, NYC;
Joel F. Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

CHARLY/THE SCENT OF A WOMAN
Bruce Reznick, Durham, N.C.

ALL ABOUT EVE/STAR WARS
Ernest Sipos, Buffalo, N.Y.;
Michaela Tomaschewsky, Chicago, Ill.
similarly: Marc Ogoff, Sunnyside, N.Y.

A MAN CALLED PETER/THE PUMPKIN EATER
Paula Joachim, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII and THE THREE LITTLE PIGS
Rev. Frank H. Hutchins, Yonkers, N.Y.

HESTER STREET/CHINATOWN/NEW YORK, NEW YORK
I. Sipos, Buffalo, N.Y.

DR. NO/HOUSE CALLS
Dave Badger, Nashville, Tenn.

THE WIZARD OF OZ/THE STORY OF O and Z
Gloria and Norman Goldblatt,
Rochester, N.Y.;
Richard Fithian, NYC

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS Closes for Winter Jan. 15
Maria Montero, Tarrytown, N.Y.

EVEL KNIEVEL/THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH
Jane Malik, Wallington, N.J.

PINOCCHIO/MAHOGANY
Margie Hirsch, Brooklyn

Now in Its Ninth Month: ROSEMARY'S BABY
Coming Soon: DELIVERANCE
Bob Weinstein, Silver Spring, Md.

GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER/THE FIEND WITHOUT A FACE/WE'RE NOT DRESSING
Don Barnett, NYC

THE PEARL/ONE ON ONE
Mark Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.

HIGH SCHOOL CONFIDENTIAL/UMBERTO D
L. Soth, Northfield, Minn.

M/LETTER FROM AN UNKNOWN WOMAN
Edith Pearlman, NYC

BRING ME THE HEAD OF ALFREDO GARCIA/STAY HUNGRY
Lawrence B. Eisenberg, NYC
sp. mention: Norma Graham,
Huntsville, Ala.

PSYCHO/NORMAN, IS THAT YOU?
Lillian Hecht, Bronx
sp. ment.: Neil Gallagher, Denver, Colo.

THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD/THE TRAVELING SALESMAN and THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER
Everett S. Joline, Huntington, N.Y.

BROKEN ARROW / ARROWSMITH / GETTING STRAIGHT
Legislative Counsel Bureau,
Carson City, Nev.
sp. ment.: Robert M. Georgalas, Bronx

CONFESSIONS OF A WINDOW CLEANER/THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY
Mark Malcolm, Teaneck, N.J.

PINKY/ I WAS A COMMUNIST FOR THE FBI
Marshall Treat, Omaha, Neb.

WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR, DADDY?/I WAS MONTY'S DOUBLE
Herb Leon, Baldwin, N.Y.

AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY

For $900, you can dress up a whole room with furniture you can't wear out.

For the price above you get everything pictured above, plus the assurance that even though the price is reasonable, it doesn't require any sacrifice in quality. All six pieces are solid, natural, all-wood. And they're practically indestructible because they contain no plywood, no veneer and no moving parts. You see, we think the last word in furniture is furniture that lasts.

This End Up. Furniture you can put your feet on. THIS END UP FURNITURE CO.

Call for our Free Brochure
SOHO/461 W. Broadway (212) 673-0705
MIDTOWN/Tramway Plaza, 1139 Second Ave. (between 59th & 60th) (212) 755-6065

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE FRENCH KIND

Now you can enjoy fabulous French Nouvelle Cuisine in the easy informal atmosphere of a Paris bistro — friendly, breezy, slightly brash but never uptight. (Definitely not for your maiden aunt from Duluth!) Come as you are for a leisurely dinner or a late supper after the show. There's a daily seafood specialty from nearby waters. Credit cards welcome.

The Left Bank
Second Avenue at 64th Street
New York • (212) 759-8369

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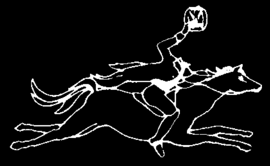
The Lodge, where the most discriminating stay, offers its special 3-day Summer Golf Plan which includes *any* 3 days' greens fees on Stowe's challenging 18-hole course in the cool Green Mountains, attractive accommodations, breakfast and dinner daily (we're known for our award-winning continental cuisine), a spectacular gondola ride up scenic Mt. Mansfield and much more—just $114 to $171 per person. Reservations, call 802-253-7311. Or write Mt. Mansfield Co., Stowe, Vermont 05672.

The Lodge
at Smugglers Notch
STOWE, VERMONT

"A PIP . . . AS TASTEFUL AS IT IS CHEERFUL —N. Y. *Times*
"AMBITIOUS, VERY ENJOYABLE CONTINENTAL MENU" —*Cue*



The Headless Horseman

142 W. TENTH ST.
NEW YORK, NY

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PIANO ENTERTAINMENT

DIFFERENT/LET'S DO IT AGAIN with NAMU THE KILLER WHALE
Ellen Conford, Massapequa, N.Y.

THE OXBOW INCIDENT/SWINGTIME
Kathy Gabel, NYC

SHAMPOO/LIPSTICK/PRETTY BABY
Mrs. M. Apple, Hazelton, Pa.
sp. mention: Beth DeBenham, NYC

THAT OBSCURE OBJECT OF DESIRE/THE INVISIBLE MAN
Virginia Taylor, Bonny Doon, Calif.

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA/NORMAN, IS THAT YOU?
Bruno Paciulli, Reading, Pa.

FRANCIS JOINS THE WACS/FRANCIS IN THE HAUNTED HOUSE/FRANCIS OF ASSISI
Ann Brett, Los Angeles, Calif.

First-Run Showing: SILK STOCKINGS
J. Nicholas, New Orleans, La.

ROCKY/ROAD TO RIO
K. Spickard, Mercer Island, Wash.

NETWORK/CHARLOTTE'S WEB
Sally Seamans, Beverly Farms, Mass.

GOLDA/THE BAD NEWS BEARS
Richard Tully, Monsey, N.Y.

TELL ME THAT YOU LOVE ME JUNIE MOON/I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS
Terry Migdal, Fullerton, Calif.

THE GRAND BOUFFE/SECONDS
Allan F. Kramer, Brooklyn

COMA/THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT
Lydia Walshin, Boston, Mass.

THE DEEP/SLEEPER
Catherine Peckman, Clark, N.Y.

BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR/THE WIZARD OF OZ
Politics Dept. Staff, NYU, NYC

DOG DAY AFTERNOON/BAREFOOT IN THE PARK
M. W. Feeley, Brooklyn

TARAS BULBA/YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE
Alex Vaughn, Old Lyme, Conn.

ALICE'S RESTAURANT/IN WHICH WE SERVE/BURNT OFFERINGS
similarly: Alice Follansbee, Montpelier, Vt.;
George Cohen, Rego Park, N.Y.

RECKLESS/TAXI DRIVER
I. S. Linna, Keene, N.H.

WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A NAKED LADY?/THE TEN COMMANDMENTS
Bryan Gallagher, NYC

GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER/DEMETRIUS AND THE GLADIATORS/OH, GOD!
Michael C. Castranova, Columbus, Ohio

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John Weil, NYC

HELP!/ROSEMARY'S BABY/BEAT THE DEVIL
Gene D. Heil, NYC

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR/YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE
Gerald Rosen, East Northport, N.Y.

Show Begins at Dusk: HURRY SUNDOWN
Karen Kantor, Farmington, Mich.

PANDORA AND THE FLYING DUTCHMAN/THE WRONG BOX
Gloria Anderson, Riverdale, N.Y.

QUACKSER FORTUNE HAS A COUSIN IN THE BRONX/THE WILD DUCK
Adele Ahronheim, NYC

ROOM AT THE TOP/CRAWLSPACE
A. L. Dodge, Ridgewood, N.J.

THE SCARLET LETTER/FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE
Linda Leroy, Bedford Hills, N.Y.
sp. ment.: Marshall Treat, Omaha, Neb.

THE OUT OF TOWNERS/MR. AND MRS. SMITH
Clare Hanscom, Riverdale, N.Y.

ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN Sold Out
Marilyn Husney, NYC

TITANIC/A BRIEF VACATION
Phylane Norman, Chicago, Ill.
sp. mention: M. Yahn, Portland, Ore.

THE GAMBLER/GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS
Judy Gundling, Hazelton, Pa.

PHFFFFT!/SSSSSSSSS/SILENT MOVIE
Matthew Wilder, Des Plaines, Ill.

TWO WOMEN/FOR A FEW DOLLARS MORE/THREE WOMEN
Pat Coniglio, Brooklyn

THE VIRGIN QUEEN No Passes
Karen Field, Detroit, Mich.

1900/SEPTEMBER 30, 1955/2001
Helen Zimmerman, Freehold, N.J.

IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE/TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD/THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT
Miles Klein, East Brunswick, N.J.

AN AFFAIR TO REMEMBER $1.50
Betsy Padnos, NYC

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME/DEAD RINGER
Ken McKenna, Bronx

THE BEST MAN (1964)/BARRY LYNDON
T. Gregory Taylor, Danbury, Conn.

Contest Rules: One entry only should be sent to Competition Number 320, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. It must be received by June 9. Editor's decisions are final and all entries become the property of *New York*. First-prize winners will receive two-year subscriptions to *New York*, and runners-up will receive one-year subscriptions. Results and winners' names will appear in the issue of July 3. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace. **Postcards, if possible.**

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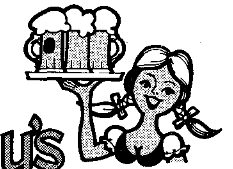

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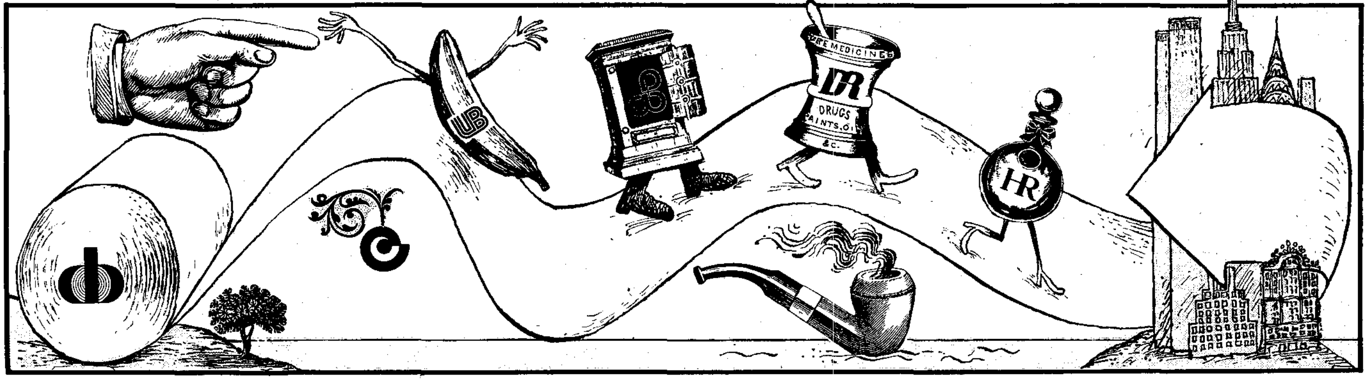
Page of Lists/Terry Clifford

YOU CAN COME HOME AGAIN

"...Here are the stories of eight prodigal businesses that left New York, learned the error of their ways, and came home..."



Laboring under the illusion that the grass is greener (or at least existent) in suburbia, businesses have been moving out of New York City for years. But now the trend toward exodus is being reversed. Coca-Cola USA's Eastern Area Office has given up its Connecticut location for a New York address, and Avis has moved here from Long Island. As proof that, as our mayor says, "the suburbs are a nice place for people who need sleep, but the action is here and always will be," here are the stories of eight prodigal businesses that left New York, learned the error of their ways, and came home.

1. **Conso Products.** When Conso moved to Yonkers in 1972, the sales of this major supplier of trimmings to the fashion and home-furnishings trade dropped from $40 million to under $30 million. "By moving away from our marketplace, we invited disaster," the president of the company said. "The value of having lunch with our customers, of being totally exposed daily to our markets—all these benefits were lost to us." So in 1975 Conso returned to Manhattan with 80 employees.

2. **Consolidated Newsprint.** From 1966 to 1972 Consolidated Newsprint conducted business from its New York offices but then decided to move to Greenwich, Connecticut, where, it was thought, the firm could operate more efficiently. The company, which sells more than 500,000 tons of newsprint each year, found out otherwise and returned to the city with twenty employees in 1976.

3. **Crown Zellerbach.** This San Francisco–based paper company moved its New York staff to Saddle Brook, New Jersey, in 1971 because the rent at its Lexington Avenue location was too high. In five years, however, not one of its customers crossed the river. So six of its staff moved back to offices in the Pan Am Building.

4. **Duane Reade.** After shifting its warehouses from Manhattan to Carteret, New Jersey, for five years, this drugstore company, which calls itself "the chain of experience," learned that "the suburbs are not so good," as Abe Cohen, the company president, put it, and moved to Long Island City with more than 60 employees.

5. **S. M. Frank.** The world's largest pipe and pipe-smoking-accessories company, S. M. Frank began business in Queens in 1937, and in 1972 moved its factory and executive offices out to Suffolk, where it had built a large factory the year before. Disillusionment with suburbia set in almost immediately, and the company stopped short of moving all its workers out of the city as planned. Frank belatedly recognized the value of its old but solidly built headquarters, its excellent location in Richmond Hill, and the "dedicated and reliable work force" available in Queens. Donald Levy, the company secretary and general counsel, said, "We find that New York City offers lower operating costs—including real-estate taxes and basic utilities. The move back has increased our profits." Thirty employees came with it.

6. **Helena Rubinstein.** David Foster, chairman of the board of Colgate-Palmolive, which owns this cosmetics company, regretted its three years in Greenvale, Long Island. "They felt they were out of the picture there," he said, "out of the marketing environment." Furthermore, Rubinstein found itself spending $30,000 a year on taxi and train transportation so that its people could get to the city for meetings. When the company moved back with 90 employees this year, its furniture arrived in a van bearing the message HELENA RUBINSTEIN LOVES NEW YORK.

7. **United Brands.** This $2-billion multinational food concern, which deals mainly in bananas and processed meats, has moved back to the city, and in greater numbers than before. It had maintained executive offices here from 1970 to 1975, but the New York office was abandoned after president Eli Black jumped out one of its windows on the eve of an international bribery scandal. Last year, however, the national headquarters moved from Boston to New York, bringing 400 jobs with it.

8. **Wigham Poland.** Formerly called Sweeney & Bell, this $20-million-a-year insurance brokerage firm changed its name last year after it moved back to New York City, which had been its home for more than 100 years. The company had been in Jersey City for a year but it came back to John Street, where insurance firms are clustered, because, as its vice-president John Whiteside said, "We feel far more effective being where we are in a position to better represent the interests of our clients. New York is the pulse of the insurance industry."■

Illustrated by Jo Teodorescu

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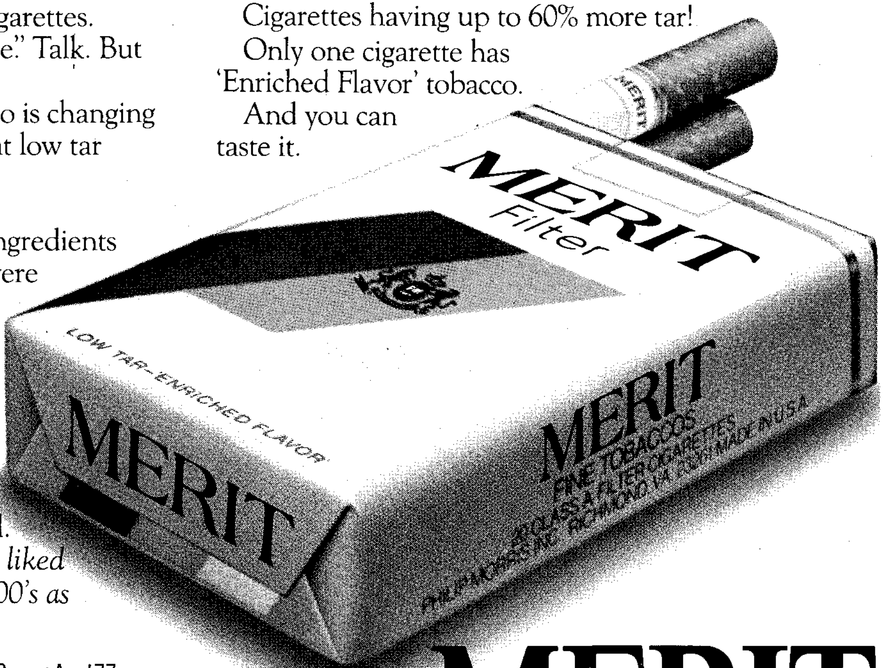
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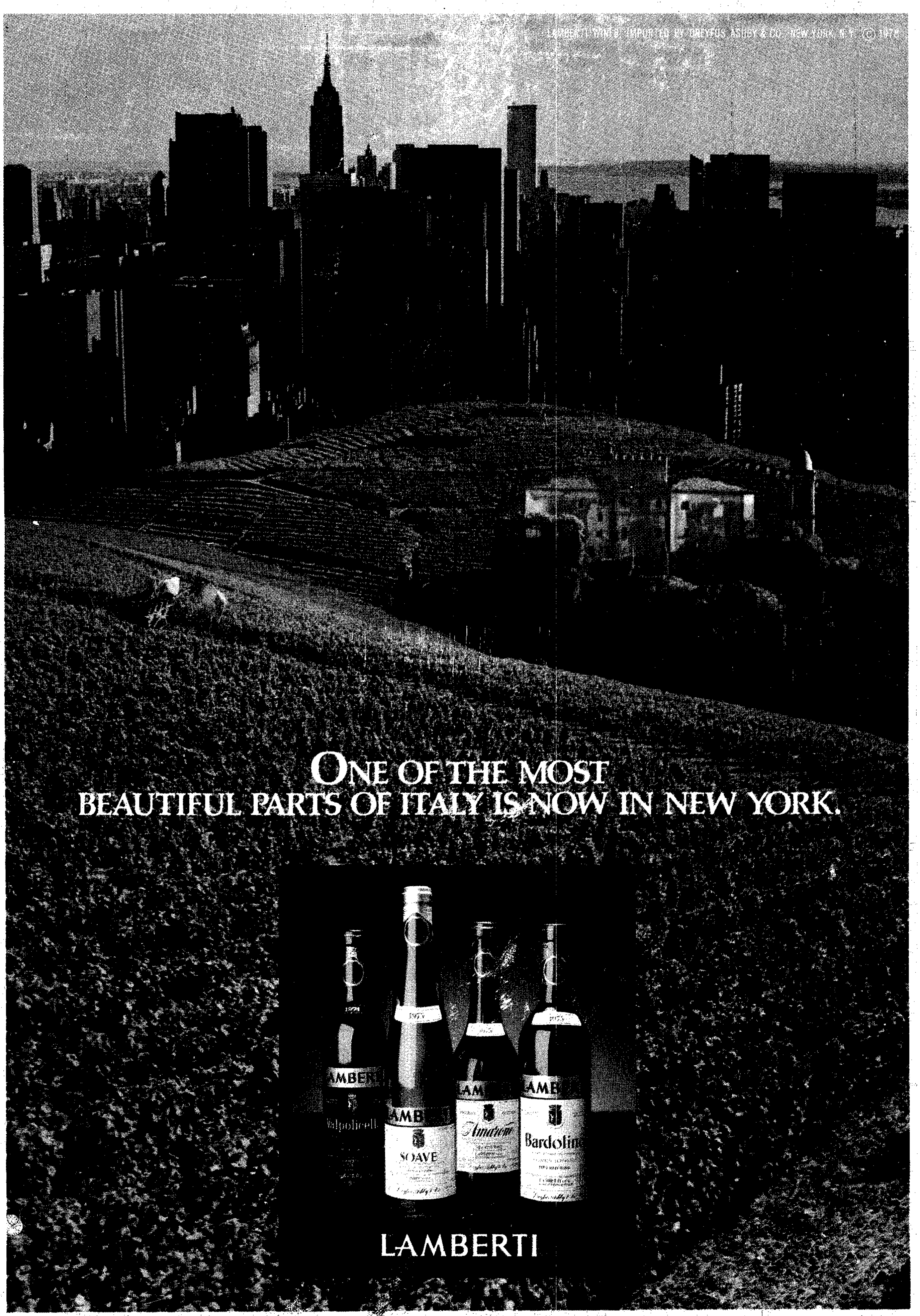
MERIT

Kings & 100's

LAMBERTI WINES, IMPORTED BY DREYFUS, ASHBY & CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. © 1978
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